

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

September

5¢
NOW



Dietrich

Charles Shelton

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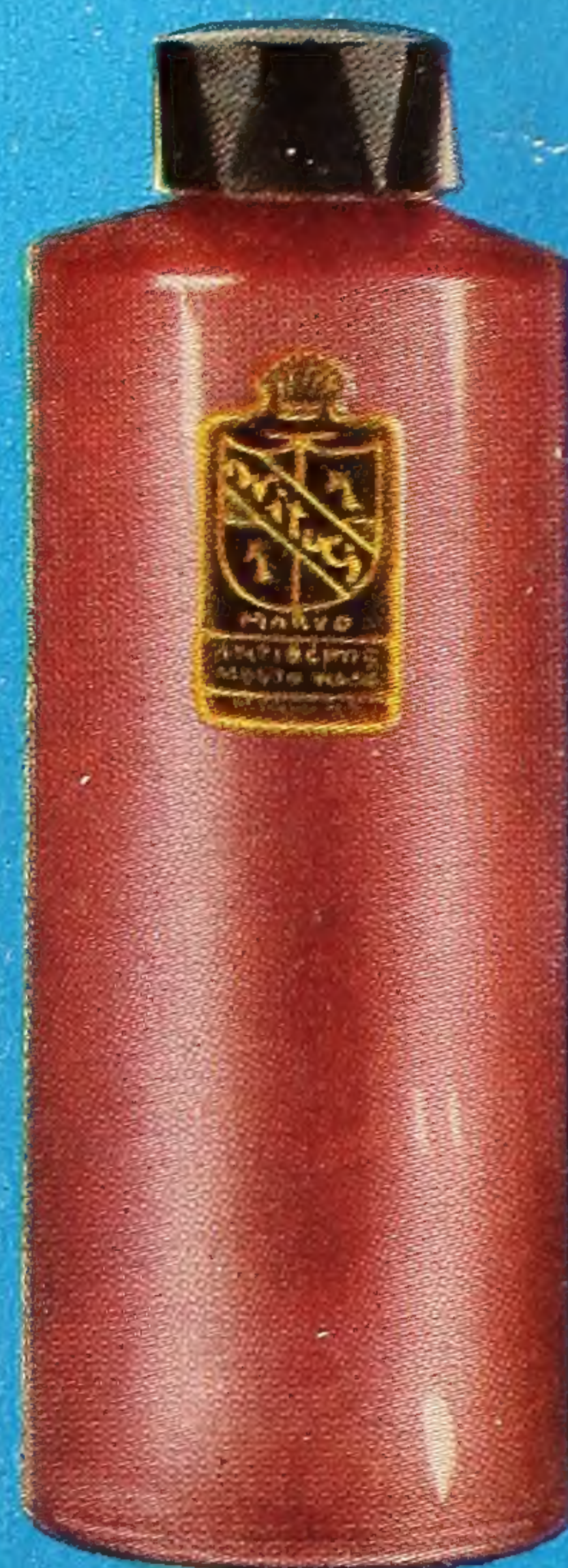
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BARBARA
Stanwyck
 in
"The Purchase Price"

If she thrilled you in "Night Nurse" and "Illicit", wait until you see Barbara Stanwyck *flame* through this torrid romance of a night club torch singer. Beautiful!... Seductive!... She has everything—and uses it!... Lives violently—and loves passionately! See the most vibrant star on the screen in the scorching story ten million fans demanded for her... Hear her sing for the first time!... It's a double thrill you won't forget!

with
GEORGE Brent

The sensational new find of "The Rich Are Always With Us" and "So Big".
 LYLE TALBOT—HARDIE ALBRIGHT
 Based on the story by ARTHUR STRINGER
 Directed by WILLIAM WELLMAN

They fought
 for her
LOVE!



**The
 Racketeer**



**The
 Park Avenue
 Play Boy**



**The
 "Unknown"
 —from the West**



Watch **WARNER BROS.** for the new season's big thrills!

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

September, 1932

THIS MONTH'S PROGRAM

Vol. XXV, No. 5

Park
Avenue
vs.
Hollywood!

ELINOR
GUTHRIE



Who, really, sets the styles these days, the Park Avenue debutante or the Hollywood screen star? By styles, of course, we mean not merely fashions, but Ideas—in coiffures and complexions, eyebrows and epigrams. Granted that Garbo started the beret-broad-shoulders vogue. That Jean Harlow was positively the first "Platinum Blonde." That Joan Crawford caused wholesale heartache when she dieted to achieve that hipless silhouette. Hollywood, we believe, leads, and the feminine world follows. But does Hollywood always lead in the right direction? We went to an authority for our answer. To Miss Elinor Guthrie, who knows her debs—she edited *Entre Nous*, the *Harper's Bazaar* magazine for debutantes. Miss Guthrie, having met the more interesting Hollywood visitors on their visits east, became curious about this thing called Hollywood—so she went right out there to check some rather revolutionary theories. What she discovered—her startling conclusions—she will pass along to you. And—good news!—she has devised a bit of magic to prove that the Joan Crawfords and the Lilyan Tashmans of this world haven't a corner on chic—no, nor New York's debs. And that—but we'll be giving the show away in a minute. See next month's *SCREENLAND* for a real surprise.

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A New and Amazing Development in Talking Pictures!



Her eyes were cynical . . . compelling . . .
she was sick with men, yet they were drawn
to her irresistibly . . .



For the first time you hear
the hidden, unspoken
thoughts of people!

Norma Shearer
Clark Gable

IN EUGENE O'NEILL'S GREAT DRAMA

STRANGE INTERLUDE

Something new in talking pictures! And of course, it comes from the magic studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of "Grand Hotel" and so many other important screen entertainments! This Pulitzer prize winning play by Eugene O'Neill has been called the greatest romantic drama of our times. It ran a year and a half on Broadway. On the talking screen you will find it an unforgettable experience. Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD.

with

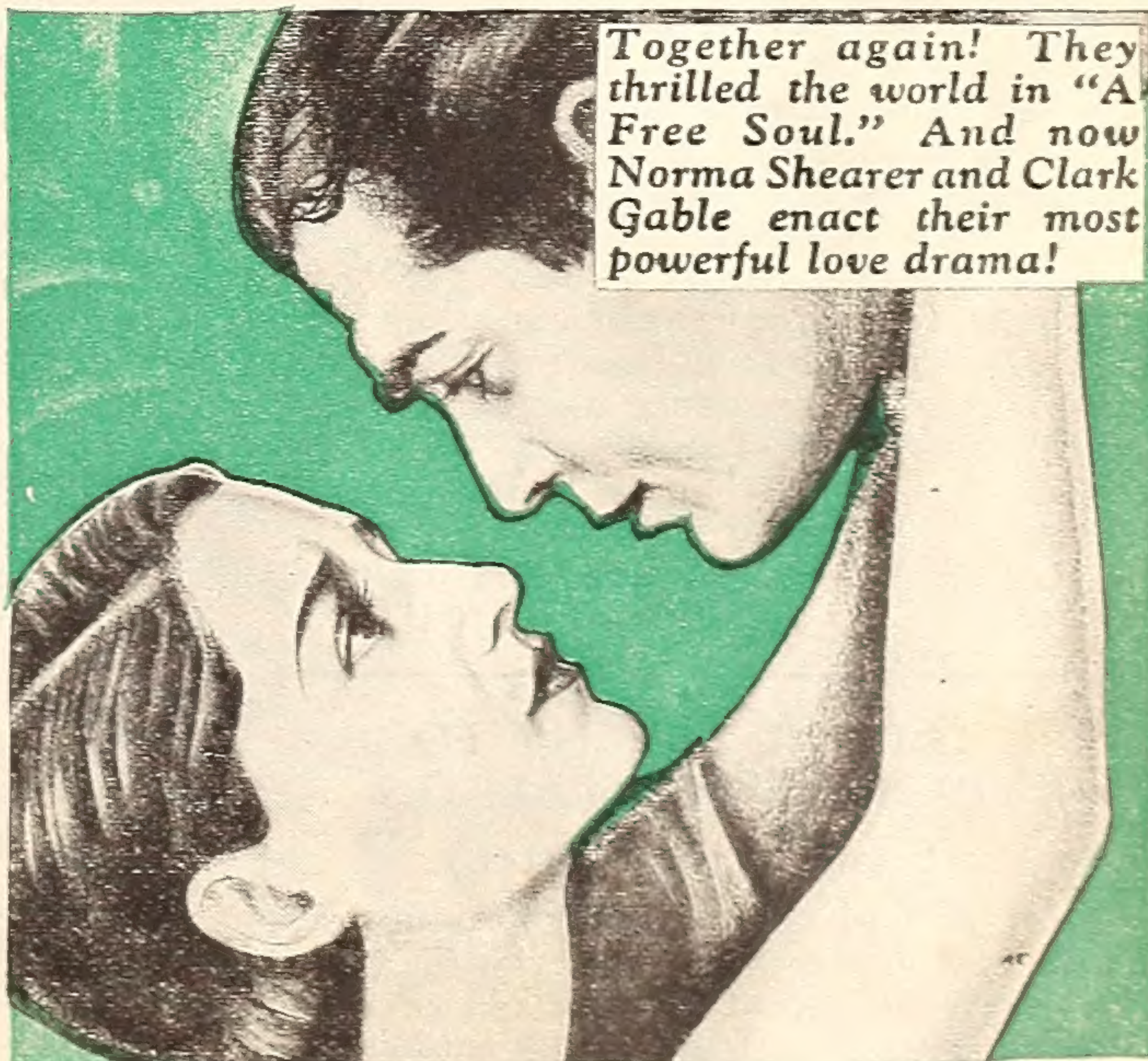
ALEXANDER KIRKLAND • RALPH MORGAN
ROBERT YOUNG • MAY ROBSON
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN • TAD ALEXANDER
HENRY B. WALTHALL • MARY ALDEN



Eugene O'Neill
America's greatest
playwright, reaches
the height of his
glory in this mas-
terpiece.



Douglas Shearer
Chief Sound En-
gineer of M-G-M,
whose amazing in-
vention makes this
picture "different."



Together again! They
thrilled the world in "A
Free Soul." And now
Norma Shearer and Clark
Gable enact their most
powerful love drama!



Roses and Razzes

Write, and cash in—
the best letters win!

Roses for Elissa Landi, aristocratic beauty of the Fox lot! One restrained admirer names her "the quintessence of all loveliness." See her in "Undesirable Lady," with Paul Lukas.

BRIGHTENING THE CORNER (First Prize Letter)

I am a nurse, working among the patients cared for by the City of New York.

Ninety-nine out of a hundred at this hospital are over sixty years of age, and every one is an ardent movie fan. The main topic of conversation from one end of the day to the next is what the stars are doing and who is the best actor or actress in each one's opinion. These poor, unwanted dependents on the City's charity pore over the movie magazines that are all too infrequently supplied by the social workers. It is pitiful to watch how eagerly they seize upon the latest news from the film capital.

May I add my thanks to SCREENLAND for bringing to these unfortunate people the means of making their lives much easier to bear and adding romance to otherwise dull and tedious years of existence!

Helen Docharty, R. N.,
Nurses' Home,
Neurological Hospital,
Welfare Island, N. Y.

TRADING TALENT FOR TREMENDOUS TALKIES (Second Prize Letter)

This idea of obtaining stars to fit rôles by studio borrowing and exchange is a very sensible solution to an old problem. Another step forward is the combining of

Well, he certainly started something! Who? Why, the fan who wrote in to *Roses and Razzes* suggesting that Clark Gable play the Valentino rôle in "The Four Horsemen."

Some readers like the idea—and some don't. "A wow," is one fan's joyous verdict. "No! Never!" objects another. And so it goes. There's a representative selection of the letters in this department. What do you think?

Meanwhile the censorship discussion continues unabated. And so do the indignant outcries against that unhappy tribe, the critics. While here and there a fan rises up to protest against the miscasting of actors, and to tell Hollywood exactly what should be done about it.

But life is not all a bed of razzes this month! There are bouquets in abundance for lots of deserving boys and girls; while those two new threats to the Gable supremacy, Weissmuller and Brent, continue to garner plenty of applause. Get into the scrimmage—it's all in fun! And those prizes—\$20, \$10, \$5, and \$5 respectively for the four best letters. Keep your letters within 150 words, and mail to reach us by the 10th of each month. Address *Roses and Razzes*, SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York. You may fire when ready!

stars for super-productions. It's co-operation that gets results.

That producers *have* decided to co-operate for the good of pictures is proved by Metro-Goldwyn's exchanging Gable for Fredric March of Paramount. Each studio now has the right man for the story to be produced. Consequently, both these pictures have a better chance for success than in the old days of "You keep your stars and we'll keep ours."

Casting is of paramount importance,

always. By borrowing, new combinations of stars are possible. Now we are to see Gable and Miriam Hopkins together. Splendid!

Congratulations to the producers for this common-sense attitude. Pictures are bound to gain from it.

Hal Field-Hargrave,
1064 E. 14th St.,
San Leandro, Calif.

OFF THE "SINGLE STANDARD!" (Third Prize Letter)

Is there anything to be done about the way in which the players are being "typed?" I'd like to see them given an opportunity for a little versatility.

For instance, there's Will Rogers. Why must he always play a rough and ready American who's a good soul at heart? There's always romance on the side, and a vamp; and as usual, Will resists the vamp.

I'm weary, too, of the long procession of ladies'-man pictures in which William Powell has been appearing. And there are Crawford's shady lady vehicles, and, for a period, Norma Shearer's free-souled women.

Maybe it's all right, and I'm all wrong, but personally, I'm beginning to rebel against the "standardization idea."

Kerry Kavanaugh,
6220-37th Avenue N. W.,
Seattle, Wash.

(Continued on page 94)

Powerful!



"BACK STREET"

with

IRENE DUNNE
LEADING WOMAN OF
"CIMARRON"

with

JOHN BOLES
LEADING MAN OF "SEED"

Directed by **JOHN STAHL**
WHO MADE "STRICTLY
DISHONORABLE" AND
"SEED"....

Written by

FANNIE HURST

IMMORTALIZED ON THE SCREEN

with a great supporting cast, including:
Zasu Pitts, June Clyde, George Meeker,
Doris Lloyd, William Bakewell, James
Donlan, Paul Weigal and Walter Catlett.

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA

Carl Laemmle
President

730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Lilian Bond, an English gal, who is partly responsible for the afternoon tea vogue in the screen colony.

By
*Emily
Kirk*

An Old English Custom

But it's new to Hollywood—your favorite stars are going in for five o'clock tea

WHILE sharing the enthusiasm of the people who came to America from England to establish their homes, Lilian Bond thinks it regrettable that the settlers did not perpetuate the old custom of afternoon tea in the new land. One of the most gracious and restful features of the whole day, thinks the English actress who continues to cling to the tea hour since she has come to Hollywood to make pictures.

When luncheon has been a very light meal, Lilian enjoys a soft-boiled egg at teatime, served in the shell in an egg cup.

"When I first came to the United States and noticed

the large cups Americans used for their breakfast egg, I thought goose eggs must be used over here exclusively!" said Miss Bond. "Even though I have been in this country for some time now I have not grown accustomed to removing the eggs from their shells before starting to eat."

Thin bread and butter sandwiches may be served with the tea eggs. Better still, butter and roll thin slices of white and whole wheat bread.

Cucumber sandwiches are very refreshing for a summer tea, and simple to make, Lilian says. Peel cucumbers and put on the ice until very crisp. Slice and chop fine, adding a little vinegar, (Continued on page 93)

\$6000 REWARD FOR SOLVING THIS MYSTERY!

YOU can be the
detective in this
astounding crime
thriller!...

Tune in on this absorbing
drama, to be broadcast over
the nation-wide NBC RED
NETWORK in six thrilling
weekly episodes beginning
Friday, August 26th at 10:30
P. M. Eastern Daylight Sav-
ing time... ALL BUT THE
FINAL CHAPTER will be given
on the air.



WRITE YOUR OWN ENDING and win one of the 100 cash prizes!

"THE

*This is not a guessing contest. Your solution should be original. Prize
winning answers will not necessarily be anything like the ending which has
already been written for the motion picture by Bartlett Cormack, author...*

PHANTOM OF CRESTWOOD"

RKO-Radio Picture featuring

RICARDO CORTEZ
KAREN MORLEY
ANITA LOUISE
ERIC LINDEN

HEAR IT ON THE AIR!
SEE IT ON THE SCREEN!

CONTEST JUDGES

O. O. McIntyre, Albert Payson Ter-
hune, Montague Glass, Peter B. Kyne,
James Quirk, Julia Peterkin



**GET INTO THE DETEC-
TIVE GAME!...IT'S FUN!**

*Be sure to obtain pamphlet containing
contest rules, prize list and complete list
of stations broadcasting this story from
your local theatre, or from any office
of the RKO Distributing Corporation.*

ASK ME!

Audrey C. Three cheers and a hoopla! Clara Bow is coming back. She has signed with Fox Films to do "Call Her Savage." Her leading man may be her husband, Rex Bell, as Clara has given out the statement that if she ever made another picture, friend husband would get the part. The famous red-head in a good story will pack 'em in at your favorite theatre, so watch for the date, girls and boys, and give the Bow baby a big hand. Clara was born July 29, 1905, in Brooklyn, N. Y. She is 5 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, and has agate-brown eyes and red hair. She was married on Dec. 3, 1931, to George Beldam, known on the screen as Rex Bell.

Taito N. of Japan. Sorry I haven't a permanent address for Edwina Booth—she is a free-lance player and it's hard to keep up with her. She was making a serial when I last heard of her. Edwina was born Sept. 13, 1909, in Provo, Utah. She has blue eyes and blonde hair. Your other favorite blonde, Jean Harlow, was born March 3, 1911. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 112 pounds and has deep blue eyes and platinum blonde hair. By the time you read this, Jean will be Mrs. Paul Bern.

Herman H. R. There isn't anyone I'd rather say nice things about than Wynne Gibson, who recently appeared in "The Strange Case of Clara Deane." Can you forget her work in "Ladies of the Big House" with Sylvia Sidney? She was born in New York City, has red hair, grey-green eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 103 pounds. Wynne has played in "The Gang Buster," "City Streets," "The Road to Reno" and "Two Kinds of Women."

L. S. With so many new faces appearing in films and often not given any billing, it's difficult to know to whom you refer in "Arsene Lupin." George Raft is the new convincing menace who is causing many a heartache among my gentle readers. It's rumored that Paramount may star him in "Blood and Sand," one of Valentino's successes. Raft isn't married. Bramwell Fletcher played with George Arliss in "The Millionaire." Gary Cooper is back from his long African-and-all-points-east-and-west vacation and will be seen in "The Devil and the Deep" with Tallulah Bankhead.

Cinema Hound. Woof-woof! You may bark your way into this department as often as you like. *Chant of the Jungle* and *That Wonderful Something is Love* were the songs used in Joan Crawford's film, "Untamed." In Gloria Swanson's picture, "Tonight or Never," Melvyn Douglas and Alison Skipworth contribute much to the enjoyment of the film. *Tell me Tonight* is the popular song from Gloria's picture. The next Swan-song will be "Perfect Understanding," in which Gloria's husband, Michael Farmer, will play opposite the star.

Dan S. Alice White has added to her long list of screen friends by appearing in the flesh and some stunning gowns in vaudeville for several months—then back to the screen for Alice, so look out for her.

By
Miss
Vee
Dee

See Page 13 for
Hollywood Personality
Chart

She was born August 28, 1907, and was christened Alva. She was originally a brunette with brown hair and eyes but for screen reasons she became a blonde. Mary Nolan was born Dec. 18, 1905. Her real name is Mary Imogene Robertson. She is not making films right now.

Esther W. It's true that Neil Hamilton is a clever amateur magician. Didn't you read the magic series Neil wrote for us? Neil uses his own name on the screen. He was born Sept. 9, 1899, in Lynn, Mass. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. His new picture is "What Price Hollywood," with Constance Bennett. His popularity as one of the screen's featured players has placed Neil in many of the best releases to date, including "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," "Tarzan," "The Wet Parade." Warner Baxter is 39 years old, has dark brown hair and eyes, is married to Winifred Bryson, and is one of the most popular actors in Hollywood.

A Good Friend. You wouldn't let me down on that, would you? John Gilbert's name in real life is John Pringle, born July 10, 1897, in Logan, Utah. His first wife was a Miss Burwell, the second was

Leatrice Joy, third was Ina Claire, and now he is reported engaged to marry Virginia Bruce of the stage and screen. An original and unusual fan letter often gets into the hands of the star and is answered personally, so go ahead and write!

Albert T. You are looking for Jackie Coogan and Philippe De Lacy in more pictures, are you? These screen youngsters will grow up. Philippe has not made a picture since he started this heavy growing process. Stories are not often available for youngsters who have reached this stage of their career but give the lads time and they may be the stars of tomorrow. Both Jackie Coogan and Philippe are in school. Dickie Moore and Betty Jane Graham appear in "No Greater Love" with Alexander Carr, Richard Bennett, and Beryl Mercer. Dickie has been signed for "Our Gang" comedies.

Patty C. John Barrymore was born Feb. 15, 1882, in Philadelphia, Pa. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has grey eyes and brown hair. He has a peculiar habit of lifting his left eyebrow, which is characteristic of the Drews, his mother's family, which he most resembles. John's father was the famous Maurice Bar-

Clara Comes Back

Clara has been off the screen for over a year but her legion of fan friends haven't let her down. Well, here she is back again—wink, grin, and all! Clara's comeback picture is "Call Her Savage," for Fox.



rymore; his mother was Georgianna Drew, and his uncle, John Drew of stage fame. His latest releases are "Grand Hotel" and "State's Attorney." John, brother Lionel, and sister Ethel will be seen on the screen together in "Rasputin," for M-G-M.

Sam Weller. Where the Dickens have you been all these years? Robert Montgomery keeps right on rollin' along into one good picture after another. His latest were "But The Flesh is Weak" and "Letty Lynton." Robert is 28 years old, has brown hair, blue eyes and is 6 feet tall. He was married on April 14, 1928, to Elizabeth Bryan-Allen. Fredric March is 34 years old, married to Florence Eldridge, a former stage actress, who appears in screen productions occasionally. Fredric is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weight 165 pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. He is in "Merrily We Go to Hell" with Sylvia Sidney, Adrienne Allen, and Skeets Gallagher.

Heavenly Twins. Can anyone on earth rate that title and be on speak-easy terms with the rest of the world? "New Morals for Old," the picture you ask about, was from the stage play, "After All." Margaret Perry of the original stage production heads the cast with Robert Young, with good support from Lewis Stone, Laura Hope Crewes, Myrna Loy, Jean Hersholt, Kathryn Crawford and David Newell. Margaret Perry was born in Denver, Colo. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and has red hair and green eyes.

Bettye H. This could be called a cinema research department but we won't call ourselves names—you can do that. Lupe Velez's real name is Lupe Villalabos. Her mother is Josephine Velez, a former opera singer. Lupe was born July 18, 1910, in San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Dolores (Lolita) Del Rio uses the name of her first husband, Del Rio, on the screen. She was married to Cedric Gibbons on Aug. 7, 1930. Her latest release is "Bird of Paradise" with Joel McCrea. Conchita Montenegro was born in San Sebastian, Spain. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 118 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. She speaks French, Spanish, Italian, German, and English, the latter with a decided accent.

Sunshine Sally. You may hang around my door any time you like. Greta Garbo's latest release is "As You Desire Me." With her in it are Melvyn Douglas, Erich Von Stroheim, Hedda Hopper and Owen Moore. The man you love to hate is, of course, Von Stroheim. Owen Moore has made many new friends with his clever handling of *Tony*. How did you like Greta as a platinum blonde?

Red Head. It isn't a question of mind over what's the matter, but where can one see the best picture in town if they're all the best? Think that over and give me your honest opinion if any. Helen Mack who plays in "While Paris Sleeps" is on contract with Fox Films. She was born Nov. 13, 1913, in Rock Island, Ill. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 105 pounds and has auburn hair and sparkling brown eyes. She was on the stage as a child, playing with Roland Young, William Hodge, and in several of George M. Cohan's plays.

Dorothy H. I haven't any new side-lights to give you on Kent Douglas. He hasn't made a picture since he deserted the screen for his first love, the stage. He was born Oct. 29, 1908, in Los Angeles, Cal. He is 6 feet tall and has hazel eyes and blonde hair. He is not married and his real name is Robert Douglas Montgomery—no relation of Robert, M-G-M's Montgomery.



Daring, sensational theme—closest to everyone's heart today!

A dramatic thunderbolt challenging the nation, it hurls a smashing answer to the burning question of the hour!

Hearts aflame in a whirlpool of tremendous thrills and the most spectacular dramatic scenes ever filmed!

You must see it—you'll love it!

WALTER HUSTON

PAT O'BRIEN—CONSTANCE CUMMINGS

A FRANK CAPRA

Production

**A
COLUMBIA
PICTURE**

Ask your theatre when it will show "AMERICAN MADNESS"



Norma Shearer, we salute you for your superb performance in "STRANGE INTERLUDE"

Left, Norma with Clark Gable—the lovers of "Strange Interlude." The play has been so faithfully reproduced in celluloid that even O'Neill, the author, must be pleased!

At the right, Norma Shearer as a charming matron. Isn't she lovely? As we look at Norma as she will look in her own young-middle-age, we are more than ever convinced that Irving Thalberg is a lucky man, and that Irving, Jr., will always be proud of his mother. "Strange Interlude" presents its characters first in youth, then in the fall of their lives, and finally in old age. It's an intensely interesting screenplay.



This dignified lady, under the art and the make-up, is Norma Shearer. Boys and girls, here's an actress!

Right, one of the final scenes of "Strange Interlude" in which Nina, now an old woman, at last understands her son (Robert Young).



IT'S a "Strange Interlude" in the lives of motion picture audiences, this splendid screening of Eugene O'Neill's play. We don't know how popular it may be, but we do know that this Honor Page, with our deepest bow, goes to the star of the show, Norma Shearer, for the most intelligent performance given on the screen this season.

Frankly, we are in a quandary as to this Honor Page. At first we were going to give it to Constance Bennett for her best performance in "What Price Hollywood?" Then we reconsidered and decided that Lowell Sherman had earned it with his best performance in the Bennett picture. And then we saw "Strange Interlude." And there was no further question in our minds. Norma Shearer—although she has won this Page twice before—has won it again through sheer ability. She is the only girl in pictures who could play *Nina Leeds* in girlhood, in motherhood, in middle-age, in old-age—and make you believe it. Miss Shearer's portrayal is acting of a very high order.



★ 47 ★ 46 ★ 45 ★ 44 ★ 43 ★ 42 ★ 41 ★ 40 ★ 39 ★ 38

★ 48

★ 37

★ 36

★ 35

★ 34

★ 33

★ 32

★ 31

★ 30

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★ 7

★ 6

★ 5

★ 4

★ 3

★ 2

★ 1

BROWS | **CROWNS**

EARS AND BACK HEADS

NECKS

CHINS | **JOWLS**

**SCREENLAND'S
HOLLYWOOD
PERSONALITY CHART**

*Designed and Copyrighted
By William E. Benton*

*"Make it thy business to know thyself, which is
the most difficult lesson in the world."
—Cervantes' "Don Quixote"*

Certainly, if we could all be as well chosen
for our parts in real life as the moving picture
stars are cast in their screen rôles, life would be
far more successful and happy.

Find your personality through the real
stars of the motion picture world.

DIRECTIONS:

Find the type of nose most nearly resembling
yours, then push a pin through the star nearest it.

Next, find the lips closest in appearance to
yours, and insert pin through the star near it.
Do the same with the chins, jowls, necks and
back heads. On the ears, you may not find the
type of ears on your type of back head, in which
case punch pin through two stars—the one on
account of the ear shape and the other because
of the back head.

Push pin through star at each feature. Then
turn over page and see what the personality
chart says of you.

Read sections pointed out by arrows you have
punched.

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Ramon Novarro's high crown. Pride, firmness, dignity, sense of responsibility. Uncompromising ideals. Alert, intense, ambitious, self-confident.

Mona Maris' crown shows great appreciation of public opinion. Loves grandeur, display, pomp, color, ceremony. Keenly sensitive to praise.

Ricardo Cortez' crown—firmness, pride, a feeling that one is captain of one's soul. Such natures often misunderstood. Strong-willed.

Dolores Del Rio's sloping crown. Friendly, emotional nature; dislikes routine. Alternates quickly from delight to despair. Very romantic.

Janet Gaynor's high crown, spiritual, sensitive, inspired. Religion important to such souls, without strict ritual. Often disillusioned.

Eric Von Stroheim's crown—high, full. Self-confidence, dislikes interference. May go to great depths and heights. Intense, self-centered.

Charles Chaplin's elfin ear. Shrewd, mischievous, erratic. Musical. Very secretive. Active, changeable, impulsive. Impishly impractical. Incurably romantic.

June Clyde's musical, angular ear indicates great appreciation of technique in music or romance. Calm, cool—controlled emotions.

Buster Keaton's ears and large back head. Friendliness, fondness for children and pets; greatest happiness through friends. Highly emotional nature.

Leila Hyams' wide-lobed ear and curly hair. Receptive, eager, fond of music. Spontaneous, harmonious. Loving, but demands understanding mate.

Warner Baxter's out-thrust, athletic ear, average back head. Directness in relationships, individualism. Demands freedom of action. Romantically possessive.

Norman Foster's hard ears. Musically talented, ambitious, receptive. Harmonious, broad-minded. Seeks ideal romance. Super-sensitive to commands.

Warren William's small back head and keen ears. Cool, calculating mind ruling heart. More romantic than domestic—often indifferent.

Marie Dressler's full-lobed ear. Natural leaning toward creature comforts. Warm-hearted, sympathetic, tolerant. Tendency to mother everybody.

Irene Dunne's short neck shows a balanced nature; mentally and physically healthy, wholesome, matter of fact. Solicitous, cheering.

Johnny Weissmuller's athletic neck. Powerful, dextrous, magnetic, vital. Eager, acquisitive, romantic, domestic. Encourages to health by example.

Anita Page's slender neck. High-strung, nervous; mind-over-matter type. Wiry; changeable. Mental and physical health are interdependent.

Wallace Beery's full neck. Bohemian, boisterous; is convivial, assured. Generally acquires wealth. Loves comfort. Worldly; extravagant tastes.

George O'Brien's jowl and shoulder altogether athletic. Will to physical exertion exceeds mental. Such natures concentrate on sports. Restless.

Constance Bennett's flat, wide jowl. Singleness of purpose. Will stronger than body. Happiness depends on good judgment. Inclined to obstinacy.

Gary Cooper's jowl is wide, strong, showing tenacity, patriotism, found on frontiersmen. Pliable on non-essentials, stubborn on essentials.

Vivienne Osborne's jowl indicates vivacity; sense of the psychological moment to grasp opportunities. Found on diplomats. Somewhat extravagant.

Fredric March's square jowl. Determination, perseverance, strong defensive feelings. Keen for natural law, order, equity. Great tenacity.

Helen Twelvetrees' curving jowl. Desire for security and protection. Mild and persuasive. Generally yielding, but heroic in emergencies.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s straight brow shows accuracy, science, artistry. Endowed with keen observation and constructive ability. Very dextrous.

Robert Montgomery's brows. Observation and reflection; carelessness as a defense mechanism. Equal love of fact and fiction. Sophisticated.

Joan Crawford's arched brows and full eyes. Loves life in all phases; talkative, persuasive, enthusiastic. Great imagination.

Claudette Colbert's brows, credulous, gay, talented in music and dancing; creative, possessing initiative in all the dramatic arts. Varying moods.

Greta Garbo's exotic brows. Lives most keenly when acting. Ordinary life boring. Idealistic, studious. Varying—elusive, then direct.

Clark Gable's brow, very active, observant, artistic, mechanical, better understanding of things than of people. Love of facts. Occasionally tragic.

Charles Bickford's nose. Emotional, abrupt, combative; varies quickly from mad to glad. Best in outdoor action. Sometimes pugnacious, but frank.

Ruth Chatterton's nose. Poetical, intuitive, inspired in the arts. Does best through artistic cooperation. Often super-sensitive; emotional.

Sylvia Sidney's nose. Social type, ambitious, creative, sensitive; quick actions and judgments. Best in idealistic surroundings. Snobbish tendencies.

Richard Barthelmess' nose. Practicality, constructiveness, love of motion by all means of travel. Direct, serious minded. Somewhat militant, but fair.

Marion Davies' nose. Capricious, optimistic, intuitive; absorbs knowledge, literally and figuratively a good mixer with all people. Carefree spirit.

John Barrymore's nose. Keen mind, scientific, accurate; love of specialized knowledge and effort. Capacity for technique. Critically inclined.

Adolphe Menjou's nose. Sophisticated, calm, penetrating. Suggests investigator, detective. Prefers brain over brawn. Sarcastic tendencies.

Will Rogers' nose. Politic, acquisitive; zealous student by observation; mechanical, reasoning, purposeful; suggests pioneers and explorers. Newsily nosy.

Edward G. Robinson's lips. Affable, ardent, loquacious. Keen salesman, actor. Anticipates people's wants. Great sense of taste. Most sanguine.

Elissa Landi's lips. Appealing, affectionate, variable. Likes merited praise. Found on most actresses. Loves free expression in arts.

George Arliss' lips. Reserved, super-sensitive; infinite patience in preparation for achievement. Prim, precise; aristocratic but considerate.

Lewis Stone's stiff lip. Law, order, equity, fairness. Legal type of mind. Handles others' affairs well. Often dogmatic, but fair.

Maureen O'Sullivan's chin. Wilful, adventurous, crusading, achieving; great courage. Often found on military and athletic leaders. Independent.

John Boles' dimpled, square chin. Chivalry, love of friendly conquest. Decisive, ingenuous, agreeable. Ability to lead. Demands appreciation. Active.

Maurice Chevalier's "Hapsburg Lip," and chin. Love of luxury, small patience with Puritanical repressions. Ideal host, loves to please. Often temperamental.

Joan Bennett's sloping chin. Shows love of peace. Such people are usually lovable, easily led but never driven; somewhat dependent.

Jean Hersholt's double chin. Ideal caterer to public taste. Such chins spell abundance. Bohemianism, artistry. Good cook. Demands comforts.

Rose Hobart's long chin. Strongly individualistic; bends but does not give in. Strong extremist, good or bad. Puritan or rebel.

*The Editor's Page*WHAT
IS THIS
RAFT
MENACE?

Read this impression of George Raft. It gives you a different picture of the man you liked in "Scarface" and "Dancers in the Dark."

GEORGE RAFT! You've made him a star in record time—two pictures. You asked me to find out about him for you. A pleasure!

He came to New York just at the right time. Paramount cannily rushed him east to play a week at the Paramount Theatre on Broadway—the same street where "Scarface" was playing a few blocks down. Raft played five shows a day—practically lived in the theatre. So I called on him between shows. Next time he is in town he is coming to my office to call on me. I think I'll charge admission.

First, I saw him in the stage show. Introduced and kidded by that grand clown, Ken Murray, Raft was one of the three stars on the bill, the other being Mary Brian. Raft—white suit, sleek black hair, all lithe, pantherish grace—sauntered on, strangely at ease on that stage dedicated to adagio and "personal appearances." He took part in the clowning yet stood curiously apart from it. Then he decided to dance. The audience leaned forward as one woman. There was a hush as Rubinoff's boys swung into a slow hot rhythm. Slinkily, with a certain good-humored insolence, George Raft began to dance.

And what a dance! Remember Valentino's tango in "The Four Horsemen"? Wait—I'm not comparing them. Raft's dance was a 1932, hot Harlem rhumba. It was modern—and as primitive as a jungle moon. But in Raft's dance there was some of that same arrogant grace that Rudy used to have. And the audience, to a woman, was won. Take back your terrible wholesome heroes of the great outdoors, their expressions said, and give us a Raft of George. I didn't ask the men what they thought.

Later, I took the elevator to the dressing-rooms. Ken Murray yelled "Hello!" Mary Brian smiled. And then into a crowded room where, surrounded by cameramen and reporters and pretty girls, George Raft sat, sombre and unsmiling, doing his coin-flipping trick from "Scarface"—only using a ring instead. It's a habit with him.

Not since Valentino have I seen an actor's dressing room like Raft's. Pretty women—one a blonde beauty well-known to Broadway; a hovering secretary; solicitous friends. Chatter and color and, in the center of it, an enigmatic man with sleek hair and quiet courteous manner and an inexplicable rare smile. It re-

mined me of a Valentino tea—that dates me but what do I care?—when a girl walked off with Rudy's shaving-brush as a souvenir.

Raft is poised but unassuming. He seems a little surprised to find himself important. As he flipped the ring it rolled out of his hand. Down he went on his knees to find it.

"How do you like this personal appearance?" I asked.

"It was a surprise to me," he answered. "They asked me to hop a train for New York. 'But what can I do?' I wondered. Then I thought, 'Well, I can dance,' so I did that. Now I'm going back. I'll do a picture called 'Night after Night.'"

"How about 'Blood and Sand'?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I don't know about that," he said. "It would be hard—no one can ever follow Rudy, and I'd hate to try."

"I liked your big scene in 'Scarface,' where you slump to the floor," I said. I meant it.

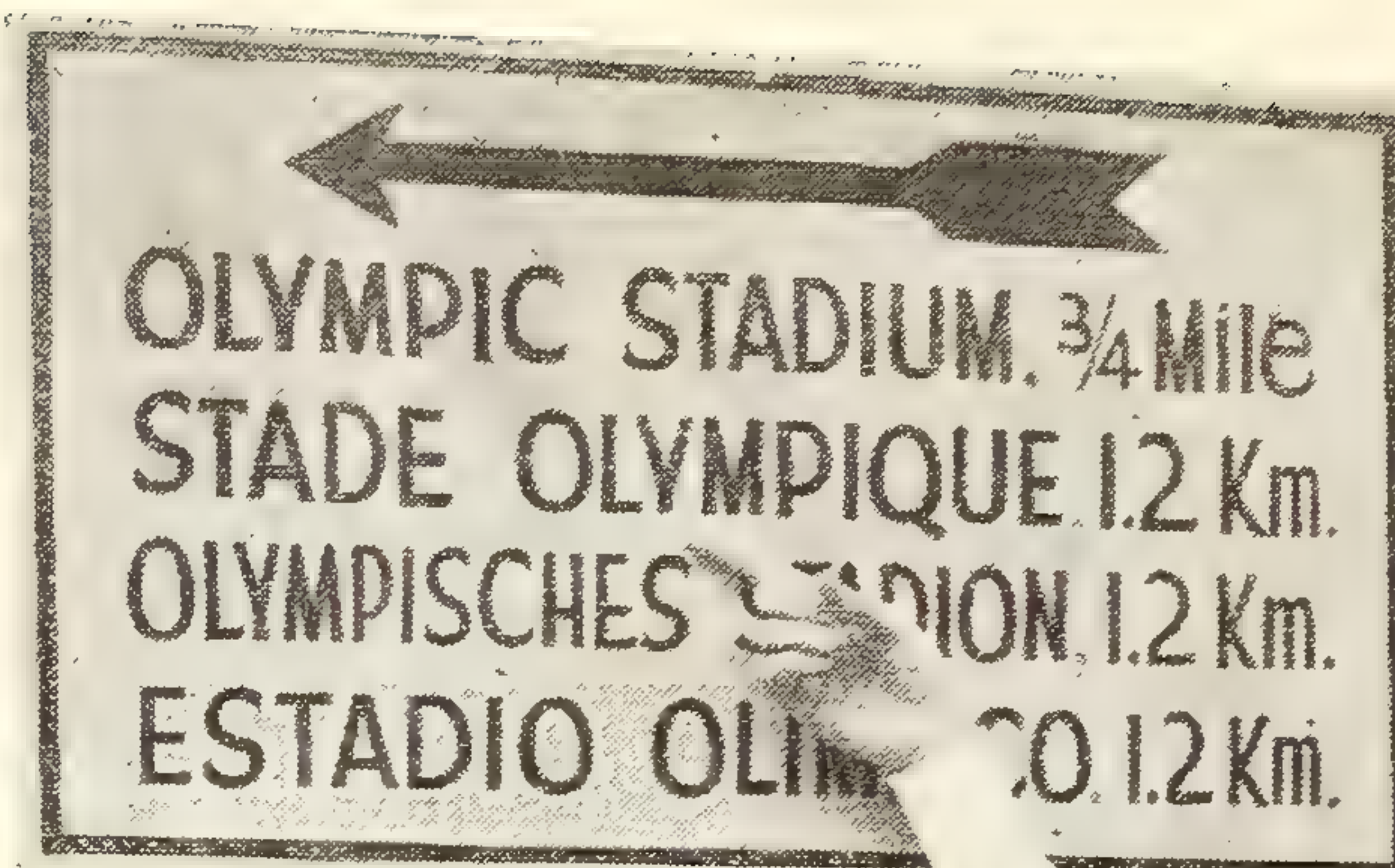
"Give Paul Muni credit for that," he answered.

This Muni credit was no news to me, but Raft didn't know I knew it. I liked George from then on.

I believe Raft will be the greatest male personality draw in motion pictures if he is given the right stories—a male Garbo, and how George Raft will hate that. But we'll like it!

Delight Swann

The kings and queens of screenland join real royalty in cheering the Olympics, staged this year in the movie capital. All the world has gone athletic, with Hollywood in the lead!



Hollywood Goes OLYMPIC!

By Gail Hall Wright



Dolores Del Rio contributes to the Olympics spirit that has swept Hollywood by keeping in splendid trim on Malibu Beach.



Irene Dunne is shown with a Southern California road sign with directions to the Olympic Stadium in four languages. Wait a minute, Irene—here we are!

Jim Thorpe, rated as the greatest all-around football player the world has ever known, represented the United States in the Olympic Games at Stockholm in 1912. Now Jim is in the movies, in "Battling with Buffalo Bill."

DID Johnny Weissmuller make the Olympics popular or did the Olympics make a hero out of Johnny?

Whoever wins, we can't deny that symptoms of Olympic fever began making headway in Hollywood directly the blaze of its three hundred synthetic Christmas trees gave way to the glow of patriotic colors in the smart shop windows; sports frocks suddenly flaunted national hues; evening gowns went Greek; slippers went sandal and Hollywood maidens discovered how becoming were the snappy new shorts!

The fever spread to the stage of a national epidemic when Johnny flashed across the screen, swinging from tree to tree, swimming, diving, lion-fighting. Olympics-Johnny! Johnny-Olympics! Then and there it became smart to be athletic. Stars went into training for primitive rôles. Competition became hot and heavy on the tennis courts and in swimming pools. Everyone began brushing up on his games of this and that so that the finer points of the Olympic events might be better appreciated. By-ways and side-ways teemed with cycling maidens, pedaling blithely along in tune to radioed handle-bars.

Radio, itself, added impetus to the general interest by trotting forth half a dozen famous stars to tell the world about the glory that was Greece and the glamor that is Hollywood.

Marlene Dietrich spoke to her "freunds" in Germany; Claudette Colbert "parlait" to France; Dolores Del Rio "habla" to listening Spaniards; Maureen O'Sullivan kidded Pat through the "Mike"; Jill Esmond painted an alluring picture for the English, and Will Rogers admonished the world to come and bring "its customer" along.

The world straightway believed its ears—and incoming trains, boats and busses have since been packed with those who would see the athletic and the movie stars

Wide World

at one seeing—all of which is pretty soft for those talented ones who can boast of being able to satisfy their customers with one look. Stars with Olympic records are top-hole-ace-high-one hundred percent out here now. Even the prideful owners of lesser championship medals have dusted them off, polished them up and are displaying them with gusto. Silver cups have become objects of interest rather than mantel adornments or receptacles for stray cigarette ashes. Production schedules have been arranged so that screen players will have time out for the games. Yes—Hollywood is taking its Olympics seriously.

In many ways the Olympics of two thousand years ago were similar to the games of the tenth Olympiad now being held in California. The infant Olympics were cradled in the sacred valley of the Eleans, flooded by golden sunshine tempered by cooling breezes from the distant snow-capped mountains. The olive, the orange, the date and the fig tree offered sustenance and shade, while the waters of the Mediterranean, even as those of our Pacific, entranced the dreamer, the poet, the lover of beauty, all the while luring the devotees of water sports.

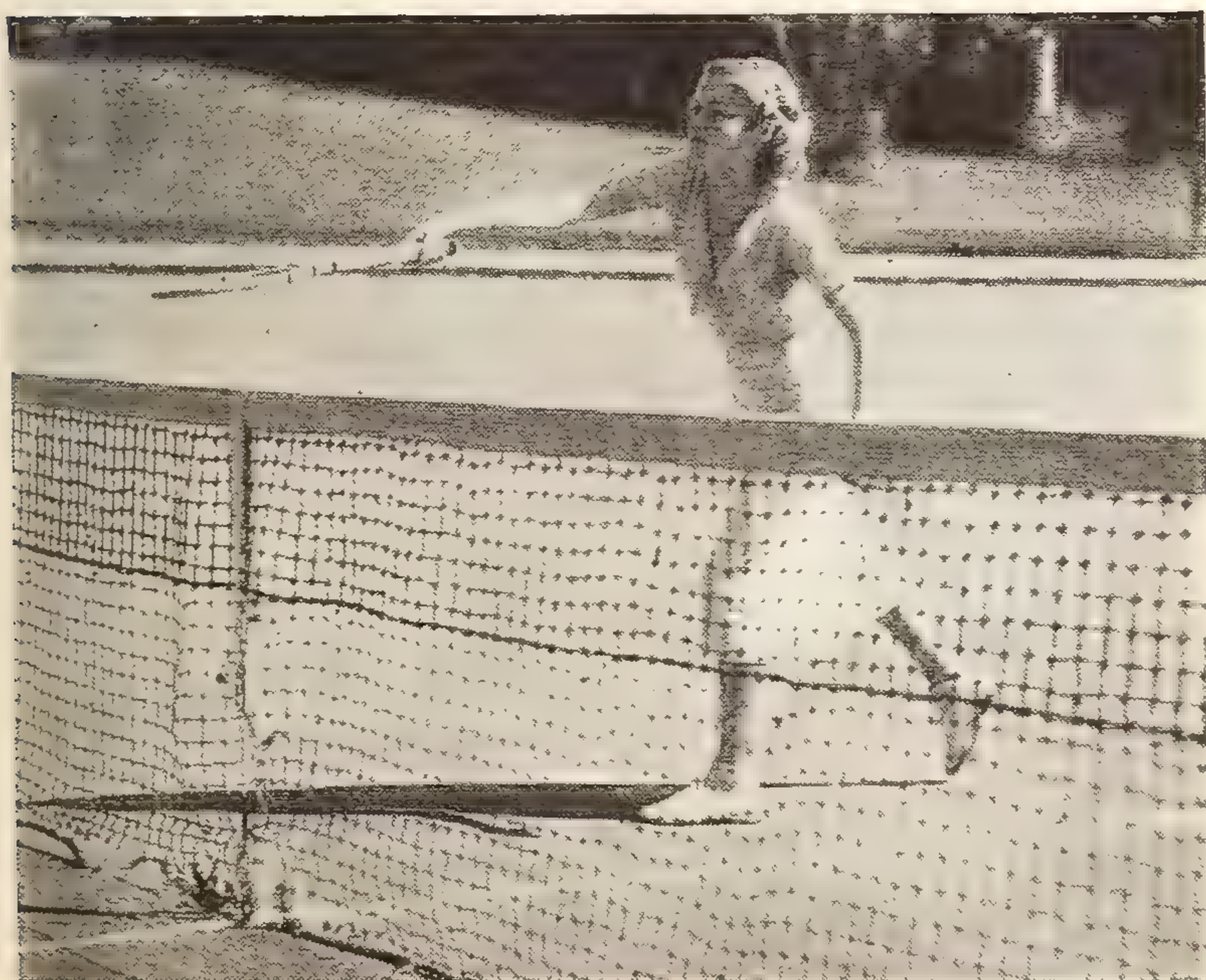
Worship of bodily perfection prevails in California today no less than it did years ago when the Olympic heroes became national idols and the games were regarded

Mary Pickford, right, is wearing one of the "Olympic Aprons," which bear the official insignia. Mary and Doug are busy these days entertaining distinguished guests at Pickfair.



Norma Shearer is official hostess to the swimmers in the 1932 Olympic Games, held in Los Angeles, California. Norma has been an excellent swimmer ever since she was a child. She keeps in form for films by daily bouts with the Pacific right in front of her new home at Santa Monica Beach.

Acme



You who think of Connie Bennett as a delicate orchid will have to revise your views! Connie, captured by the Olympics craze, has developed into one of the best tennis players in the screen colony.

as sacred. Even our standards of beauty are the same: the glow of health under sun tanned skins, grace, vigor, radiant vitality and clear complexions. The ideals of sportsmanship that inspire our athletes come as a heritage from these early heroes. Even the spirit that prevailed during the games themselves, when all the cities of Greece laid down their swords and peace reigned, is evident now when the interest of the world centers on the Los Angeles' Olympics and the nations are temporarily united in this common bond.

The competitors of old were housed in special quarters designed for them—as witness our Olympic village! And, even as today, vendors were everywhere about, blocking the view, trampling the toes, blasting the ears. The Greeks, however, seemed to be a bit more esthetic in their taste than are we, for the wares that found favor with them included cosmetics, fruit and fine oils for the hair. But then, of course, they knew nothing of ice cream suckers, pop and the succulent hot dog.

As to the honors bestowed upon the conquering heroes? Well, there are certain (Continued on page 90)



The real Joan—intense, ambitious. Benton analyses this girl and tells you how she can transform her own personality into the earthy Sadie Thompson of "Rain."

Why Joan Crawford "Gets" You

By

Wm E. Benton

From Riches to "Rain"!

How can the sensitive Crawford play hard-boiled Sadie Thompson? You'll want to read this intimate analysis of the girl whose character and career spell D-R-A-M-A

JOAN CRAWFORD has a million dollar personality, yet she is a natural-born rebel. Like all the world's most interesting personalities, she is a rare combination of mental, spiritual, and physical contradictions.

One does not have to be a character analyst to see beauty and character in her face. They speak from every feature.

Joan Crawford's great starry eyes are easily her most outstanding and attention-compelling feature. They would seem too doll-like to a portrait painter; they would delight a cartoonist because they are easy to caricature, but they are too compelling to be easily subdued in a portrait without losing the likeness.

The things most compelling in the mental and physical make-up of real people are beauty and harmony of feature, plus character or certain strong features that command attention—a large nose, or out-thrust chin. So a face full of soft curves, one running imperceptibly into another, in the forehead, eyes, and nose, like our subject's, is beautiful and harmonious; but the strong wide chin shows strength of character. Contradictory! But speaking a subtle language of beauty and strength that helps to "get" you.

If your eyes resemble Joan Crawford's, they will mean as large an ingredient in your personality as they do in hers. They spell spontaneity, eagerness, talkativeness.



Walter Huston as Reverend Davidson, Joan Crawford as Sadie Thompson in a scene from the United Artists production of "Rain," directed by Lewis Milestone, who made "The Front Page."

BENTON DISCOVERS JOAN'S REAL PER- SONALITY!

Let him discover yours!

Read this fascinating analysis of Crawford. Think it over. Then ask yourself, "How well do I know my own true character?" Turn to Hollywood Personality Chart, Page 13, this issue. William E. Benton, famous faceologist, is here to help you. Find out about your character and your possibilities through these three modern branches of human analysis:

1. **Faceology.** The study of the features. Send your photograph, or if you do not have a small snapshot which can be sent in an ordinary-sized envelope, simply jot down the numbers which correspond with your facial characteristics on the Personality Chart. This will help to give a correct analysis of your personality.

2. **Graphology.** Send sample of your handwriting. A dozen words are sufficient.

3. **Numerology.** Send your full name—including given name—and your birth date.

Send these indexes of your character with 25c and stamped addressed envelope to William E. Benton, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th St., New York City, and you will receive a comparative analysis of yourself that will entertain and help you.



John Miehle

Sadie Thompson is one of the most colorful heroines of all time. The late Jeanne Eagels created her in the original stage production. Gloria Swanson played her in the silent screen version. Now Joan Crawford gives us a Sadie Thompson—some say the most vivid of all.

On the same face with a large full-lipped mouth their owner will often be accused of talking too much! What they say in jest is often all too true, therefore the mention of it may hurt.

Music, language, imitation of voices, come all too easily to people with such eyes, causing an irrepressible desire to imitate. As little girls the owners of such eyes find themselves all too fascinated by the funny voices of the strange people who come to call, and frequently amuse and sometimes shock their elders by their spontaneous imitations.

The high-arched brows above these great eyes lend an elfin sprightliness and expression of wonder, a childish delight in color and change. All who share these tip-tilted brows have a flare for the colorful and spectacular, and even as tiny tots are much concerned that their ribbons, dress, and shoes harmonize in color tones.

Oh, but here is a contradiction in face and nature that is as pronounced as the unexpected actions such opposite emotions evoke. Joan's strong tomboy jaw and the desire for physical action it suggests would cause her to go from the sublime to the (Continued on page 80)



The sleazy white fur, the hat with a feather, the many bracelets—can this be the same Joan who gave us "Letty Lynton"? That's William Gargan, from the Broadway stage, as the marine.



Joan Crawford had to go to Catalina Island on location for "Rain." So her husband, Young Doug, planned his first Joan-less vacation since his marriage.



Mrs. Laurence Olivier—Jill Esmond—was working hard on a picture. Larry, therefore, joined the party. (You liked Olivier with Ann Harding in "Westward Passage.")



Betty Montgomery went to New York to visit her sister. That left Bob free to become the third of "The Three Mad Romanoffs."

ROUGHING it on Cecil DeMille's yacht! This is the way Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Robert Montgomery spent their summer vacation. Did you know they were pals? They have been ever since Bob was Joan's hero in "Untamed." Leaving their wives behind them—or rather, as Bob puts it, having been run away *from* by their better halves—they chartered a boat and put to sea together.

Two screen heroes in search of real life thrills. And what excitement they encountered!

Laurence Olivier, the tall, handsome young Englishman whom RKO-Radio plans to present in romantic rôles this season, is the third member of this stellar trio. They are the three musketeers of Hollywood, invariably going places and doing things together.

"The Three Mad Romanoffs" was the descriptive title which they awarded themselves when they started on their cruise. Doug was about to start a Russian picture, and got his two buddies so enthused over the good old days of the czar that they all acquired a royal Russian complex!

Now the statement that they roughed it on DeMille's yacht needs a little explaining. They sailed with a four-

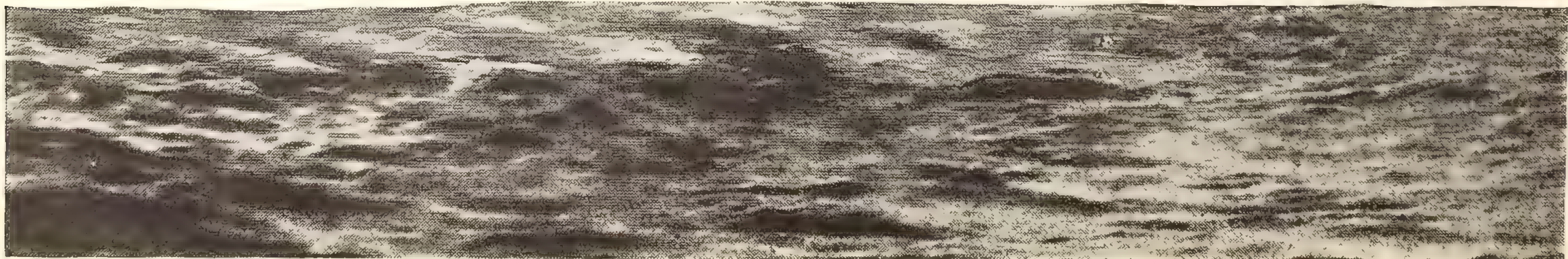
piece orchestra and no wives, you know. All of which, insists Bob, might be misconstrued.

"It sounds positively Roman to hire C. B.'s yacht. One immediately gets an idea of a huge ship, full of De Mille interiors. Loads of luxury and beautiful girls in every nook!

"The truth is that the *Seaward* is a comfortable, classy boat. But it's not elaborate nor so very large. We found we could charter it for less than it would cost to stay at some hotels.

"As for women? It was a masculine vacation. A husbands' holiday. Joan Crawford had been ordered to Catalina on location for 'Rain,' and Mrs. Montgomery had gone East to visit her sister, who was expecting a baby." Jill Esmond, Larry Olivier's pretty actress wife, was also busy.

"The orchestra? Yes, we started out with one. But let Doug explain that!"



Hollywood Husbands on Holiday! Read this exclusive account of the unique vacation of Doug, Jr., Bob Montgomery, and Laurence Olivier

When these venturesome movie males left Hollywood, they wanted a complete change from the artificialities of studio life. But such adventure—yes, even stark terror!—as they experienced was beyond anything they had anticipated.

Fighting for their lives through breakers twelve feet high, adrift in a tiny boat through the dark hours of a moonless night in shark-infested waters, deep-sea diving into a strange new world, answering the frequent calls of all hands on deck—this *was* roughing it!

"Bob and Larry used to go to the Russian Art Club in Los Angeles with me," Doug relates, "so I could

absorb the proper atmosphere for 'Revolt'. We became so enthused and sentimental over the romance of Russia's yesterdays that we read all the books we could dig up on the subject. Even wrote fan letters to that grand duke who recently turned author!

"We love the sea, wanted to do something different for our vacation, and hit upon the idea of hiring a yacht which we could take wherever fancy led. In a moment of absent-mindedness we had invited the four-piece Russian orchestra at the club to go along. Were we surprised when they took us up and met us at the dock!

"We didn't pay them. Just offered them a chance at a free cruise. The first two days out they all got so violently seasick that we had to land them! That was the end of our orchestra!"

Larry had a last-minute call to work, so he missed the first week of the fortnight jaunt. He flew down to Ensenada, Mexico, to get aboard. What a reception *he* received from his pals! Only two such playful friends as Doug and Bob could have concocted that sort of a greeting! But that comes later in this account.

Unlike the way in which Doug, Sr., travels—in much style—these three young heroes did a lot of the actual work involved in running the yacht. Sailing short-handed with a crew of only five, they had to pull and haul the sails whenever a storm hit them. And they ran into plenty of unusual weather!

Every day was crammed with interest. Eddie Knopf, the writer, went along, but he had to return to the

"Roughing it" on Cecil DeMille's yacht! Fairbanks, Montgomery, and Olivier chartered DeMille's boat for a complete change from the artificialities of studio life. And then they ran right into romance—material for a dozen exciting movie scenarios. Read in this story how Young Doug narrowly escaped death, with no director to guide him.



Three Hollywood actors trying "to get away from it all" run into the most thrilling moments of their lives! Don't miss this

studios before the rest. Boxing and swimming were the regular sports of the trio. They wear berets, these boys, but what a wallop they pack! Each scored knockouts when they connected with one of their pals in their sparring. Hard as nails, they kept each other in constant training.

The most terrible hours of Doug's life will always emphasize the memory of this trip to him. He came so near to drowning and being eaten by sharks that he gave up all hope of ever getting back to civilization alive!

"I know now exactly how it feels to face death," he says, "and it's certainly no joke. Before Larry joined us we sailed down the coast of Lower California. My thrill of a lifetime came when we anchored the yacht five miles off-shore and went in our little power launch to try and get a wire through to Larry.

"The shallowness of the water made it necessary to anchor away out. Bob, Eddie, and I started for land in the launch, which was in reality a sturdy row-boat with a motor attached. We headed for the so-called 'Bay of the Five Wonderful Hills,' having learned that a channel

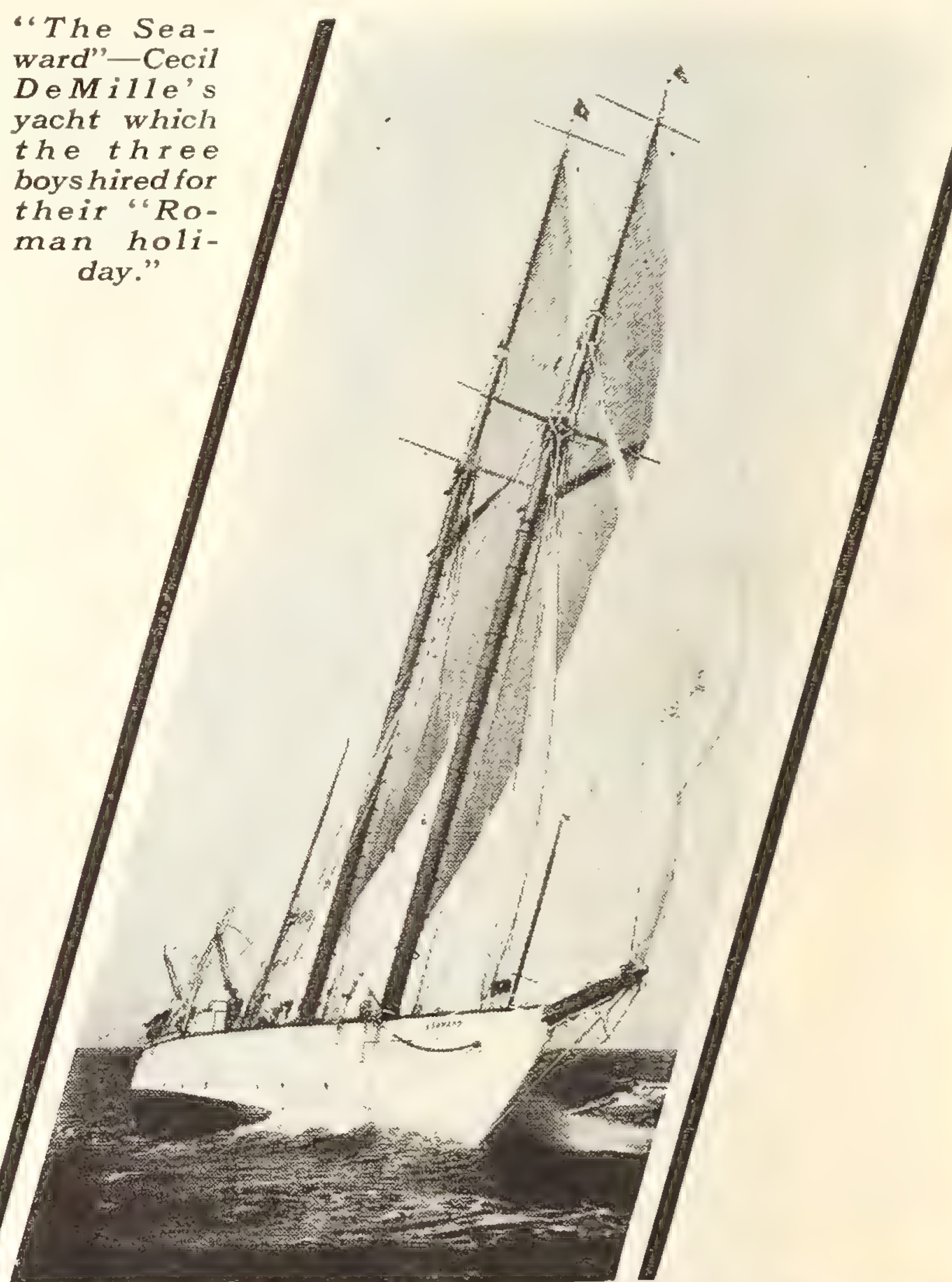
led the only way through the breakers to this bay. The village of San Quintin (pronounced Sancanteen) was ten miles inland, up a river. The channel there was marked by low wooden stakes that stuck about a foot above the water level.

"Armed with gun and camera—the Hollywood influence!—we ran into breakers six feet high as we attempted to find the right place to avoid them. There was a long, flat peninsula on either side of the bay with

"The Seaward"—Cecil DeMille's yacht which the three boys hired for their "Roman holiday."



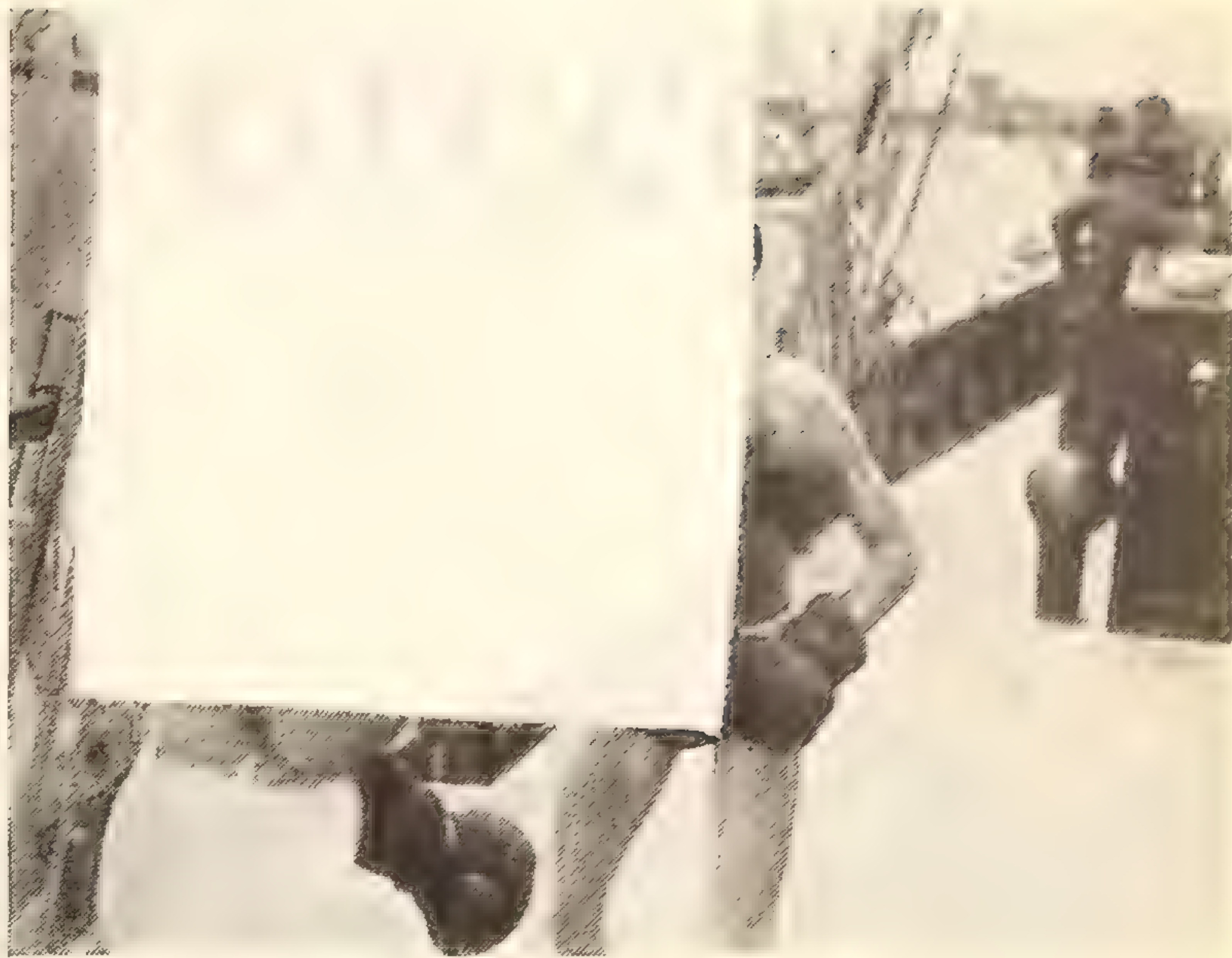
See Doug, Jr.'s smile? It wore off while he was living through the most terrible hours he ever spent—all on his "vacation"!



Fairbanks the second tries walking under water! If Joan had been on that trip would Doug have dared to do this?



That's Robert Montgomery to the left in this informal picture! He didn't know it was being taken—and he didn't care.



Larry Olivier boxing with Doug. Note the Fairbanks hair-cut. It was all for a picture in which Doug, Jr. played a Russian rôle.

its group of low, rambling, uninviting hills.

"It took all our strength to prevent our launch from overturning, and we were run aground twice by the force of the breakers before we found the channel. Stingarees and sharks trailed us. I had to use an oar to push the boat off the ground while Bob and Eddie tried to keep the propeller from breaking clear off.

"We'd started from the yacht at 8 a. m. and it took us two hours to get to San Quintin. It is a deserted mining town with less than a dozen inhabitants. However, there was a phone there and I put in a telegram call to Larry.

"The natives were very surly and demanded our clearance papers. The skipper had them, of course, so Bob went back to the yacht and Eddie and I waited for Larry's reply. What a trip Bob had back!

"It was a cloudy day and it started to drizzle. We were each wearing just a shirt and pair of pants and shoes and it got good and cold. Larry finally wired that he could meet us in two days in Ensenada. Bob didn't come back with the skipper and it grew so cloudy that we couldn't see the yacht, even though it had masts sixty feet high.

"By five in the afternoon no one had come ashore from the yacht, we were hungry, wet, and worried at the attitude of the unfriendly natives. Eddie kept handling the gun as if to scare them, and I was more than upset at what might have happened to Bob. Just when

I had decided we'd have to sleep under the wharf, the skipper appeared. He presented the clearance papers which explained our presence and then the real thrills began as we started back for the yacht!

"We had to find our way out to sea through the channel. It was pitch dark, no moon, and no signs of the yacht. Our launch ran aground several times before we got to the breakers. I was steering and, as you may have heard, this particular coast-line is noted for its profuse sea life.

"We ran into a school of porpoise! They're about ten feet long, the size of baby whales, and they swam under and all 'round us. Once I had my elbow over the side and some guardian angel warned me to move it. Half a second later a shark made a grab at me!

"No scene," Doug is sure, "that I've ever played in a movie has ever been nearly so hair-raising as that night. The rain was coming down in torrents, Eddie bailing out the water as fast as he could. We banged at the porpoises and sharks with our oars as we tried to keep from going aground.

"Several hours of that and we got to the breakers, bouncing like a cork. That's when I gave up all hope of getting out of the fix alive. The first time I've ever been absolutely scared to death! Breakers at least a dozen feet high washed over us. The sharks were trailing beside us and the tide was so strong we couldn't steer the boat. Lurching and swaying and bailing water out constantly, we drifted parallel with the breakers for some three miles.

"Then—thank God, we accidentally found the way through the breakers. The entrance to the channel shifts with the tide. But when we got past the breakers we couldn't find the yacht! What a sensation *that* was!

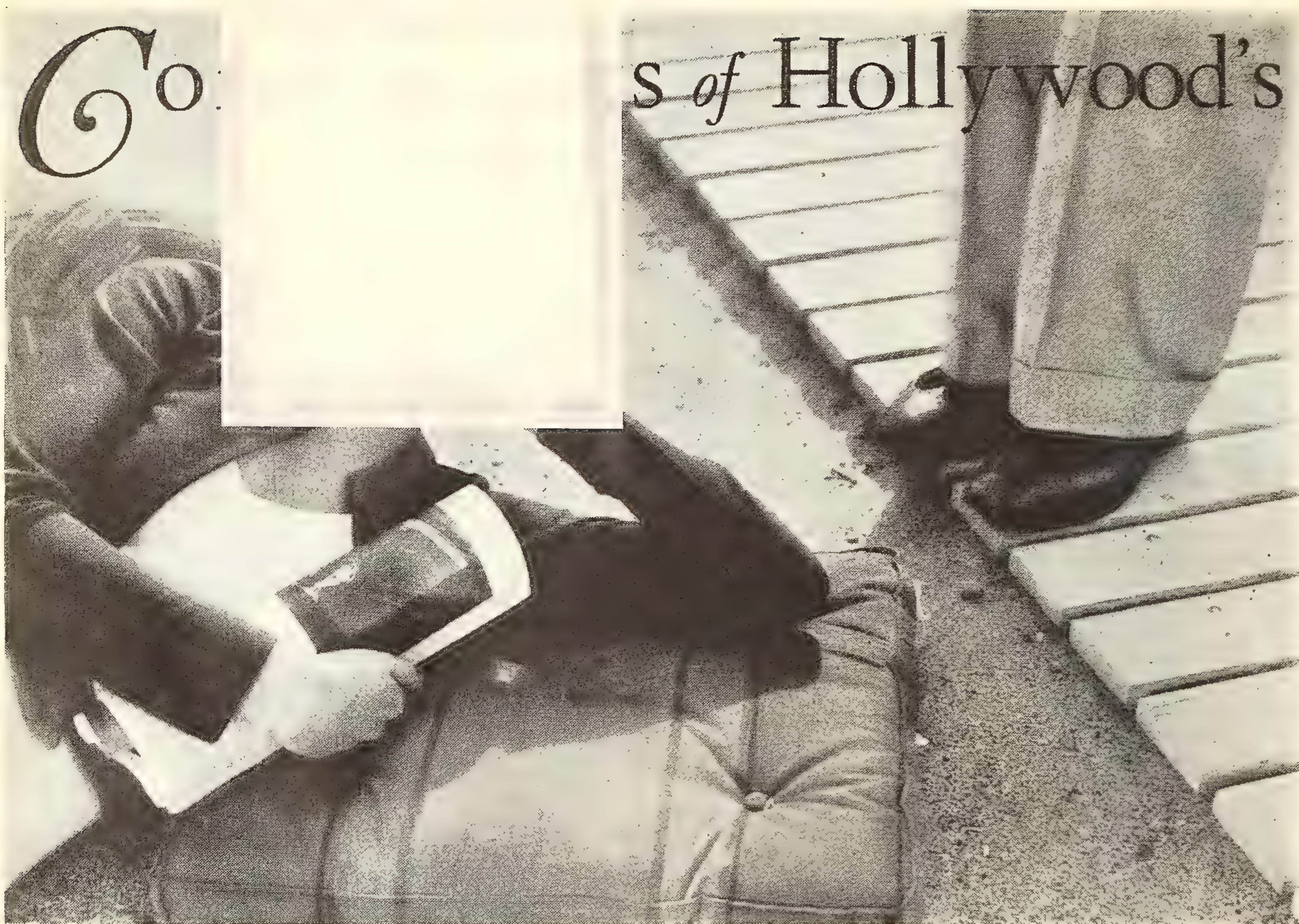
"With our tiny motor using up precious gas, we buffeted around for what seemed two hours. Looking for a yacht in that oh-so-dark Pacific! Finally, we spotted its lights and ran completely out of gas a hundred yards away. Maybe you think we weren't hauled aboard with sighs of relief from everyone!"

Nerve? You bet these screen heroes have plenty of it. Imagine how frantic Joan and Doug, Sr., and Mary would have been had they known. They say the best way to prove a friend's stamina is to take him far away from civilization and watch him face a crisis. Doug and Bob proved to each other that memorable day that they had he-man courage!

When they'd recuperated, (Continued on page 88)



Snapped without warning! This was one Hollywood holiday with no studio still man around. These pictures were never intended for publication, but leave it to SCREENLAND to sneak up on 'em!



YOU marry a man's virtues, but you have to live with his vices!"

Loretta Young insists that adage is truer than ever today. And as movieland's prettiest and most popular ex-wife, she ought to know!

"Hollywood is a grand place," she contends. "To live, and—if it must be told—to love! The joker is this. One has to take care to do both intelligently."

Those who know Loretta most intimately say that she is now going through that settling-down process which hits "play girls" at a certain age. In a far less spectacular way, Loretta is doing a Joan Crawford. This Young beauty has always been externally genteel and ladylike. Emotionally she has experienced much.

Currently she is out of love and hard to date. She has moody weeks like these, occasionally, when she fancies herself the lonesome Garbo type. Then, like the cinematic Dietrich, she's falling in love again despite all protestations that she never wanted to. Just can't help it!

Less than a month ago she met an attractive young man—not an actor—and within a week became terribly sentimental. As she was listening to his altar call, she felt mental growing-up pains and remembered her unsuccessful marriage to Grant Withers. She hesitated, and wisely.

In another few days she'll probably be sighing over a new would-be flame. Wondering and worrying what she should do. When *he* phones, she'll have her mother and three sisters in a spasm of excitement. The folly of sitting by the fireside on these summer nights will be readily apparent to her!

"Being a divorcée puts a girl in a peculiar spot," Loretta tells me. "Not only here in the picture crowd.

In any social group. You've lost your youthful illusions. You're awakened. It's a continual battle between your emotions and your common sense.

"The outside pressure is terrific, too. Everyone—at least in Hollywood—believes devoutly that you can't wait until you capture a new husband. Engagement rumors run wild. You are certainly man-crazy, and—should you deny it—you are branded subtle.

"When you go out on a date, the men think that since you are a divorcée you are 'knowing.' It's a hectic existence!" Loretta admits. "But darned if I'm sorry I'm leading it!"

Nineteen, gorgeous-looking, impetuous but dignified, this lovely semi-star is even more of a draw in person than she is in celluloid. By unanimous consent our gayest "*ex.*" A grand girl with a perfect sense of humor and *aplomb* equal to a carload of Murad addicts. The local idea of an A-1 "date."

Life is one picture and one (suspected) engagement after another for her. She was Lon Chaney's heroine in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" at fourteen, and has been assiduously rushing from lead to lead ever since that auspicious break. Not a publicity-made favorite, but an actress of increasing ability with a following that grows steadily.

Her social activities began at thirteen! Always a jump ahead of her fellow-femmes when it comes to boy friends, she was the fairest blossom of them all at that tender age. While other girls were making the transition from grammar to high school, Loretta was sporting high-heeled shoes, evening frocks, and an astonishingly grown-up attitude. She's been gracing the Grove, the Roosevelt, the biggest premieres, the most select parties for practically a half-dozen years.

Gayest Divorcée!

By
Clark
Benjamin

Love and learn,
says Loretta
Young, the
girl who was
a bride at 17
and a divorcée
at 18!

Currently Loretta Young is out of love and hard to date! Sometimes she is lonely as Garbo. Again, like the cinematic Dietrich, she's "falling in love again—can't help it!" Below, the new home in Beverly that Loretta built with her movie earnings. She lives there with her mother and three sisters.



Maybe you suppose a girl whose days have been filled with work and whose evenings have been preoccupied with admiring men would be blasé, weary, shallow. An overblown rose. A victim of prematurity.

Loretta is living proof that a movie studio is a swell place to raise a lady! Her mother raised her to be a star, and knew what she was doing. The result is an overwhelming success.

There hasn't been time for a fashionable finishing school or college. Loretta has never attended public school, either. Until she was (Continued on page 82)



Beginning

Brent can't be branded as a "screen lover" no matter how well he plays those love scenes. He's too real. Here he is in a studio moment with Barbara Stanwyck. That's director Bill Wellman's curly head.

The Real-Life Story of George Brent

GEORGE BRENT has no pictures to illustrate a story of his childhood in Ireland, except a very pleasant mental one, filled with memories of hot peat fires in big chimney places, gorgeous shadows on smoky kitchen walls, and a pipe-smoking grandfather who told him stories.

If you stick a pin in the very middle of the map of Ireland you will be within shouting distance of the place where George Brent was born—on a certain March 15. A family of four welcomed the new son; his father and mother, John and Mary Brent, an older sister, and a grandfather.

The Brent place was near Shannonbridge, an ancient town at the junction of the Shannon and the Suck rivers, but not near enough for the young Brents to attend the town school. They went, instead, to a two-room country

schoolhouse, known as a "National School," less than a mile from their home, where forty noisy children kept two teachers busy trying to preserve a semblance of order.

The Brent homestead was a substantial place with many acres of grazing land, woodland, and fields, and a great old stone house with fabulously thick walls and perilously steep slate roofs. George liked to pretend that the old house was a fort and that he had been left there alone to defend it to his last breath against a host of invading British. Perhaps his family, the grandfather in particular, did not do all they might have done to dissuade the boy from his make-believe ambushing of an ancient enemy! The right to take pot shots at Englishmen, real and imaginary, seems part of the heritage of every Irish boy born south of the River Shannon.

Rousing adventures of an actor whose screen career can never be as colorful as his own experiences.

Chapter I.

As told to
Carlisle Jones
by

George Brent



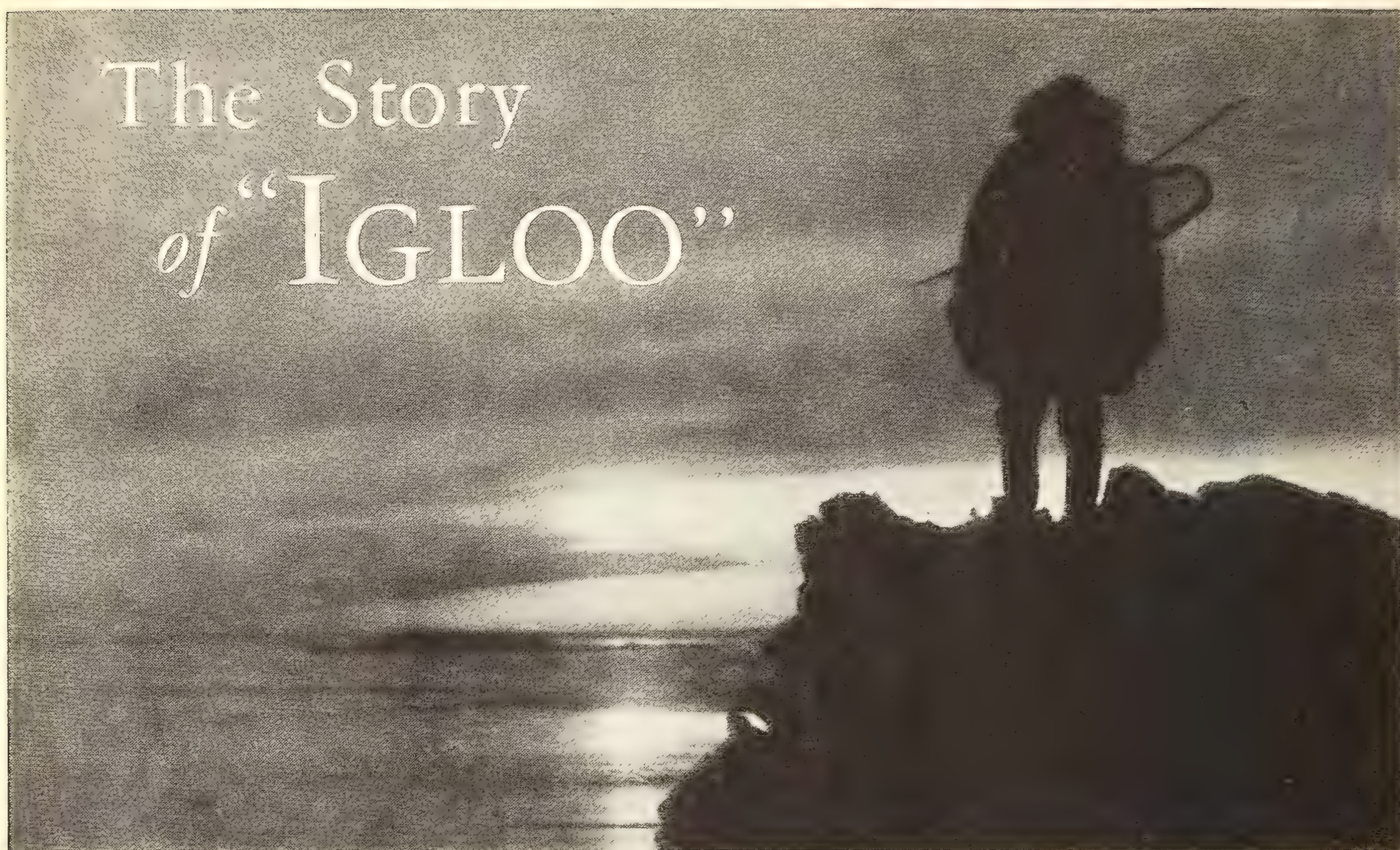
When SCREENLAND asked George Brent for the usual "baby" and "school-boy" pictures to go with his life story he looked puzzled. "I never had any taken," he explained. "I was always too busy." Now that he's in the movies he can't escape the camera.

But not all of the boy's tender years were spent in such warlike operations. There was work to be done, and George was soon expected to do his share. As a little boy he was put to herding sheep, with the help of the dozen sheep dogs kept for that purpose. He was taught to ride almost as soon as he learned to walk and peat digging and racking and potato planting occupied other busy months.

For eight months of the year the boy discarded shoes and stockings. He roamed the banks of the lazy Shannon hunting for the best spots to catch pike and perch, and in the spring of the year salmon during their annual "run" to the spawning-grounds. Sundays and evenings, those almost endless summer evenings in Ireland, were reserved for football and field hockey and foot-races and cross-country endurance tests.

In winter there were rabbit hunts and neighborhood social gatherings and long evenings in front of the fire listening to the stories his grandfather told of the glory which had been Ireland's in the long ago. He told him of legendary Irish heroes and of lost Irish causes and of living Irish hopes. And slowly, surely, he instilled into the boy's mind a passionate love of country and a stubborn will to independence which has never left him.

When George Brent was seven his father died, leaving the mother, grandfather, and a little girl and a small boy to carry on. Now more than ever, it was necessary that the boy work. There were hogs to feed, cows to milk, horses to care for, sheep to dip and shear. In the summer many weeks were spent in the bogs digging, "footing" and "stucking" peat for the next winter's use. The Brent house was large and it (Continued on page 86)



Meet Chee-ak, the "Clark Gable of Eskimo-land"—his love-making causes the icebergs to melt for miles around!

By
Alma Whitaker

WITH "Igloo" bursting upon us in all the majesty of its grim arctic drama, made on a shoe-string expedition by young Ewing Scott, and with W. S. Van Dyke setting forth for the same ice-bound location, with a half-a-million budget, to make "Eskimo" for M-G-M, another world's fastness is opened up for screen fans.

The Van Dyke expedition, leaving as it does with every modern equipment and generous funds, for that remote blizzardous place 500 miles within the Arctic Circle, is under no illusions. Van Dyke expects a thousand hazards and frustrations to beset his valiant company.

"It'll be cold, uncomfortable, often dangerous, and

the company will probably come back fed up on each other," says Van Dyke.

"You bet it will," grins young Ewing Scott, who achieved "Igloo," now a Universal picture, on painfully meagre funds, in the face of soul-searing hardships, bitter physical pain, sullen natives, an influenza epidemic, three appalling blizzards, a missionary-storekeeper right out of fiction, and an assistant who wept and moaned, cursed and whined, directly the little heroic expedition was beyond civilization.

Ewing Scott is a Los Angeles boy who broke into the picture game as a technician when a mere kid in 1920. But it was his good luck to work with the late F. W. Murnau on three pictures, thus firing his desire



Chee-ak with Kyatuk, his charming leading lady. The Eskimo lasses, says director Ewing Scott, are no Garbos or Dietrichs, but they're undeniably real!

The actual account of the filming of a grim drama in the Far North

for the remote and unusual. Murnau himself was to have made an arctic picture in 1928 called "Frozen Justice." Ewing was sent ahead to prepare the way. But three of his companions, Capt. Jack Robinson, Charlie Clark and Virgil Holt were lost for four hideous weeks.

"We hunted for them by plane twenty-four hours a day," remembers Scott, "and when we finally rescued them they had been without food or shelter on the ice for 22 days. So the Fox studio recalled us all, after \$45,000 had been spent, rather than risk more lives."

Which, however, did not prevent Ewing dreaming of an arctic picture. He tried to sell the idea, but was turned down by every producer. He had kept in touch with Chee-ak, however—and saved his pennies.

Now Chee-ak is a full-blooded Eskimo hunter, young, and Apollo-like in physique. He was educated in a missionary school at Kotzebue, Alaska, and spoke English.

cause you see, there was a little dictator, whose authority was almost absolute in that bleak and barren settlement. He was the missionary, who also kept a store. Directly he discovered we were not a rich Hollywood subsidized expedition—that, in fact, there was a pretty drastic financial stringency—his interest in us changed. It appeared there would be no room for us at the warm mission."

But a dark angel was to rise upon the horizon to ward off despair.

"He was the whitest man we found up there—and he was a negro! He had lived up in that God-forsaken place for 24 years. He had had three Eskimo wives and regiments of children. He found us a warm shack at a nominal rent, and even loaned us an old stove left behind by Amundsen several years before. Several times after that, when we were in desperate straits, this fine black man gave us cheer and encouragement," tells Ewing.

"Another one of my worst (Continued on page 88)



Where icywinds sweep the frozen landscape, and 60 below is hot weather, Scott built his igloo village amid terrible hardship and suffering.

Below, Chee-ak, the Great Lover of the Frigid North. It is through his torrid personality, some say, that the Aurora Borealis derives its warm colors!

A newsreel man had discovered him, and he was to have been the hero of that frustrated "Frozen Justice."

So when Ewing Scott had \$5000 saved up, he sallied forth with one assistant and Chee-ak to materialize that arctic dream of his. He had written a corking good story. He had an unquenchable faith in the dramatic and adventurous lure of such a picture. So February, 1931, saw them leaving civilization behind.

Ewing has kept a remarkably intimate diary—a little too recklessly frank for publication. It is the record of a tremendous personal struggle against diabolical and well-nigh insurmountable odds.

Arrived at Fairbanks, Alaska, Fate started its knavish tricks. Airplanes were essential to cover the last 1200 miles. The only available ones were out-dated types and the owner didn't want to hurry, anyway. Likewise \$3000 was his lowest estimate. Consider the hole that would make in \$5000 capital—before they'd even got started!

"I beseeched, haggled, dickered. Almost wavered in my resolve, especially as my assistant lost his grit about now and wept for home. But the Governor of Alaska wanted some diphtheria anti-toxin taken to Point Barrow—the farthest north settlement. That decided me to risk it—humanity on the side of my own desire. That anti-toxin assured us some sort of a welcome. We arrived alive in spite of the ancient planes, but not without the lash of fear and mortal anxiety on the way.

"Our welcome was short-lived," sighs Ewing. "Be-



He Was a Kid Himself!

And he hasn't forgotten it. That's why Norman Taurog has achieved such wonders in directing child actors

By
Peter Long

Getting carefree little Bobby Coogan to perform like this isn't as easy as it looks. It's a scene from "Sooky."



A tough spot! Norman Taurog pauses in the shooting of a picture to figure out a means of diverting a kid actor's mind from toy airplanes to tragedy. But he'll find a way—he always does! And his pictures show it.

JACKIE COOPER was mad. Good and mad. He sought out uncle Norman Taurog on the set, and drew him to one side. Jackie is a normal little boy, and he has his mads and his sulks like any other little *Skippy*. In response to the director's sympathy, the outraged Jackie confided:

"I don't want to be President of the United States when I grow up!"

The man who won the Motion Picture Academy Award for directing the best picture of the year, "*Skippy*," knows his kids. He became as indignant as Jackie. Some well-meaning assistant had told Jackie that if he didn't do his work right that day, he would never grow up to be President.

"Don't you worry, Jackie," sympathized the director. "You don't have to be President. Personally, I think you're going to be the best baseball player in the world."

Jackie's eyes grew big with wonder. "Better'n Babe Ruth?" he asked. "Better'n Babe Ruth," Taurog assured him loyally.

The rest of that day the little trouper worked like a



Norman Taurog's Rules for Directing Children

1. Study each child's nature and disposition.
2. Achieve discipline through kindness.
3. Win the child's confidence.
4. Appeal to his sense of fair play.
5. Never show favoritism or arouse jealousy.
6. Don't be indifferent to his problems.
7. Never trick or frighten children.
8. Don't overwork them.
9. Never break a promise to them. Kids do not forget.
10. Don't over-emphasize the importance of money.

trojan to play his scenes perfectly. Cried real tears and never dropped a line. Growing up to be a better baseball player than Babe Ruth is something to work for. Norman Taurog understands kid psychology.

Fortunate indeed is the man who never forgets that he was once a boy. Mark Twain never did. Neither have Booth Tarkington, Sir James M. Barrie, Percy Crosby and Norman Taurog. Twain, Tarkington and Barrie have made our childhood live again in books and plays; Crosby in cartoons and Taurog in motion pictures.

Of late Taurog has forsaken kid pictures for the more relaxing field of comedy. As a veteran of pictures he knows the grave danger of being typed.

"Besides," explains Taurog, "I feel just as much at home directing Wheeler and Woolsey as I do Jackie Cooper. In temperament, kids are like comedians, and comedians are like kids. Big things seldom bother them; little things upset them terribly.

"If there is a difference it goes something like this: Jackie Cooper doesn't want to be President of the United States, but both Wheeler and Woolsey have always wanted to be President!"

This wisecracking should definitely prove that Taurog is as much at home directing comedians as kids. But—getting back to the ten cardinal rules for directing children in pictures. After watching Taurog direct, plot, connive, cajole, manipulate, humor, coax, threaten, promise, soft-soap and act a part with such clever youngsters as Jackie Cooper, Mitzi Green, Jackie and Robert Coogan, Jackie Searl and Junior Durkin, I have come to the conclusion that making a real kid picture is the toughest job a man ever faced.

Garbo, Gable, Chatterton, Crawford, Bankhead and Barrymore have nothing on those six kids for individuality and temperament. What the kids lack in technique and understanding they make up in naturalness of emotions.

The director and I were sitting at ease on the set watching Jackie Cooper, Bobbie Coogan and Jackie Searl playing catch with their pals, the prop men and electricians. It was one of the frequent recess hours with which this wise and understanding man indulged his "children."

"Let's take your rule one," I said. "Okay,"

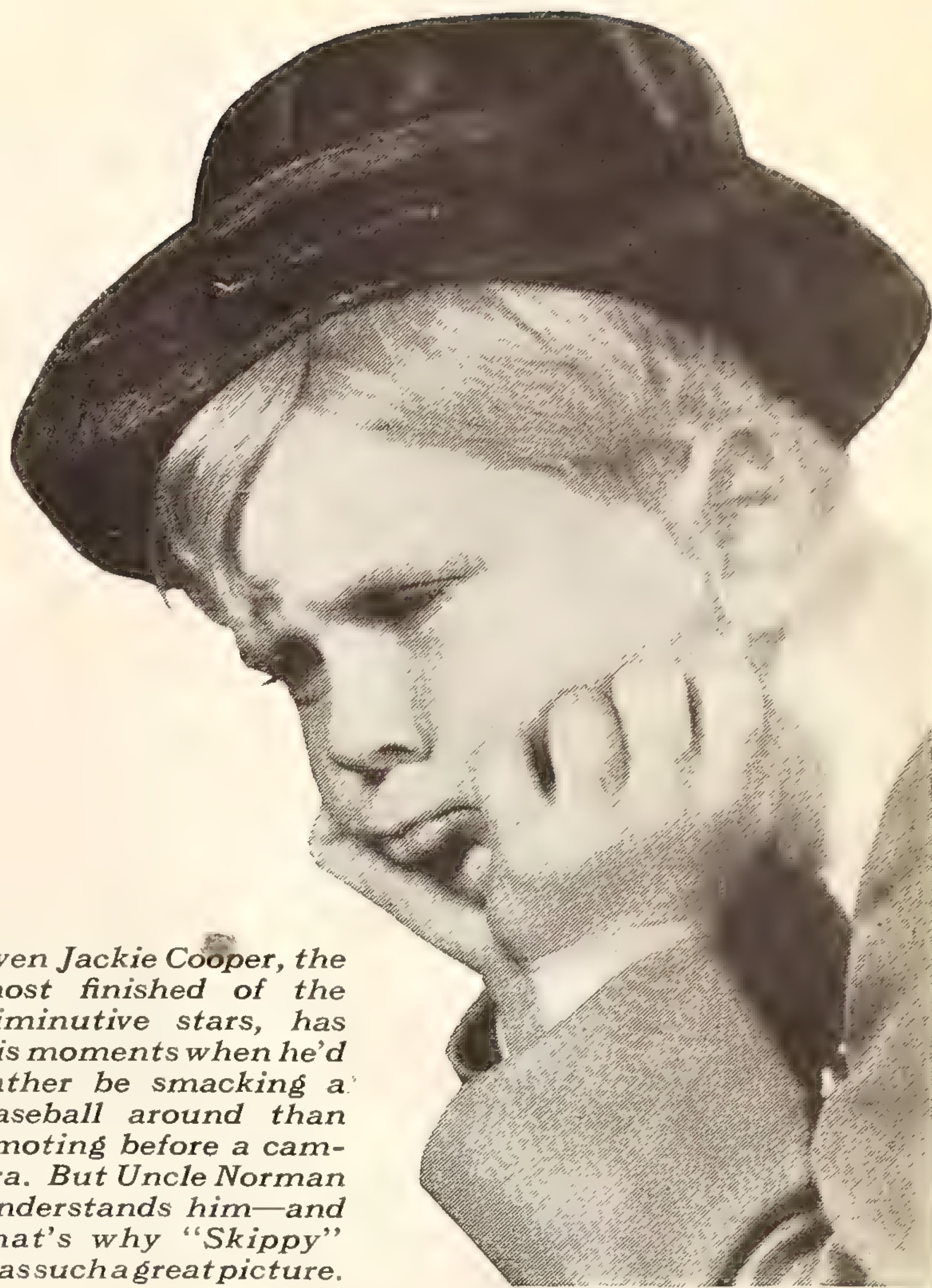


Recess! Jackie Cooper (on opposite page) and Jackie Searl (left) need no encouragement to be themselves when play time is called on the set.

The captivating Coogans. Jackie's grown up now, but still a swell actor. And you've seen what Bobby can do!



Even Jackie Cooper, the most finished of the diminutive stars, has his moments when he'd rather be smacking a baseball around than emoting before a camera. But Uncle Norman understands him—and that's why "Skippy" was such a great picture.

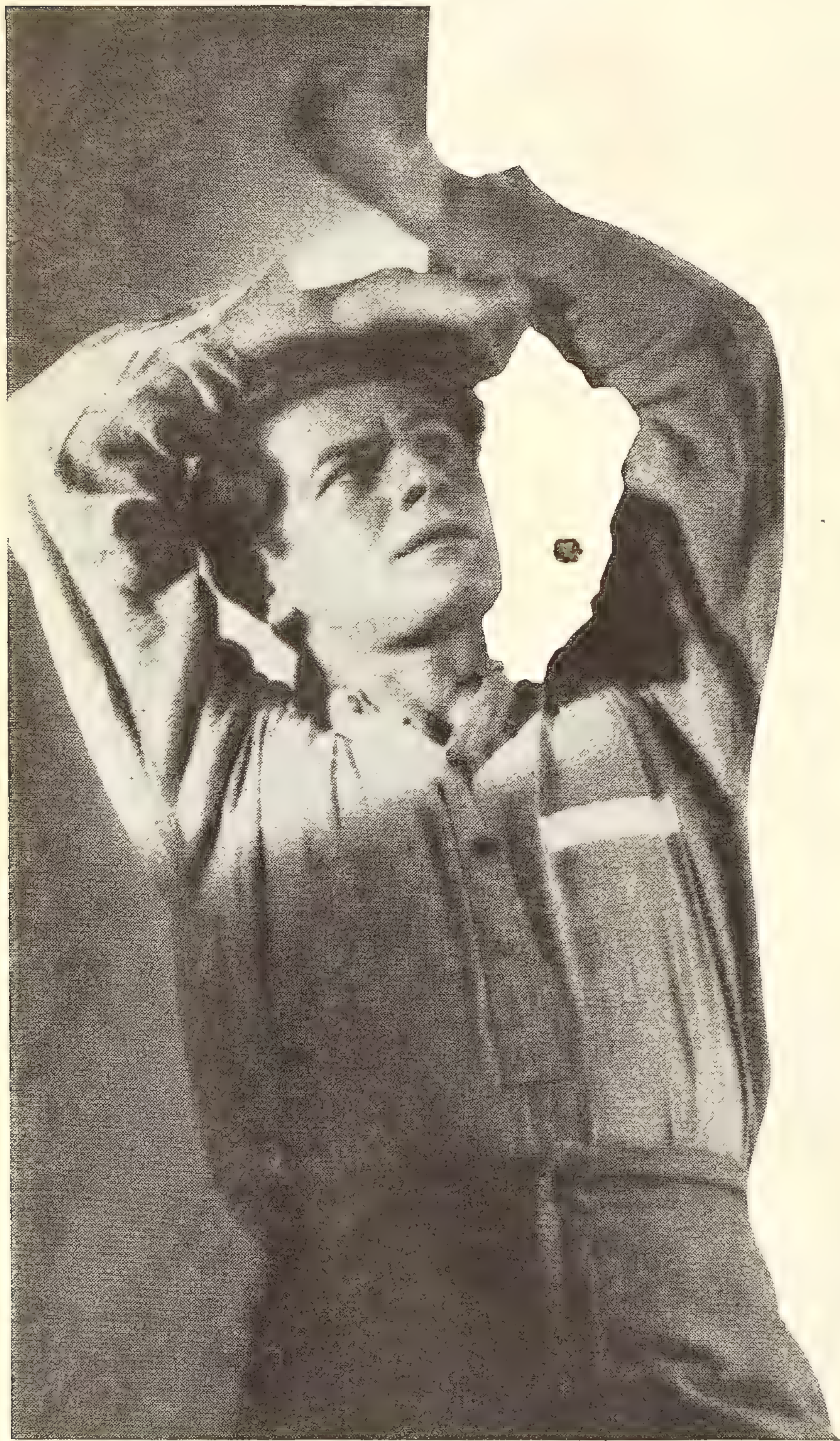


agreed the director, "look at each one of those three kids. As different as day and night. In many respects, they're just as individual as the brilliant grown-ups. I study each child's nature and disposition thoroughly before I attempt to use them in a picture. If those kids didn't have 'something' they wouldn't be so appealing and successful. Lacking maturity, children's emotions are elemental. They can't talk up—or talk back—to grown-ups who are telling them what to do. How then can one understand kids unless one is sufficiently interested and patient to penetrate the barrier of childish reticence? Boy, you'd be surprised at what you find out, and what they sometimes think of their grown-up bosses."

I'll bet. All parents reading this story might well ponder over Taurog's words, because I know of no one who has made a more complete study of children.

"Naturally," continued the director, "each youngster must be handled in a widely different way. For example: Jackie Cooper IS *Skippy*. He's a normal boy. He likes to boss his playmates if he can get away with (Continued on page 81)

Not the Romantic Type?



Study of an actor. Paul Muni is a young player of the old school. He takes his art—but not himself—seriously. His first film under his new Warner contract will be "I'm a Fugitive."

"I'VE NEVER known a gangster—I don't want to know one! I've never seen a killing—I don't want to see one! I didn't want to make 'Scarface'—and now that I've made it, I am not sure I like it!"

It was "Scarface" himself speaking—or rather, Paul Muni, the soft-voiced young actor whose performance in the title rôle of "the gang-picture to end all gang-pictures" had electrified the entire nation and brought him to the immediate attention of motion picture fans all over the world.

Seated opposite him in one of Manhattan's smartest restaurants—watching his kindly brown eyes break into

You saw him in "Scarface." Now meet the real Paul Muni—the most extraordinary actor who ever signed a Hollywood contract!

By

Laura Benham

tiny crinkles as he smiled—noting the generous mobility of his wide, humorous mouth as he ordered luncheon with the discrimination of an epicure—it was difficult to realize that this, then, was the man who had made the ruthless, relentless "Scarface" live and breathe.

For regardless of what he has done in the past or what he may accomplish in the future, Paul Muni will always be identified by his characterization in that picture. His years of struggle for recognition on the stage, his two previous—and ineffective—efforts before the cameras all count for naught beside the terrific power and stark brutality of his portrayal of *Tony Camonte*.

No one is more aware of this than Muni himself—and it disturbs him. It is in complete conflict with his philosophy of what acting is—what it means to the actor.

For Paul Muni is different from the average Hollywood actor in that he takes his acting—not himself—seriously.

"No matter what others may say—how they may scoff at my views—to me, acting is still an Art," Muni began, his eyes grave and serious. "I am an actor because I love the work. It is creative and enthralling. I want to continue being an actor—but I do not want my future to be limited, my potentialities stifled, by becoming restricted to one type of part.

"That is why I didn't want to play 'Scarface'—why at first I refused even to consider doing it.

"Now that the picture is released, my worst fears are justified. I have received numerous new picture offers—and most of them have been for other gangster, racketeer rôles!"

"But Mr. Muni, many of Hollywood's foremost actors have become famous and successful because of their ability to identify themselves with certain types of characters. And despite the fact that they always complain of being cast in rôles of one type, world-wide popularity and financial reward usually manage to assuage their grief," I murmured wearily. After all, I had heard other actors voice somewhat similar views.

"Are you talking of other actors—or of other personalities?" Mr. Muni countered. "There is a vast dif-

No! Just a Great Actor

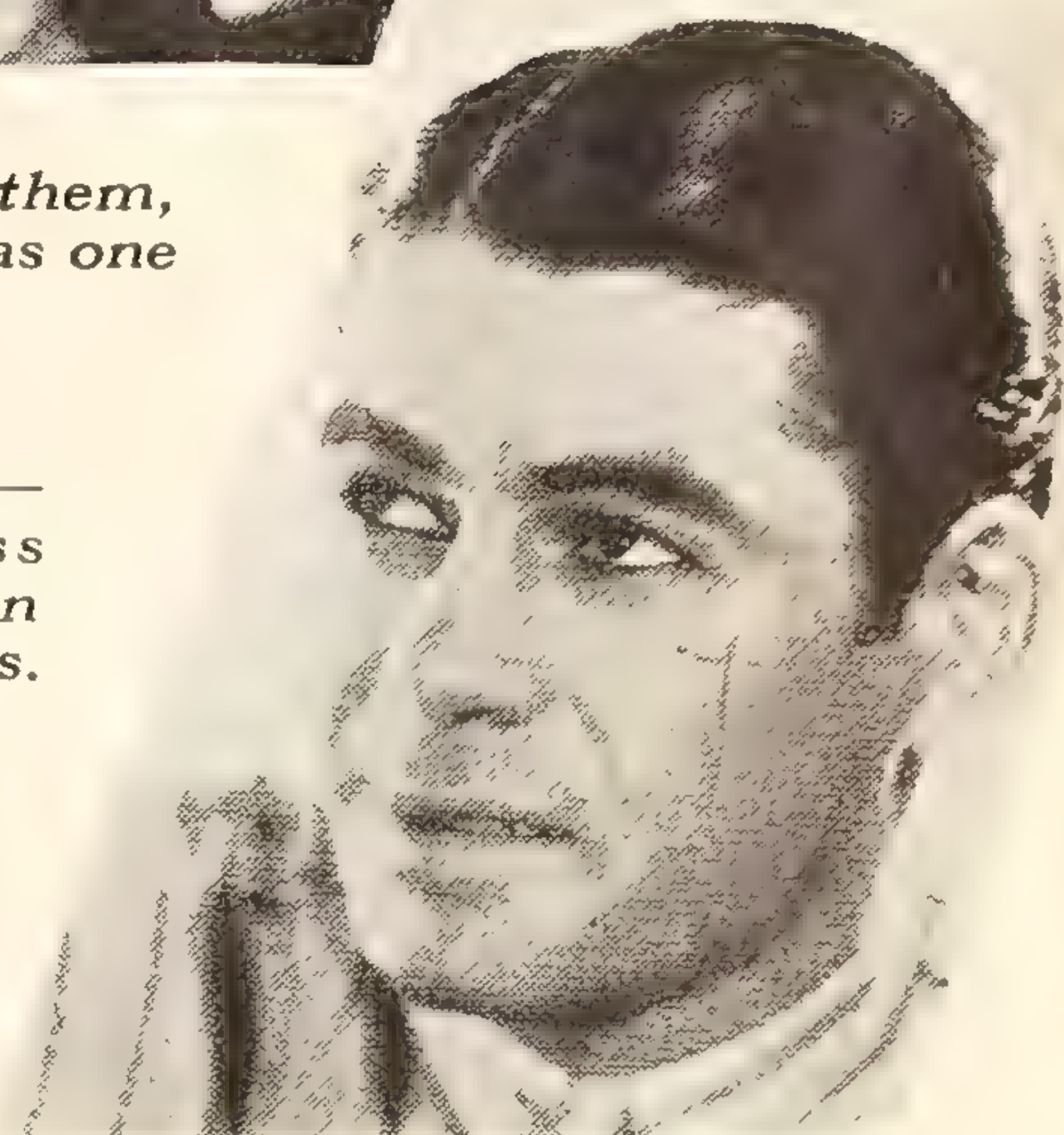
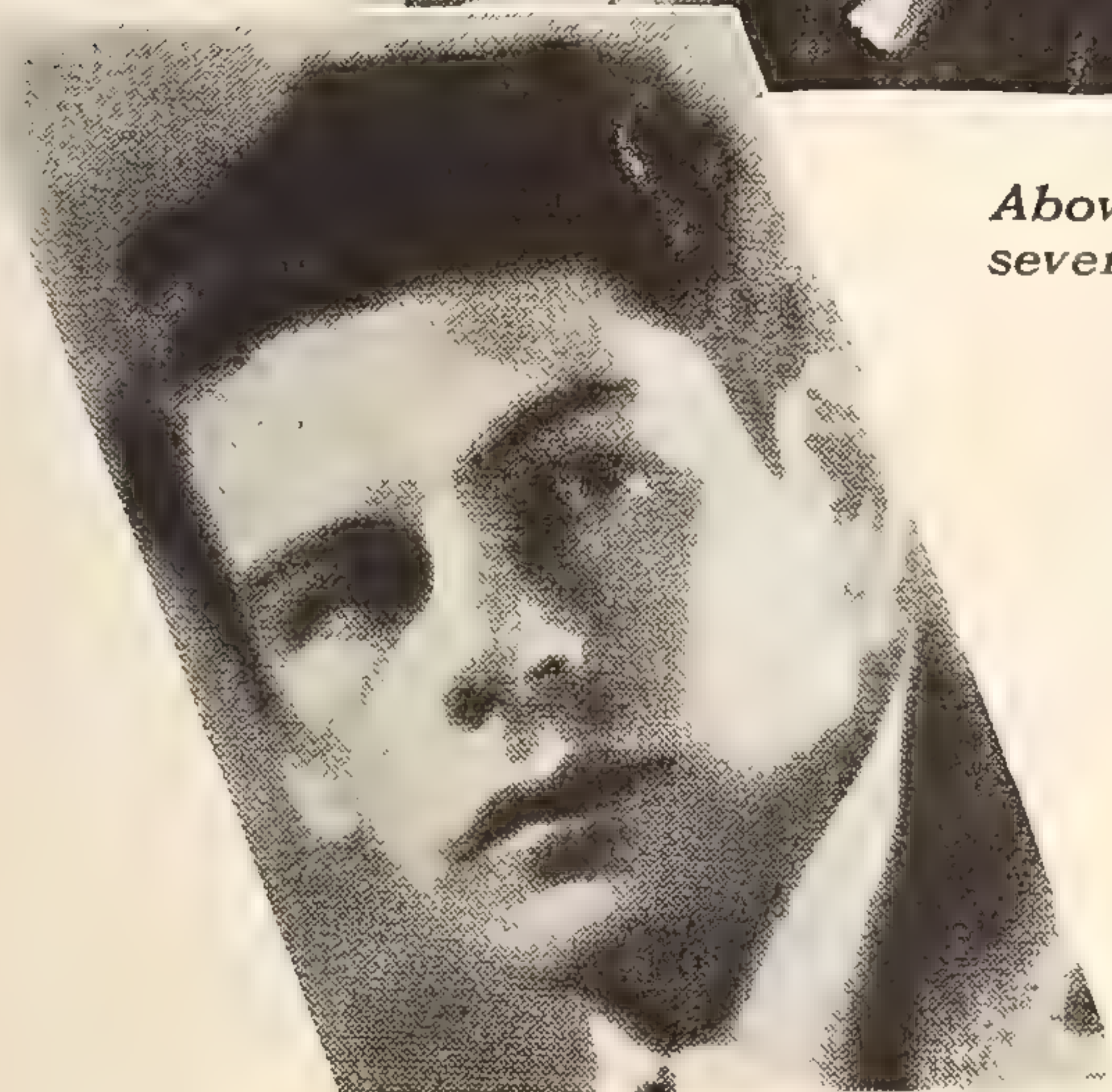


Above, Muni in "Seven Faces"—count them, seven! And every one is Muni. This was one of his films for Fox.

Muni the man. He is a sincere artist and a very real person.

As "Scarface"—most ruthless characterization in movie annals.

Below, a scene from "Scarface" in which the gangster and his sister face death.



ference, you know. Too many individuals are called great actors—when in reality they are great personalities.

"I think there should be two definite classifications—actors and personalities. In the former category we should place Lionel Barrymore, Greta Garbo and even John Barrymore, when he chooses to leave off being John Barrymore and become the character he is supposed to portray.

"In the latter class belong persons like Buddy Rogers, Clark Gable, and others whose popularity seems to be the result of personal magnetism rather than any ability to 'act' in the real sense of the word.

"The word 'actor' is taken far too lightly," Mr. Muni continued, warming enthusiastically to his subject. "Real acting consists of more than looking handsome or having sex-appeal as you call it. If



the majority of persons who are called actors are examples of the true definition of the word, then I don't want to be called an actor!"

This, from the man whom Rufus LeMaire, acting director of Warner Brothers Studio—and certainly a capable judge—had only a few days before called the greatest actor in the world today.

Indeed, Paul Muni has few rivals in the theater or on the screen as far as real characterization is concerned. And there are few who can boast his intensive training or thorough background.

Muni was born in a small village just outside of Vienna. His father and mother were struggling young thespians who emigrated to America when Paul was four years old.

"I was just so high," he held his hand along the top of a saltshaker to illustrate, a merry smile (Continued on page 84)

Gary's Monkey Shines!

Toluca ("Chimp") Cooper, starring in an interview, confesses her itch to be an actress

By Mortimer Franklin

NOW be a good 'ittle girlie," wheedled Gary Cooper, climbing up on the mantelpiece after his adopted infant, "and give a nice interview."

Toluca, the baby girl chimpanzee which Gary brought home from the African jungle, tossed a couple of rare antique vases out of the window and scuttled down to make faces at her interviewer.

"Well, how do you like America, Palooka?" I began.

"Toluca," said the chimp, eyeing me uncordially. "America's all right—it's very homelike. All those bulls and bears and jack—"

"Other animals," corrected Gary.

"—and other animals you have here remind me of the dear old jungle. And say, I must compliment you on your gorillas—they make the old folks at home look like a lot of college professors."

"Toluca has ambitions," said Gary proudly. "She wants to be a child movie star, don't you, Tolu'?"

"I'd certainly love that," acknowledged the chimp, gnawing my ear reflectively. "And after all, why not? I see a lot of kids on the screen who haven't half as much sex appeal as I've got."

"Well, how would you break in?" I inquired. "By monkeying around the studios?"

Tolu' gave an indignant screech and unravelled the mainspring of my watch. "Don't you monkey me—I'm a full-bred chimpanzee, descended from an aristocratic old family of South African chimpanzees. Aren't I,

Meet Miss Toluca from Africa, with her pal and guardian, Gary Cooper.



Daddy? I bet I can crash into the movies if I really set my mind to it," she went on. "Probably the first thing to do would be to get a good screen name. I think Robert Monkgomery would be nice—only I'm not that kind of a chimp. Nope, I need a girl's name—and I got an idea from that nice lady who's working with Daddy in his new picture. I think I'll just call myself Toluca Bankhead.

"Vehicles for my art?" The little Cooper girl thought a moment. "Well, I think it would be nice if I could play that kid part with Wallace Beery in 'The Chimp.' Of course Jackie Cooper has already done a swell job of that—but what's a little friendly rivalry among us Coopers?"

"But remember, baby," admonished the fond papa, "if you do get into the movies you must promise not to chew up the scenery."

"Dad gets awfully worried about me," Toluca said confidentially. "Ever since the kidnaping scare started he's had a bodyguard to be with me all the time. And believe me, I've certainly rescued that guy from some tight places; once I get to biting and scratching in earnest, nobody feels like annoying my bodyguard."

"Come on, little one," interrupted Gary, "it's time for your four o'clock feeding, and I'll tell you a nice little story while you eat your farina. Aren't you hungry?"

"Oh boy, eats!" cried Tolu', reaching for the dish with her pudgy baby-fingers. "You bet I'm hungry. And say, Daddy, that reminds me—when are you going to take me to the flea circus?"



Elmer Fryer

HOP ABOARD the band wagon with Major Ann Dvorak! Ann, resplendent in her drum major's costume (what there is of it), leads the Big Parade of the younger and prettier girl stars of the day.



The Lady known as Lil in a new coiffure and a new hat. Her hat is the last word from Agnes herself! It's of gossamer white tulle, fashioned in bandeau effect; it leaves the crown of the head exposed, but veils the eyes with a wide mesh black veil.



Lilyan likes this luscious flesh-colored, demurely cut satin night-robe. Real rose-point lace fashions the tiny cap sleeves and is lavishly applied around the hem and through the bodice.



LIL'S NEW CLOTHES

Presenting Miss Tashman in first glimpses of the new Fall fashions

Lilyan personifies the spirit of Autumn in her daytime frock of brown-and-white checked crêpe, with collar of white satin. She wears a pert brown beret of stitched felt, and enormous gauntlet gloves of white doeskin. Her shoes, belt and bag are of brown alligator skin. On the belt is a gold buckle with her initials, L. T. L., engraved in square-cut design.

Tashman goes to tea in an ankle-length gown of golden brown crêpe. Intricate drapery of the fabric lends a note of smartness while accessories carry out the harmony of the ensemble. Lilyan's hat, slippers, gloves and bag are the same tone.





La Tashman's favorite new evening gown is of dull black crêpe. (Remember, dull fabrics for fall gowns!) Its only ornament is a clip of brilliants at the front of the V décolletage. The bodice is cut in a soft fold across the shoulders, to give that broad look so to be desired.



Close-up of Lilyan's chic hat. But let's talk about Lil's coiffure—it's a throw-back to the Victorian hairdress. It's combed back of her ears, with a fringe of curly bangs.



Schiaparelli designed this new black wool coat. It is cut on svelte, diagonal lines.



Aren't these quaint lounging pajamas? The blouse is of cream-colored lace, has a tiny Peter Pan collar, and ties with a small black bow. The trousers are of black transparent velvet.

*raphs of Miss
an by Culver,
exclusively for
GREENLAND*



Ray Jones

SIDNEY FOX, Hollywood's brief moment of old-fashioned charm, has been chosen to play the ingenue rôle in "Once in a Lifetime," in which Hollywood takes a good, loud laugh at itself.



Gene Kornman

HAROLD LLOYD finds full play for his side-splitting antics in "Movie Crazy," his first picture in over a year, in which Harold plays a hopeful young studio gate-crasher, with Constance Cummings as the girl.



YOO, HOO! How do you like Kay Francis' wave? America's own slinky sorceress of the screen greets the fans who have elected her one of their favorites among the clever and charming actresses of the current cinema.



STANDING on top of the world! Little Gloria Shea is just starting her screen career, but here she is right up on top already. Gloria supplies some of the warmth in the forthcoming "Three on a Match."



Hal Phye

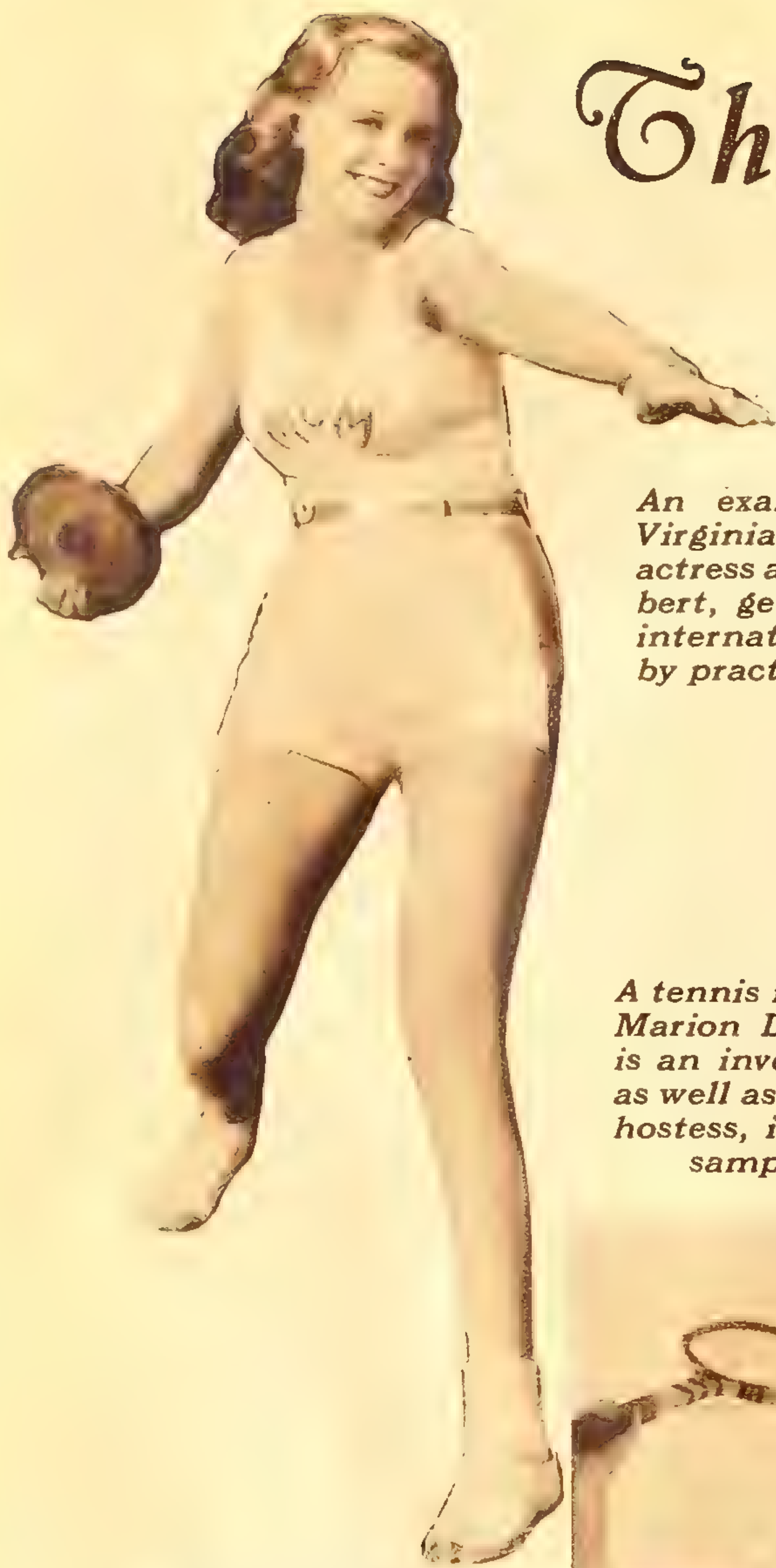
LESLIE HOWARD, Old John Bull's gift to the stage and screen, comes back to American films in "Smilin' Through," with Norma Shearer and Fredric March. His next will be "The Animal Kingdom," with Ann Harding.



Preston Duncan

CONNIE BENNETT gives her best performance yet as a struggling young actress who manufactures some breaks for herself in "What Price Hollywood." It's the first of the "movie cycle," with Lowell Sherman.

The "OLYMPICS" SPIRIT

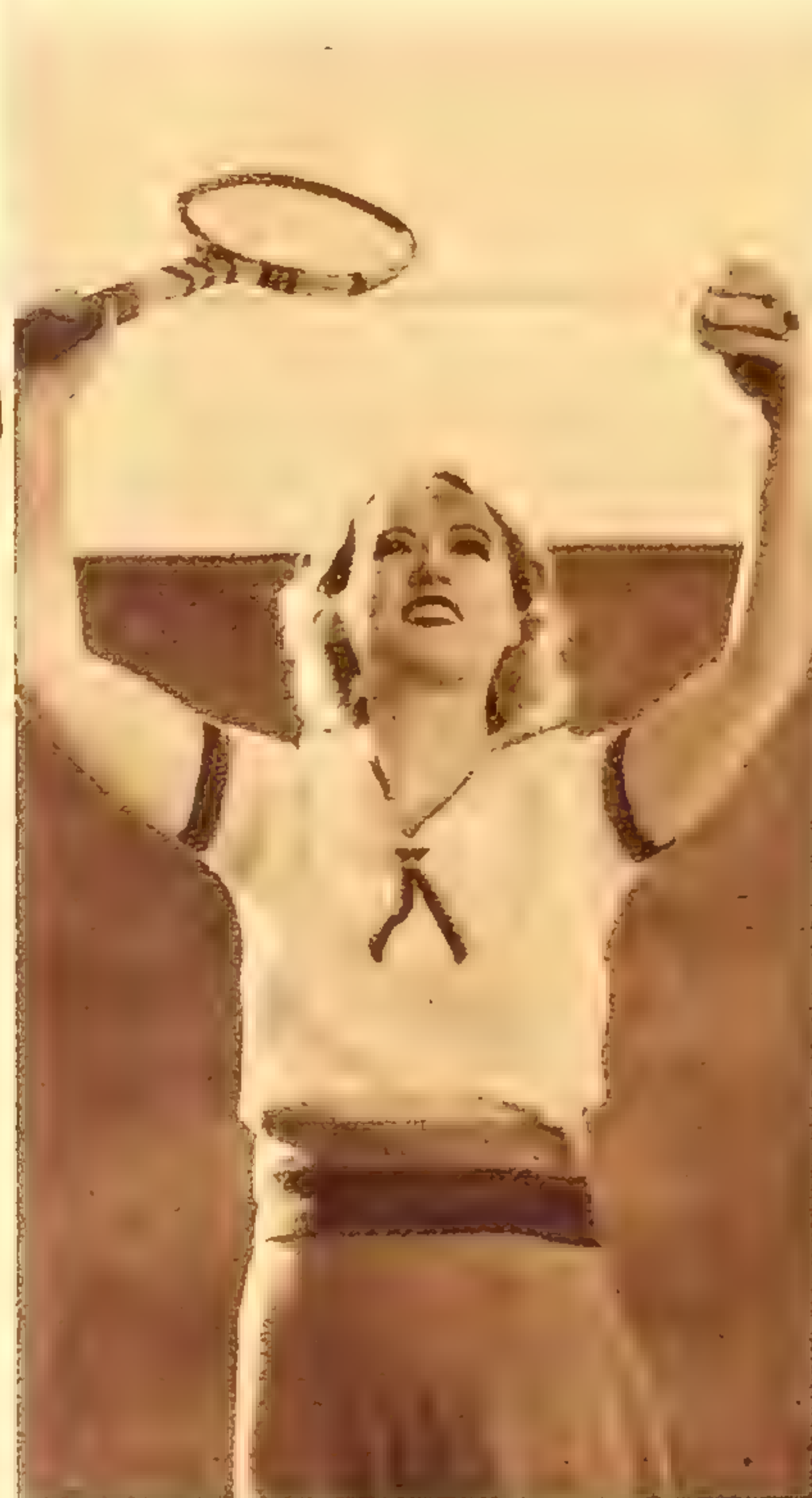


An example of good form! Virginia Bruce, pretty blonde actress and fiancée of John Gilbert, gets in shape for the big international athletic contest by practising discus throwing.



He could show 'em a thing or two! Johnny Weissmuller, who was Olympic swimming champ in 1924-1928, will be on hand to watch the aquatic events with the critical eye of an expert.

A tennis moment in the life of Marion Davies! Marion, who is an inveterate tennis player as well as a leading Hollywood hostess, is about to give us a sample of her service.



What's a couple of "bucks" between friends? Gene Raymond, who sits his powerful charger like a rough rider, would make an impressive showing in any horsemanship contest. Gene is one of the star riders of the picture community.

Regis Toomey is another athlete turned movie star. He used to be a crack half-mile runner on the University of Pittsburgh track team, and competed in the National A. A. U. meet in 1920.



in HOLLYWOOD!

Look out below! There'll be a big splash in just a moment, when Johnny Weissmuller tosses his friend, Stubby Krueger, into the pool.



Competition! Herman Brix is the holder of a world's record in sprinting, but he'll have to go some to show more zip than Joan Marsh and Mary Carlisle.



Having his fling! Joel McCrae, who looks like a perfect all-around athlete, has won intercollegiate honors as a javelin thrower, shot putter and discus thrower.



Speaking of champs, Irene Dunne holds an enviable record as a golfer. Hollywood has many enthusiasts of the sport, but Irene is the only one who ever achieved the miracle of a hole in one!

So full of the Olympic fervor is John Boles that he decides to combine two sports in one. Here's John doing a running high jump over the net in the midst of a game of tennis.



The Original Platinum Blonde greets you! Her hostess gown of lovely white lace features interestingly puffed sleeves that are caught in elbow-length cuffs, and a clinging body line ending in a graceful train.



Jean Harlow at her desk answering some of that fan mail which she received from her excellent performance in "Red-Headed Woman." Note that Jean is her original platinum-blonde self again.

Jean Harlow—Mrs. Paul Bern —at Home

Jean Harlow Bern and Bleak, her Great Dane, below, in the Bern living-room waiting for hubby and master, Paul Bern, to come home to dinner.

Charming—both the girl and the glimpse of her living-room! Jean is wearing a coral velvet negligée.



Photographs by C. S. Bull
exclusive to SCREENLAND

See page 51
for story of
Jean's marriage

Here's an attractive
setting for Harlow's
pulse-raising charm.
After you've taken
a good look at Jean
in her chiffon pa-
jamas, notice the
beautiful details of
Jean's boudoir.



Jean near the fire-place—
no study in contrasts! The
new matron in her hand-
some living-room awaits
the arrival of guests. Her
husband, Paul Bern, is
an associate producer at
Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer,
and Mrs. Bern will con-
tinue her screen career at
that studio.



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From "Bird of Paradise." (RKO)

Filmed in Hawaii



Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bern

Jean Gets Married!

Here's the real story of Jean Harlow's romance

By James M. Fidler

IT HAPPENED so suddenly, Hollywood had no opportunity to approve or disapprove; in fact, it happened so suddenly that even Jean Harlow and Paul Bern were left slightly breathless.

One Sunday evening, Paul dined with Jean's family at her home, as had been his custom for many Sundays. Without warning—unless a crimson blush that inflamed his face, neck and ears may be termed a warning—Paul said to Jean, "What do you say we get married?" She paused between spoons of soup to answer, "Sounds elegant to me." Just like that, while mamma and papa sputtered soup, and then beamed.

The next day Jean and Paul went to the county clerk's office and applied for a license to wed. A few days later, they were married. There was no long engagement; in fact, no engagement at all. Paul didn't give her a ring until after they had applied for the license.

Except for a brief automobile trip to a nearby California resort, there was no honeymoon. Within a few days after their wedding ceremony, which took place at her home with only the family and a few friends present, both Jean and Paul were back at the studio and engaged with their business duties.

I talked with Jean a few minutes after she returned from the license bureau. She was a bit frightened, somewhat amazed, and tearfully happy.

"I'm terribly in love, and oh, so lucky; he is such a fine man," she said. Of course, all people in love say such things, but it is a fact; Paul Bern is a fine man. He is one of the most respected, most beloved men in Hollywood. Jean Harlow is lucky.

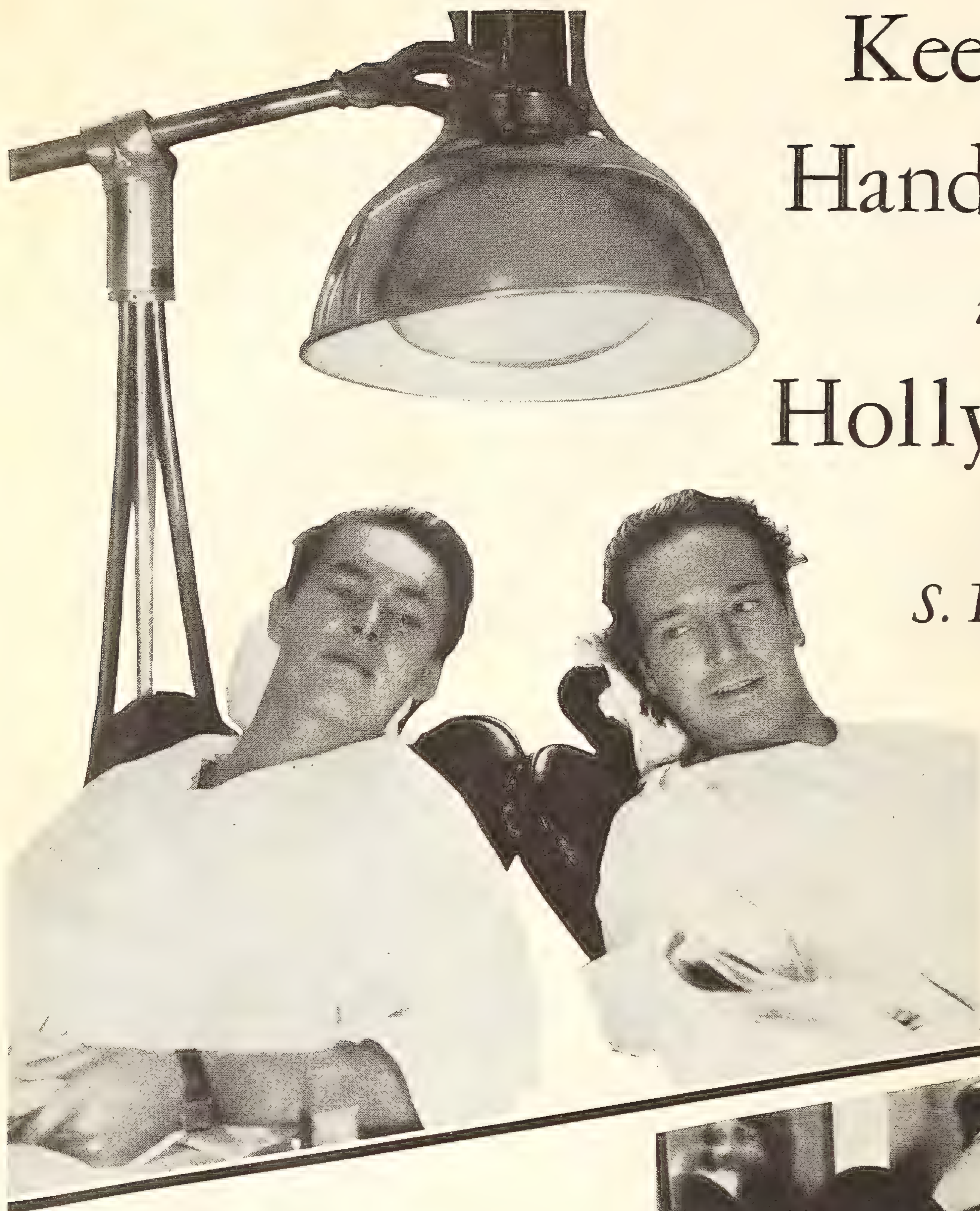
"We've known each other for three years," (Continued on page 92)



Paul Bern, M-G-M executive, nonchalantly proposed to Jean Harlow during dinner—and so they were married. "It took a red-head to capture him," says Jean, the original "Platinum Blonde" who 'died' for "Red-Headed Woman."

Keeping Handsome *in* Hollywood

By
S. R. Mook



Get hot, fellows! Richard Cromwell and David Manners undergo a hair-raising formula for youthful flowing locks: 'mix thoroughly and bake for two hours!'

HER hair may be a woman's crowning glory but in Hollywood it is also a man's! A head of thick hair is more to be desired—almost—by the male populace than great riches.

How could these great lovers of the screen go on and on, like Tennyson's brook, playing juveniles until they reach their dotage, if they were bald-headed? There seems to be some psychological reaction at work in the minds of the public that connects a receding hair line with old age.

Herbert Howe tells of an incident in connection with Richard Barthelmess and his hair. Dick went down to a barber shop for a haircut. He came back with the air of a man condemned. "Good God," quoth he, "the barber says I'm losing my hair. What will I do? I mean to say, I can't make any money bald!"

You see? Butchers and bakers and candlestick makers may sigh regretfully as they pluck the hairs from their brushes, but in an actor's life it's a real tragedy. Let one of the latter notice a loose hair on his shoulder and



Not only the girls are beauty-conscious! The leading men must preserve their pulchritude and appeal, too. Read how they do it in this amazing story

he goes scurrying to a scalp treatment place like a rabbit before a pack of hounds.

These places used to abound in Hollywood like igloos at the north pole. The competition was keen and it was necessary to produce results quickly. Gradually the trend of the big shots has been to one place—Helen Clark's.

Helen is a wiry little woman with bright blue eyes and a mop of hair that a Chow might envy. She is only about five feet tall but she's got muscles like a Samson—or so it seems when she starts to work.

Her shop has about sixteen chairs like those in barber shops, except that these are on rubber wheels. They throw you into one of these chairs, put some stuff on your head, let you down into a reclining position, turn the light on while your head bakes, thrust a magazine into your hands and there you lie for an hour or two.

The first time I went up there, Helen thrust a book of detective stories into my hand. "I don't like murder stories," I protested.

"You'll like these," she retorted shamelessly. "They're simply *hair-raising*."

The shop is usually crowded so it is necessary to place two chairs back to back under the same light. If the two occupants know each other, as usually happens, the Friday Sewing Circle has nothing on Helen's place when it comes to dishing the dirt.

Occasionally a couple of wits get together and one memorable afternoon Johnny Hines, Eddie Buzzell, Gene Markey—Joan Bennett's husband—and Joe E. Brown swapped wisecracks for a couple



Helen Clark administers her specially prepared shampoo to David Manners, one of her confirmed patrons. According to Johnny Hines, she "makes hair where the sun shone."



Getting "scalped." Frank Albertson and Johnny Darrow seem to enjoy the scalp-scraping treatment—but stick around a moment, and you'll hear some blood-curdling yells for mercy!

of hours to the delight of the other customers.

I recall another afternoon when Eddie Buzzell, who had been acting as announcer for a radio station, breezed in.

"Ah," drawled Gene, "Eddie the broadcaster."

"Sure," said Eddie. "More broads have been cast out of my apartment than any in Hollywood."

"Interesting—if true," Gene murmured and added, a moment later, "Where you living now, Eddie?"

But to get down to this business of treatments. Helen has been studying scalps and their ailments for more years than she'll tell you and has finally evolved her own theories and treatments. You can adapt them to your own needs.

"You see," she explained, "most of the trouble comes from the pores getting clogged up. People see dandruff in their hair and they only know it spells 'trouble'—but they don't know why. Dandruff is caused by the clogging up of the pores so the roots of the hairs cannot throw off the impurities. These accumulations of impurities—or 'eliminations' as we call them—cake on top of the scalp and eventually begin to peel. That's what is known as dandruff.

"Each hair is encased in a little nerve like a coil. The hair root is a sort of flower (*Continued on page 91*)



"The Blonde Venus!" Little knowing what it would cost her, Helen Faraday leaves her home to become the star of a cheap cabaret.



Dietrich as a loving young wife and devoted mother, with no thought but for the happiness of her husband and young son. Then a new thrill came into her life, threatening the very happiness she had prized so much.

The Blonde Venus

Can a woman be in love with two men at once? Marlene Dietrich, as "The Blonde Venus," gives you a startling new angle on an age-old problem

Fictionized by
Mortimer Franklin

THE professorial old doctor hummed a tuneless measure, put up his stethoscope, and regarded his patient impassively.

"You work with radium, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, I'm a commercial chemist—that is, until I lost my job about six months ago."

"And since then?"

"Since then I've been carrying on experiments at home on a process by which radium products can be used without danger."

"Hmm. That would be great, if you could do it.

Now, er—I suppose you have an idea of what's wrong with you?"

"I suspected—it isn't—radium poisoning?"

Dr. Pierce looked up at the ceiling for a moment, saying nothing. Then:

"You've got one chance, Faraday. There's a German specialist named Holzapfel who's had some success with cases like yours. It's only a chance—but you'd better take it. The whole thing, trip, treatment and all, could be done for about fifteen hundred dollars."

Ned Faraday smiled bitterly as he rejoined his wife. "Fifteen hundred dollars for a chance to keep on living—and here I've been wondering how to pay the rent!"

* * *

Neither the astute deliberations of a cabinet meeting nor the shrewd give-and-take of a pair of lawyers in a courtroom could have been any more crafty or elaborate than the battle of wits that took place each evening when Johnny Faraday, *aetatis* 5, received his bath.

"Johnny, do stop sliding back and forth that way."

"I can't help it, Mama, I'm a swimming cham-peen."

"Well, hold still a minute and let me get at your ears."

"Oh, Mama, I just changed. I'm a fish now. Hey, what are you doin'? Fishes don't have their ears



When Helen became "The Blonde Venus!" How the same girl, thrust by force of circumstances into the life of a cabaret dancer, came to know a different life than she had ever led before. Could she remain true to her ideals?

washed."

"Why not?"

"Because they don't have ears."

"Well, this one has."

"No fish has ears. You ask Dad. Oh, Dad!" And so, far into the evening. At last Johnny's young mother, her lovely, symmetrical face made even more comely by the flush of warmth attendant upon the struggle, heaved the boy out of the tub and handed him over to her husband.

"Ned, you give him his supper, will you? I've got to fly."

"Helen, I wish you weren't going to do it."

"Don't be silly, darling. We need the money, and I can earn it. I know you don't like the idea of my singing in cabarets, but after all, that's what I was doing when we first met."

"But in Berlin—you were a student—that's different!"

"Well, it's a good thing I learned how to pay my way, because I'm going to earn some money now. You've got to go to that specialist, Ned—and you said yourself that three hundred dollars would be enough for a start."

Ned sighed, and began the process of introducing Johnny's supper into him, while Helen went off to dress.

"The Blonde Venus"

is a Paramount picture from an original story by S. K. Lauren and Jules Furthman, copyright by Paramount Publix Corporation. Directed by Josef von Sternberg, with the following cast:

<i>Helen Faraday</i>	Marlene Dietrich
<i>Ned Faraday</i>	Herbert Marshall
<i>Nick Townsend</i>	Cary Grant
<i>Johnny Faraday</i>	Dickie Moore
<i>Dan O'Connor</i>	Robert Emmett O'Connor
<i>Taxi Belle Hooper</i>	Rita La Roy



Helen, sincere in her affection for Ned, her struggling young husband (Herbert Marshall), could not know what temptations were to fall into her path.

To Helen, whose experience as an entertainer had been confined to the rather sedate dancing and singing of a German outdoor cabaret, her first night as a song-and-dance girl at the not too respectable Magnolia Club was full of surprises. The agent through whom she had obtained the job, one Ben Smith, had in spite of himself been impressed by the cool beauty of her face and the graceful lines of her figure, particularly the legs. Dan O'Connor, owner of the Magnolia Club, had caught his enthusiasm after giving Helen a tryout, and was presenting her as "The Blonde Venus," a new feature of his floor show.

"This place don't look so fancy, but I got a swell



Bed-time for Johnny Faraday. Johnny (Dickie Moore), beseeches his father, Ned, to tell him a story before he goes to sleep. And Johnny has a way of getting what he wants!

clientele," O'Connor informed her, "and if you make good you won't have to depend on your salary for a living. Get me?" Helen "got" him.

In the dressing room she encountered the prima donna of the Magnolia Club, who breezily introduced herself as Taxi Belle Hooper. Soon Taxi Belle was discoursing to her on the generosity of the cabaret's richest patron, Nick Townsend. "Look what Nick gave me the other night," she boasted, exhibiting a bracelet generously studded with diamonds.

"Who's Nick?" Helen asked curiously.

"Haven't you heard of Nick Townsend, the politician? He's got loads of jack—just about runs this end of town. I did him a—a little favor, and this is how he came through. I could hock it any day for four hundred."

When her cue came Helen went out on the floor bravely, performed her act with all the nonchalance she could muster—and won the unqualified approval of O'Connor's patrons. Not the least appreciative was the open-handed Nick Townsend, who instructed O'Connor to arrange an audience for him with "The Blonde Venus" in her dressing-room. His object, naturally, was an after-the-show "date"—and he succeeded in achieving it.

Conducted by Townsend to his apartment after the show, Helen could not repress an exclamation of surprise and admiration at the lavishness and beauty of the place.

"Do you live here? It's so beautiful!"

"Sure. When I see something I like, I buy it." Helen accepted a cocktail, and the two drank in silence. Then he came to her and took her in his arms. She made an instinctive gesture of defense, then submitted to his embrace. Townsend, however, released her.

"Say, I don't get you at all. What did you come here for, anyway? You're not keen about me—I can see that. And you're not the kind that does favors for diamond bracelets."

The daring drama of "The Blonde sensational picture,

"You think too well of me. I came here to ask for money—three hundred dollars, to be exact."

"Did you expect to get all that just by asking for it?"

"No—but I've got to have it. My husband is very sick—he must go abroad or he'll die." She started for the door. "I'm afraid I'm very stupid as a gold-digger."

"Wait a minute." Townsend thrust three one-hundred dollar bills into her hand. "You made a big hit in the show tonight. Tell your husband O'Connor gave you a contract at a hundred a week, with three weeks' pay in advance. And—no, you needn't stay. Some things become worthless when you pay for them."

After Ned Faraday had sailed for Europe, on money whose source he happily never suspected, Nick continued to see Helen frequently. He insisted on giving her a check for the balance of the amount needed by Ned, and enough besides to permit her to give up her cabaret job



Ned confides his troubles to Helen. An ambitious young scientist, he begins to realize that his dangerous experiments have gradually undermined his health.

and continue to make a home for Johnny. During the six months Ned remained in Germany, slowly regaining his health, Nick asked nothing of Helen except the privilege of friendship with her and Johnny, to whom he had taken a deep liking.

This evening, while Helen was busy preparing dinner, Johnny burst into the Faradays' little flat, clinging to Nick's hand.

"Mummy, we just saw 'Peter Pan,' and there were pirates in it, and a little boy who could fly, an' everything—"

Helen, laughing happily, caught him to her.

"Johnny, we've just had a letter from father. He's well and strong again. He's going to stay in Europe to do some experiments for a couple of months, then he's coming home."

"We ought to celebrate," said Nick, with a quiet smile.

"We will! You're staying for dinner, Nick, and we'll let Johnny sit up late."

After dinner Nick rose to go.

"Will we see you tomorrow, Nick?"

"No. You and Johnny don't need me any more now. So—goodbye."

"Goodbye?"

"Yes. I can't come here any longer, pretending to be just a friend. I—I'm in love with you, Helen—I have been for a long time. Oh, Helen, let's go away—to—"

Venus," Dietrich's newest and most told in fiction form

gether. I'm mad about you."

"Leave Ned and Johnny? Oh, no! You're right, Nick—it must be goodbye." He turned away, took his hat. "I wish I'd never met you," he told her with sudden bitterness.

"Oh, Nick!" She turned to him quickly, full of sympathy. Then he had her in his arms, kissing her as she had never been kissed before. "Helen—darling—I can't give you up entirely. Come with me, if only for a little while. We'll leave Johnny at my house for a few weeks—I'll get a nurse to take care of him."

"This is a terrible thing for me to do," she whispered, close to him. "Worse than what I was planning to do when I first met you—because then I didn't care for you—and now—"

* * *

The weeks that followed were intensely happy ones for Helen and Nick. So happy that the inevitable end came almost as a sudden shock.

In their rooms at a quiet little summer hotel Helen packed her things, preparatory to returning home.

"When do you expect him back, Helen?"

"In two weeks—or maybe a month. There ought to be a letter waiting for me at home."

Nick took her in his arms. "Helen, I can't bear losing you. Stay with me. You can't throw away your happiness out of a sense of duty to a man you don't love."



Helen's daring decision—where will it lead? Determined to earn money to provide Ned with the medical care he needs, she obtains a job as dancer in a cabaret.

She broke away from his embrace. "No, no. That isn't true. I do love Ned."

"Then what about me? You can't deny that you love me. Do you mean to say you can love two men at once?"

"Yes—that's quite possible, Nick. What's happened to me is true of a great many women. They fall in love, they get married, they're very happy with their husbands—perhaps they have a child. And all the time there's a side of their nature that's never awakened until they meet someone like you. Then they are able to love both."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Nick said harshly. "All I know is, if you go back to him, we're through for good. Love two men at once! Why stop at two? Why not three, or six, or a dozen?"

"You're right, Nick," Helen replied coldly. "We are through. I'm going home to Ned."



A changed Helen—as "The Blonde Venus" in the Magnolia Club, Dan O'Connor's cheap cabaret, her life enters a new phase.

But no longer was there to be any home with Ned. Helen went back to find him already at the apartment—he had changed his plans and come home earlier, to find the place empty, and his cablegrams of a week before, announcing his departure from Europe, unopened. Helen, unable and unwilling to lie to him, told him the entire story of what she had done in his absence, and



Ben Smith, theatrical agent, is impressed with Helen's beauty of face and figure, and takes her at once to the Magnolia Club, where he secures a job for her as an entertainer.



"I did love him," pleads Helen, "but I love you too, and still do." She tries to explain her conduct to her husband, but he refuses to understand.

where she had obtained the money for his cure. As simply as possible, she tried to explain to her husband that she had gone off with Nick not as a price which he exacted for saving Ned's life, but because she had wanted to—because she found it possible to harbor a place in her affections for two men at once.

Ned listened to her contemptuously. All he could realize was that his wife had lived with another man—and the fact that Helen and this other man had saved his life was as nothing in the face of the injury he felt. Finally, in a mounting rage, he turned Helen out, bidding her bring Johnny to him and then leave them for good.

* * *

A distraught and haggard but hauntingly beautiful young woman and a little boy of five tried their best to be comfortable in their day-coach seats as the train sped toward Baltimore. Leave Ned? Yes—but never Johnny. He was all Helen had in the world now, and she was going to keep him.

From city to city she fled, soon learning that it was unsafe to stay in one place for any length of time, for Ned, claiming legal right to the boy's custody, had put the police on her trail. At first, with her striking beauty of face and form, she had small difficulty in earning a living as a cabaret dancer in the towns in which she stopped—until first one manager, then another, recognized her as the fugitive woman whose picture had been broadcast by the police; and she realized that it was no longer safe to show herself in public.

Her meagre funds dwindled—hunger stared her in the face. Her own hunger—and, much worse, Johnny's. There came a night when she could no longer bear to look at his pale, thin face, his wistful eyes. A steady, drizzling rain was falling outside. Helen went out and strolled along the street. After a few blocks a rough-looking man passed her. She stopped, looked at him, smiled, and walked on. He turned and followed her. She let him take her arm and walk to the corner with her—where he suddenly seized her, dragged her to a police box, and telephoned headquarters. Caught at last!

At the station Helen found Charley Blaine, Nick Townsend's sharp-eyed factotum, who had trailed her to

this town and was seeking information from the police. Charley bailed her out and took her back to her dingy hotel room. Beaten at last, Helen, sobbing bitterly, gave him Johnny to take back to his father, and accepted some money which Nick had sent for her. Then she disappeared again.

* * *

The placid, unhurried atmosphere of Berlin, where Helen had gained her first experience as an entertainer, again proved kind to her ambitions. Under the name of Maria Hiller, keeping to herself and shunning all communication with America, she rose rapidly from chorus girl to popular music hall dancer, then finally to outstanding stardom on the Berlin musical stage as "Die Blondë Venus." Fame and riches now were hers, but nothing of real happiness. Johnny was across three thousand miles of ocean, faring she knew not how.

Soon came offers to go on the New York stage—impresario Biefeld of the New York "Follies" was particularly importunate. At first she refused; then the ever-present thought of Johnny made her succumb.

New York's theatrical and social *élite* turned out in full force to see the "Follies" début of "The Blonde Venus," sensational star from Berlin. The newspapers abounded in descriptions and photographs of her—and some of these reached the inquisitive eye of Master Johnny Faraday, now installed in the home of his successful father with Anna Meyers, an attractive young woman of indeterminate status, who ostensibly was housekeeper and nurse to Johnny.

Tonight Ned left home to lay before a university board of trustees his new discoveries in the field of radium; and after Anna had tucked Johnny safely into bed she departed to pay a brief call on her mother nearby. Johnny promptly hopped out of bed, dressed himself sketchily, and ran down to the street clutching an advertisement of the "Follies" opening torn from a newspaper. A sympathetic taxi driver, half believing his incredible



Nick Townsend, wealthy politician and connoisseur of beauty, sees Helen in her dressing-room. "When I see something I like, I buy it," he explains his philosophy.

story that "The Blonde Venus" was his mother, drove him to the theatre.

* * *

Helen, finishing her first dance number of the evening, skipped off the stage into the wings to thunderous applause. About to return for an encore, she turned at the sound of voices and saw Johnny earnestly engaged in an altercation with the doorman and a couple of stage-hands. "But she's my mother, I tell you," proclaimed Johnny. Then, as he espied her, "Oh, mummy—I'm here!"

With a cry of joy Helen carried him off to her dressing room, ignoring the audience's frantic appeals for an encore. The two were soon joined by Nick Townsend, who came around backstage from the audience. For all three, and especially for Johnny, who had happy memories of good times with his grown-up friend, it was a glad reunion—until the door was flung open, and Ned charged in.

"Anna called me up—I thought you might have run away and come here," he berated Johnny. Helen begged him to allow her, at least for a time, to have possession of the boy who so obviously wanted and needed her; but Ned was adamant. All he would grant her was a few moments alone with the boy to bid him farewell, during which Ned waited outside her dressing room.

As he paced up and down near the door Nick Townsend approached him.

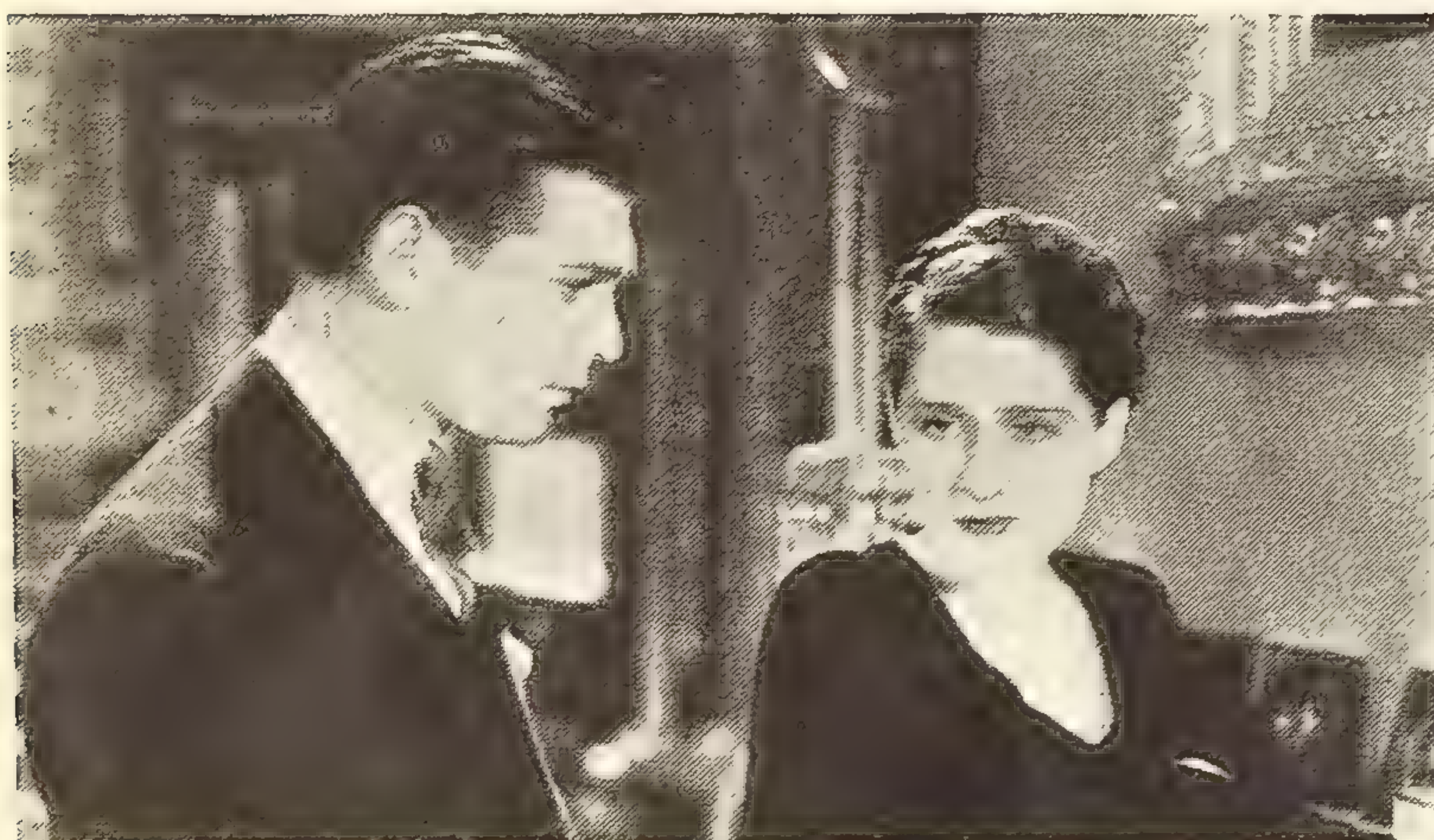
"Say, Faraday, I wonder if you know my friend Charley Blaine? Charley's a great hand at finding out things—he tells me you've got a young and (Continued on page 92)

Ready to give her act! In her character as "The Blonde Venus" Helen proves a hit attraction in the Magnolia Club, thus finding the means to save her husband's health.



Reunited with Johnny! Coming back to New York in a smashing triumph on the musical stage, Helen regains her boy—and finds happiness at last!

Reviews of the



Honors of the month go to "Strange Interlude," in which Norma Shearer stars, with Clark Gable.

Strange Interlude

Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer



A big bouquet to Metro for daring to produce this Eugene O'Neill drama—and producing it with integrity and intelligence. I'm not one who breathes deeply when the O'Neill name is whispered—but I do think it's about time Hollywood discovered our First Playwright. M-G-M, the old pioneers, have done it again. Their "Strange Interlude" is as good as the play—in some departments, even better. Norma Shearer really stars as *Nina Leeds*, the O'Neill heroine with her "four men"—husband, lover, friend, son. Ralph Morgan is superlative as *Charley*. Clark Gable, Alexander Strickland, and Robert Young are excellent. The "asides" you've heard so much about are more effective than you'd think. Restrained, highly intelligent, beautifully directed, the production is a credit to the screen, and you should see it when it is "road-showed" to your town.



"Bring 'Em Back Alive," Frank Buck's adventure movie, is grand entertainment for everybody.

Bring 'Em Back Alive

RKO



This is your "Must" film of the month! Everyone must see it—no reservations. It is the most exciting adventure movie I can remember. Every scene was filmed in the Malayan Jungle. It's the thrilling record of Frank Buck's eight months' sojourn in the wilds collecting live animals. I don't know which of the all-star cast you'll like best—I can't make up my own mind. There's the lost baby elephant; the fierce black leopard; the hungry tiger; the honey bear, and the python. Perhaps that python gives the best performance. But they are all good. Not a single "shot" was fired on this fascinating trip, except by the movie camera. Mr. Buck himself talks throughout the film, telling you details of his adventures. The battle between the python and the tiger is breath-taking—a classic fight. This is my favorite movie and I want you to see it.

By

Delight Evans



Jean Harlow gives a gay performance in "Red-Headed Woman," with Chester Morris and Leila Hyams.

Red-Headed Woman

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



Let this red-headed woman make a fool out of you—oh, those *St. Louis Blues*! It's a picture as gay in its way as Rudy Vallee's favorite song. And it presents Jean Harlow, for the first time, as an actress. She is a surprise! All the platinum and other blondes will go red-head now. Not a family picture, children, so try to keep your parents at home. The film follows Katherine Brush's novel with satirical improvements by Anita Loos, who, fed up with blondes, gives red-headed women their due. Harlow plays the hot-cha stenographer with social ambitions. She wins Chester Morris away from his wife, pretty Leila Hyams; but the town won't accept her on any terms. So she sets out for the big city and bigger bank-rolls. See this for sheer amusement. Jean plays a mean part so cleverly that you can't help liking this wild red-headed woman.

Six Best Pictures of the Month:

STRANGE INTERLUDE

BLESSED EVENT

RED-HEADED WOMAN

THE DOOMED
BATTALION

WHAT PRICE

HOLLYWOOD?

BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE

Best Pictures



SCREENLAND'S Critic
Gives Original Slants
on This Month's Out-
standing Screenplays



Lee Tracy plays a columnist in "Blessed Event," with Mary Brian opposite. It's good fun.

Blessed Event

Warners



"O-kay, Hollywood!" You did a good job with this one. The rapid-fire film is better than the Broadway play. It's an always amusing and occasionally dramatic celluloid presentation of the life of our modern Samuel Peeps—now don't all shout "Walter Winchell" at once. Lee Tracy plays the ace columnist and gives you an insight into the methods used by the Manhattan keyhole artists to gather their daily gossip. There is his hilarious feud with a crooner; his defiance of gangland's Big Shot; and his punch line which leads to tragedy. "Blessed Event" is a field day for Tracy, with Mary Brian doing nicely as the heroine. Don't miss the crooning Dick Powell from radio; you'll see and hear more of him, and it will be all right with you. He's a Buddy Rogers with a sense of humor. This is the best of the cycle of newspaper-columnist movies. Tracy is a great screen bet.



Constance Bennett's best picture is "What Price Hollywood?" in which Lowell Sherman also scores.

What Price Hollywood?

RKO



You'll enjoy every foot of this film. It presents a brand-new Constance Bennett—sparkling, charming, no swank, no broad-A—just very real and very appealing. Connie completely wins you as the *Brown Derby* waitress with movie ambitions, who kids a famous director into giving her a chance. She makes good, gets married to a rich man, has a baby, is divorced, becomes involved in a juicy scandal, is forced to retire—and then wins back her domestic happiness, with a new career just around the corner. It might be the story of any one of a dozen screen stars that Adela Rogers St. Johns has written. It's brilliantly directed and acted with fascinating "inside" glimpses of the real Hollywood. Lowell Sherman, as the genially drunken director whom his little "find" tries to save, gives the finest man's performance of the month.

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

- Lee Tracy in "Blessed Event"
- Guy Kibbee in "The Dark Horse"
- Ralph Morgan in "Strange Interlude"
- Norma Shearer in "Strange Interlude"
- Warren William in "The Dark Horse"
- Jean Harlow in "Red-Headed Woman"
- Laurence Olivier in "Westward Passage"
- Edmund Lowe in "Attorney for the Defense"
- Lowell Sherman in "What Price Hollywood?"
- Constance Bennett in "What Price Hollywood?"



"The Doomed Battalion" is that "different" picture some of you have been looking for. See it.

The Doomed Battalion

Universal

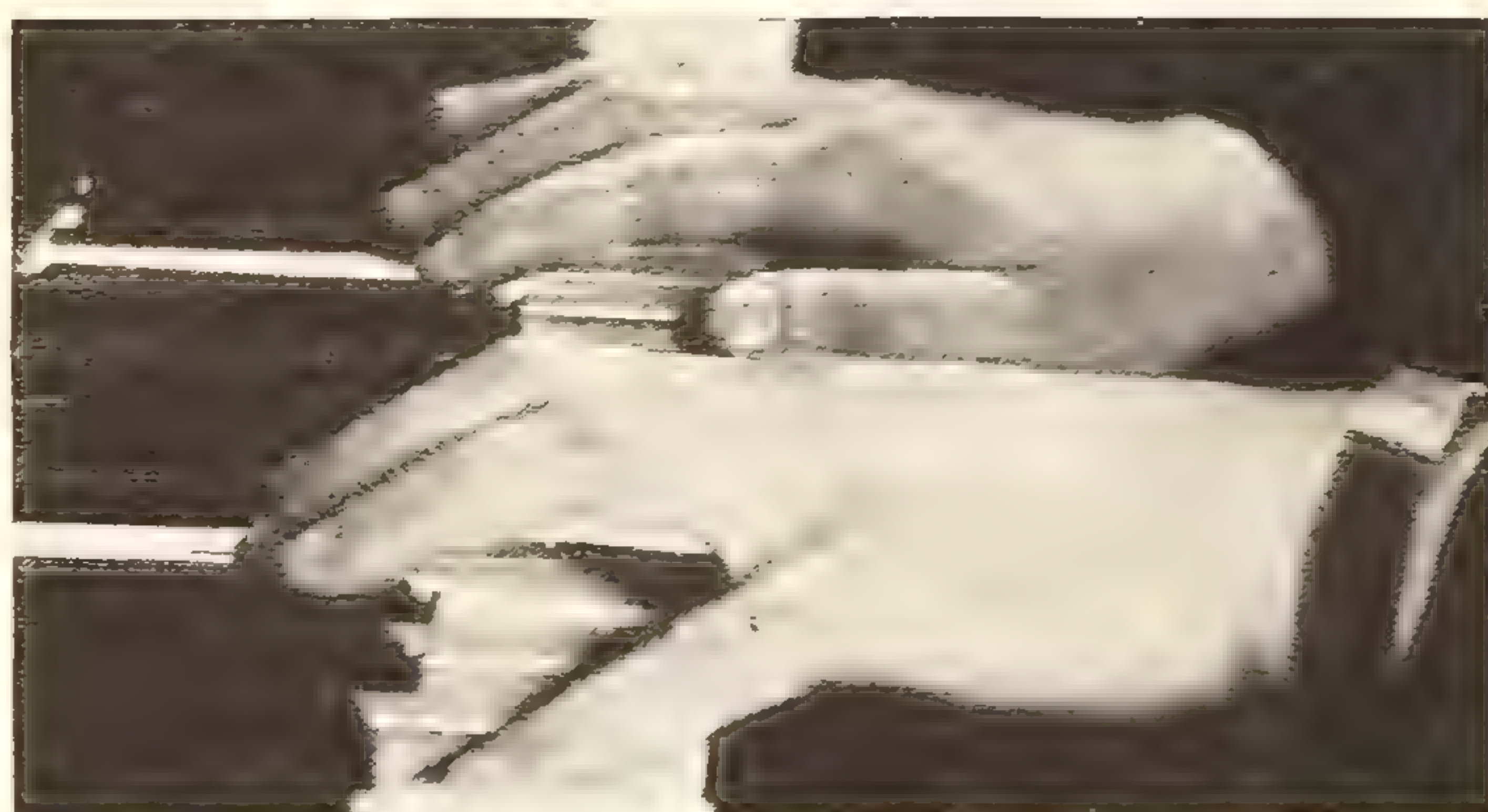


A good many of you have written to me moaning that there's nothing "new and different" on the screen. Just for you here is a picture that *is* new, and refreshingly different. It's as clean and impressive as the snows in the Tyrolean Alps where the story is laid. Nothing like it has ever been seen on the screen before. For pictorial beauty it is the film of the month, and in drama, too, it is outstanding. An Austrian battalion in the World War must hold their strategic position on a mountain-top even though the Italians are about to blow up their stronghold. A scout undertakes to skii to the village below where the enemy is quartered to discover the exact time of the explosion—the battalion's only hope. Here is drama—no Hollywood heroics, but real suspense. The vigorous Luis Trenker, the lovely and capable Tala Birell, and Victor Varconi are three of a splendid cast. See this.



Lubitsch, the man who gave you "The Love Parade" and "The Smiling Lieutenant" caught by the camera on his own set while he is planning the next scene. This is Lubitsch the worker, with the inevitable cigar!

Ernst Lubitsch doubts that he would have been a successful director had he not been first a musician. His opinion is that music is the art upon which the other arts most depend. See the Lubitsch hands, at the right.



ON THE Lubitsch set the most arresting and least important-looking person is a little man with a dark, merrily wicked face, a lank strand of black hair hanging over his right eye, a big cigar rolling restlessly from one side of his mouth to the other. He never gets in anyone's way and during the taking of a scene wanders rapidly about back of the cameras, beaming, talking to himself, glancing occasionally at the action. Much of the time, he appears to forget that he may sit down until someone shoves under him a chair marked "Mr. Lubitsch."

His thick eyebrows beetle over lively, knowing black eyes. His large nose hooks over a wide mouth which, when he smiles, turns up at the corners until it is an inverted arc of merriment. No amount of lotion will keep his black hair from falling into his right eye for more than a moment. His impeccably pressed clothes rest on his stocky body with a niceness that is nearly dapper. His swarthy skin shines, always as if freshly scrubbed, like a russet apple.

His is the genuine and authentic "Lubitsch touch." It is interesting that this phrase is applied almost solely to Lubitsch's work. A scene may strike the critical observer as "Chaplinesque," or as "reminiscent of Vidor." But if it suggests the work of Paramount's fiery little

Portrait of a Director

SCREENLAND believes its readers are interested not only in the stars, but in the men behind the scenes—the giants who make the movies. Here, then, is an intimate impression of Paramount's ace director, Ernst Lubitsch

By
Margaret Reid

Berliner, it is inevitably noted as a "Lubitsch touch." No accidental cliché, the phrase aptly conveys the delicacy with which he gives sharp point to individual scenes and which is the *piece de resistance* of his work.

Lubitsch doubts that he would have been a successful director had he not been first a musician. His opinion, his insistence, is that music is the art upon which the other arts most depend.

Particularly, he thinks, should the motion picture base its form on the largos, the allegrettos, the diminuendoes and crescendoes of musical ebb and flow and climax.

When he was five years old, he began experimenting with the piano that stood, neatly decorated with crocheted doilies and wax flowers, in the tidy sitting-room of Herr Lubitsch's Berlin home. His parents, a little uneasy lest this practical use of a hitherto decorative object be childish fractiousness which should be disciplined, nevertheless permitted little Ernst to play quietly at the piano every day. When he began to pick out tunes he had heard and make them intelligible, his family's vigilance relaxed a bit, became amused indulgence which failed, however, to develop into a decision to give him lessons. When, a few years later, he acquired a cello, their amusement increased, although they listened to his "pieces" with surprised pleasure.

His rebellion against all rules governing learning and thinking began, he says, as early as eight or nine years. He hated school, hated the enforced study of things he cared nothing about, hated the pressure placed on his mental processes and of which he was even then aware. Stubbornly wanting to learn and think for himself, he was no better a little boy than he should have been, a bit difficult around the house (*Continued on page 83*)

Johnny swims into Fame!

Read how Weissmuller became the world's champion swimmer and "Tarzan" of the films, in this second part of his life story

By
Ida Zeitlin



The grin is the real Johnny! At the right, a magnificent study of "Tarzan" by Hal Phylfe.



Hal Phylfe

Last month in SCREENLAND you read of Johnny Weissmuller's beginnings—his family background, his first urge to become a human fish! Now read the most exciting part—his development into the greatest swimmer the world has ever known, and his hit as "Tarzan."

THAT night—the night of the day when Bill Bachrach had said, "Come to the Club tomorrow," thus offering Johnny Weissmuller a glimpse of heaven—that night Johnny couldn't sleep. He thrashed around in his bed, pounding first one side and then the other of his hot pillow, muttering to himself: "Go to sleep, you chump! How're you going to swim if you don't sleep?"

All to no purpose. Red-eyed, his heart thumping between dread and fear of what the day might hold for him, he watched the dawn break, then leaped out of bed and dressed. And anyone who was interested might have seen a tall, slim, beautifully-built boy prowling for hours around the walls of the Illinois Athletic Club—a boy in whose superb figure it would have been difficult to recognize the wobbly little Hans of a few years back.

The morning having reached a respectable hour, Johnny finally managed to push himself through the door.

"Mr. Bachrach told me to come round," he croaked to the attendant in a voice that seemed to come from somewhere down around his ankles, while in his heart

of hearts he waited for someone to appear and throw him out.

"Kid wants to see Bachrach," announced the attendant, as if it were the most natural thing in the world instead of a miracle. And treading on air, Johnny presently found himself face to face with the deity, under whose directions he went floating to a locker and back.

"All right, kid. What's your name? Johnny? Let's see you swim a hundred yards, Johnny."

Johnny's eyes gloated over the pool—"Boy, what a tank!"—while Johnny's body shot obediently into the water. His heart was hammering, his blood was throbbing, his head was in a whirl. He started off at top speed, in a frenzy to show this guy what he could do. Ten yards, and he began to tire—twenty, and he was short of breath—thirty, and each stroke was torture—forty yards, and he was done. It was a crushed and dripping young figure that stood in the center of the pool, waiting for the bolt to strike.

"How many yards did I tell you to swim?" came a dry voice from above.

"A hundred," whispered (*Continued on page 78*)

*Wide World*

GIVING THE FLEET A TREAT!

Constance Cummings needs no double when she goes aquaplaning—right out in deep water where the battleships anchor, too! Connie is breezing along in pictures with the same dash—she is the feminine lead in "American Madness," with Walter Huston and Pat O'Brien, for Columbia Pictures.

HOT

Off *the* Ether!

SCREENLAND presents the latest news and chatter about Radio favorites

SOFT music, Maestro Whiteman! Play the *Wedding March* from "Lohengrin" for the marriage of the Radio to the Talkies. Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, Guy Lombardo and his orchestra, Arthur Tracy, Burns and Allen, the Boswell Sisters, Cab Calloway and his jazz band, the Four Mills Brothers and Donald Novis have all said "I Do"—or rather, have all signed contracts to appear in "The Big Broadcast," for Paramount.

* * *

More proof of the alliance of the movies to the radio! Warners have made "The Crooner" with David Manners in the leading rôle. They wanted Rudy Vallee for the picture but contracts prevented.

* * *

We Thought You'd Like to Know:

That Rudy Vallee likes to read Western stories.

That Walter Winchell left school in the sixth grade—and at thirteen was a singing usher in a movie house in Harlem.

That Russ Columbo is one of twelve children!

That Rubinoff's violin is worth \$10,000! Mr. Rubinoff was born in Russia, and his first job in America was selling newspapers.

That the folks who portray the characters of small-town "hicks" in "Friendly Town," the rural skit, attract a large audience at the studio when they broadcast. When we were there, the girls were dressed in evening gowns, the two colored boys wore minstrel suits, and Laddie, the Scotch youngster, was dressed in Kilties!

That Ozzie Nelson, orchestra leader, was a football star during his college days at Rutgers. Later he was a football coach.

That the home of Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit in Long Meadow, Massachusetts, is called "Dunrovin." Catch on? It means "done roving." For years Sanderson and Crumit trouped all over the country in their vaudeville act. Then came the radio—it gave them an opportunity to "unlax," as Amos 'n' Andy would say, and settle down in a nice comfy home.

That Bing (Continued on page 93)



Will Dick Powell, radio product, be the new Buddy Rogers of the screen? He's an excellent candidate, and you can judge for yourself when you see him in the screen version of "Blessed Event," for Warners.

Arthur Tracy, known as "the Street Singer," always wears his hat when he broadcasts. And the hat? It's green felt! You'll see Tracy in the movies—Paramount signed him for "The Big Broadcast."



She never took singing lessons, and knows a song after hearing it for the second time. You'll hear her grand voice in "The Big Broadcast." "Little Kate" refuses to diet—she likes being—er—plump.

There's no end to Bing Crosby's versatility—he's a crooning success, he has made good in the movies, and now he wants to write short stories! Incidentally, his real name is Harry—Bing is a nickname.





Hooray! Herbert Marshall Belongs to the Movies Now

Paramount just couldn't wait, so they bought his stage contract

By Evelyn Ballarine

Herbert Marshall and his wife, Edna Best. Remember, Edna is the girl who walked out on a John Gilbert picture? The Marshalls are in Hollywood now, together and happy!

PARAMOUNT wanted Herbert Marshall for "The Blonde Venus" opposite Marlene Dietrich. Herbert wanted to play in the picture but there was his stage contract to be considered. Paramount got what they wanted and Mr. Marshall got what he wanted—production has already started on "The Blonde Venus." You see, Marshall was playing in "There's Always Juliet" on Broadway and was under contract to Gilbert Miller for the run of the play. Whereupon the Paramount picture people asked Mr. Miller to figure out what his normal profits would be for the next five weeks. Then they made a grand gesture—they wrote Mr. Miller a check for the amount, closed the show, and Herbert Marshall left for Hollywood!

Want some facts about this actor? He was born in London, May 23, 1890. When he was twenty-one he made his debut on the English stage. He played on the stage for several years—and then came the war! Herbert was badly wounded but resumed his stage career again in 1918. He came to New York in 1925 and played in "These Charming People" on Broadway. Since then he has been appearing on the London and Broadway stage, and making pictures both here and abroad. You'll be making him one of your first film favorites. He's an aristocratic Menace!



on Current Films



New Morals for Old
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

A drama depicting the conflict between conventional parents and modern children. Laura Hope Crews and Lewis Stone are the old-fashioned parents opposing Margaret Perry and Robert Young, who want to break the family ties and "live their own lives." There's nothing very exhilarating about this film. Laura Hope Crews gives a good account of herself.



Society Girl
Fox

Jimmy Dunn as a pugilist, in love with Peggy Shannon as a society girl, with Spencer Tracy thrown in for excitement, sounds like an A-1 picture. But somehow it doesn't quite make the grade owing to a thin story. Dunn is properly hard-boiled, and Peggy is more than adequate. But it's Tracy, with his rough-house, amusing performance, who cops the honors.



The Man From Yesterday
Paramount

This one is about the husband who was wounded in the war and later was reported dead. The wife remarries and is very happy until—you've guessed it—her husband comes back! Clive Brook is splendid as "the man from yesterday." Claudette Colbert, as the wife, does her best work. Charles Boyer plays the second husband. Brook paves the way for a happy ending.



Bachelor's Folly
Wide World

Herbert Marshall and Edna Best co-star in this English-made screen version of Edgar Wallace's play, "The Calendar." Marshall is altogether charming as an irresponsible bachelor who loves the wrong woman, Anne Grey. Edna Best, in a somewhat weaker part than Marshall's, is nevertheless very effective. The story rides along pleasantly. Herbert and Gordon Harker are grand.



Is My Face Red?
RKO-Radio

Another Broadway columnist yarn. This time Ricardo Cortez plays the reporter who knows all, sees all, and hears all. He's the bright boy who would do anything to scoop the town. His real "heart" is Helen Twelvetrees, who plays an actress, but when a deb comes along he promptly discards Helen. But Helen finally wins out. Good picture, and fine work by Cortez.



Thunder Below
Paramount

The menace-ful Tallulah Bankhead again proves her ability as a vivid and stirring emotional actress—but the jinx of so-so pictures still pursues her. This time she's the girl in one of those tropical triangle things. Tallulah's splendid acting makes the story plausible, and Paul Lukas, Charles Bickford and Ralph Forbes are equally able. When do we get a *real* Bankhead picture?

Here's ~ Hollywood!



Holding up the procession! Sally Blane plays a grand supporting rôle—supporting these six eye-filling Warren Doane Universal comedy girls. Better not stroll away, Sally, or the sequel to this picture will be a terrible flop!

AN AMAZING secret—Rudolf Valentino's body rests in a *borrowed* crypt, one of four that belong to the S. Balboni family. Balboni is the husband of the late June Mathis, in whose repository the Valentino remains were kept until her death, when they were moved to the crypt of her husband.

This startling information was revealed for the first time when Balboni's attorneys informed the cemetery officials that their client desired his crypt cleared of Valentino's body. Now a united effort is in progress on the part of admirers of the beloved star to raise funds for the purchase of a burial lot and a memorial to the departed screen idol.

WHILE on the Garbo subject: You may have heard those smart cracks about her large feet, but do you know that Joan Crawford wears the same size shoes—number six?



Keystone

Here's the brand new Barrymore baby in his first camera appearance. John Blythe Barrymore faces the lens like a veteran, stealing the picture from his parents.

Intimate — authoritative
Gossip!

What your film favorites are really saying and doing

ELISSA LANDI has a penchant for cats. She also owns a large house and vast estate. With so much room, Elissa picks up stray cats and takes them home. Now it happens that the Fox wardrobe and property departments maintain a small army of felines to combat the rat problem, and recently it was discovered that the studio cats were diminishing in number. Investigation revealed that Miss Landi was innocently removing them to her home, whereupon an indignant studio manager protested, and she had to return her pets.

Will Rogers, with a shy grin, remarked: "If she'd start with the right kind of cats, she'd find it unnecessary to import them."

COLLEEN MOORE fans will welcome her back to the screen in "Flesh," but the Dutch bob and kiddie clothes will be missing, for Colleen will appear as a dignified society girl.

JOE E. BROWN had his tonsils removed. Afterward, the cavern-mouth comedian described the operation to Jimmy Cagney.

"The doctor just stepped into my mouth and lifted them out," Joe related.

JOAN MARSH and Jack Oakie, at a certain Hollywood party, were told about a wealthy playboy who owned a number of polo ponies.

"I could go for him," lisped Joan.

"Do you like men with horses?" she was asked.

"No, but I like horses," she returned.

"Where can a guy learn to whinny?" Jack interrupted.

AND there's Buster Keaton's favorite story. It seems that a fellow said to a friend, "Here is a photograph of my wife on a horse."

The friend looked at the picture carefully, before he replied, "I see the horse, but where is your wife?"

The fellow grabbed the photo and glared at it. "My gosh," he cried, "she's fallen off again."

CONSTANCE BENNETT receives a monthly average of twenty marriage proposals among her fan letters. Many of her would-be suitors enclose photographs of themselves, a number of which bear endearing autographs.

Some of her distant lovers profess wealth; others confess poverty. All are certain they could make her happy.

All of them calmly disregard the fact that Miss Bennett already has one perfectly good husband.

The livest gossip department in any screen magazine

CALL it SQUALLY-WOOD, what with new babies arriving faster than they can be recorded. John Blythe Barrymore, Jr., weight six pounds and ten ounces, took his place beside Dolores Costello on June fourth. The day previous May McAvoy gave birth to a tiny heir; her first. Mary Astor, Carmel Myers and Florence Vidor also had business visits from Dr. Stork.

Sue Carol's baby is expected late in July, with both Sue and papa Nick Stuart hoping the date will be the twenty-eighth, their fourth wedding anniversary. Other prospective mothers are Helen Twelvetrees, June Collyer, and Mary Carewe. Rumors also insist that Norma Shearer may soon welcome her second baby.

MERIAN C. COOPER, directing "Kong," a picture with a prehistoric background, approached a property department employee with the query, "Have you a mastodon?"

"Thought I had one once," props answered. "They was gonna operate on me 'til they discovered it was just a ear-ache!"

WEDDING bells and "Here Comes the Bride" will harmonize for Claudia Dell and Eddie Silton, her agent, during



Wide World

Chip of the young block! Wasn't that energetic young actor, Douglas Fairbanks, proud of little Junior when this picture was taken years ago! Little Junior is quite a star himself now.

the month of August. If working arrangements can be made, they will honeymoon in Europe.

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER and his wife, Bobby Arnst, agreed that on occasions each would go out with other than his or her legally wedded mate. The agreement was made because Johnny's new rôle of great film lover demands a certain amount of "being seen about," and he thought it would be unfair for him to go while Bobby remained at home.

While Johnny was in New York, Mrs. Johnny made it a point to go to the Coconut Grove with a "boy friend." In order to make certain that her husband knew of the event, she wrote him a letter and had it signed by everybody she knew who was at the Grove on the particular night.

ON A warm California day, a scene in which red-headed Peggy Shannon fought for her virtue against the advances of Stanley Fields was being filmed. Again and again the scene was photographed, but on each occasion something went wrong.

"You better get it this time," Peggy said to the director.

"How come?" he how-comed.



Another stage veteran succumbs. George M. Cohan vowed he'd never heed the Hollywood call, but—well, you know how it is yourself! He'll appear soon in "The Phantom President."

"A couple more fights," Peggy retorted, "and I'll give in!"

NORMA SHEARER is acting as official hostess to the swimmers attending the Olympic games in Los Angeles. Her choice for the rôle recalls to mind the fact that



Acme

No, not a "sister act!" It's charm-Alice Joyce, erstwhile screen favorite who is now Mrs. James B. Regan, and Alice Moore, right, her daughter by her first marriage.



Cartoon by Walter Schmidt

"I'm sorry, but we're not using actors in this picture; the New York office told us to economize!"

several years ago, Miss Shearer tried out for the Olympic swimming team at the Hotel Shelton in New York City. It was there that she was seen by a motion picture producer and given her first film job.

LIFE turned Bert Wheeler topsy-turvy during the past few months. He is separated from his wife, has parted company with Robert Woolsey, his acting partner for years; is reported to have lost most of his fortune, and finally lost Dorothy Lee, his screen opposite, who refused to appear with him on a personal appearance tour.

RENEE ADORÉE, after two years in an Arizona sanitarium, where she made a remarkable and courageous fight for her life, has been pronounced cured of tuberculosis and is again in Hollywood. She will soon return to the screen.

IT WOULD be unfair to mention her name, but a certain very popular feminine star attends previews of her pictures armed with stop watches. She times the screen footage of her supporting cast to convince herself that she gets the lion's share!

THAT comical Polly Moran smile won't be lost to the screen, after all. When Polly went to a dentist and had her teeth straightened, the studio claimed that the repairs robbed her of much of her comedy. So Polly had a set of hollow teeth made that are exactly like her own real teeth used to be. Now she slips them on whenever she steps in front of the camera and presto, the Moran grin is back in all its crooked glory.

IRENE DUNNE'S visit to New York turned out to be a dud. She made complete arrangements, purchased her ticket and drawing room accommodations, packed, and told her friends goodbye.

She sent her trunks away, checked through to New York. At the station, however, Irene was met by a studio messenger, who informed her that she could not go, because the starting date for "Thirteen Women" was being advanced, and she would be needed for the picture.

HERE is a new answer to the question, "What becomes of the motion picture stars of yesteryear?" They turn paid gossipers.

Eileen Percy is a newspaper columnist, a position she has held for months. And now Julianne Johnston, best remembered for her work opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad," is broadcasting a movie gossip feature over the radio.

HIS name cannot be divulged, but not long ago Maureen O'Sullivan was wooed by a man generally disliked in Hollywood. In his wooing days, he was referred to as "O'Sullivan's heel."

HOLLYWOOD bank closings or business failures always bring about many amazing stories of screen star losses, most of which are grossly exaggerated. But some anecdotes connected with such financial disasters are true, and among them is that which concerns Jean Harlow.

A week prior to the closing of the First National Bank of Beverly Hills, Jean received a check for sixty-five thousand dollars for her personal appearance tour. She deposited the entire sum. Two days before the bank failure, intuition caused her to withdraw sixty thousand dollars, which she placed in her safe deposit vault.

AN EXAMPLE of quick thinking concerns Constance Bennett and the same bank failure. The day before the institution closed, Connie deposited a Warner Brothers check for thirty thousand dollars. That evening she heard the bank would



New Yorkers experienced a treat when Mary Brian and Ken Murray took a stroll through the theatre district during their recent vaudeville engagement. And a handsome pair, if you ask us!



The trials of Richard Dix, playing with Gwili Andre in "Roar of the Dragon." Maybe it's a roar of jealousy!

not re-open, so she pulled wires and had payment on the check stopped.

JEAN HARLOW, by the way, may be a woman of the world to fans, but she's still "baby" to mama and papa.

Jean blushed a brilliant crimson when her mother called her "baby" in the presence of several writers and two important M-G-M studio executives.

DO YOU know that George Brent's motion picture future is menaced by eye trouble? George has undergone several operations, and he suffers terribly from the glaring studio lights. For relief, he sits between scenes with his eyes closed.

BUSTER KEATON owns a huge St. Bernard named Elmer, which he keeps at the studio. Despite great quantities of food that Buster feeds Elmer, the dog is always hungry, consequently he haunts the doors of the studio kitchens.

Not long ago, Elmer broke into Marion Davies' bungalow kitchen and completely demolished a luncheon prepared for the star and her guests. Buster called upon Miss Davies at once, full of apologies.

"Besides, every dog is entitled to one bite," pleaded Buster.

"One bite?" cried Marion, "Your dog ate an entire luncheon for six."

"Well, one bite for Joe E. Brown," compromised Buster. "Can I help it if my St. Bernard's mouth is small?"

GRETA GARBO'S retirement, if such it proves to be, may be Karen Morley's good fortune. Studio officials indicate that she will be given an opportunity to replace the exotic Garbo.

SARI MARITZA, who was born in Tientsin, China, of an English father and Viennese mother, intends to complete her "worldliness." She is studying to become a naturalized citizen of the United States.

GENE FOWLER, the wit, playwright and scenarist who left Hollywood in a huff, declared before his departure that "nothing is on the level in the film colony."

"Not long ago my kids captured two skunks and brought them home," Fowler went on. "I couldn't make them give up their two pets. At last I paid a man to come to my house during the night and remove the animals, and to dig holes under the boxes in which they had been imprisoned. Next day I pointed at the holes and told my youngsters the skunks had dug their way to freedom."

"I couldn't even be on the level with my own children."

CUPID, the Archer, has reason to be contented when he looks Hollywood way. Many romances are budding beautifully.

A charming young love affair is that between Rochelle Hudson and Hal Franklin, son of the theatrical magnate.

Tom Brown, Universal's eighteen year old star, is mooning about town with Dorothy Dix. Terribly young, and terribly serious.

Constance Cummings and Cecilia Parker are matching wits and charms for the favor of Carl Laemmle, Jr.

IN LIEU of an engagement ring, John Gilbert gave Virginia Bruce a gorgeous diamond wrist watch.

The day preceding Virginia's engagement announcement, she was just another leading lady, but the day following her happy news, she was in such demand that interview dates were being scheduled for her two weeks in advance.

CADIZ, Ohio, where that screen scorcher, Clark Gable, was born, has issued postcards, bearing views of the town, and the



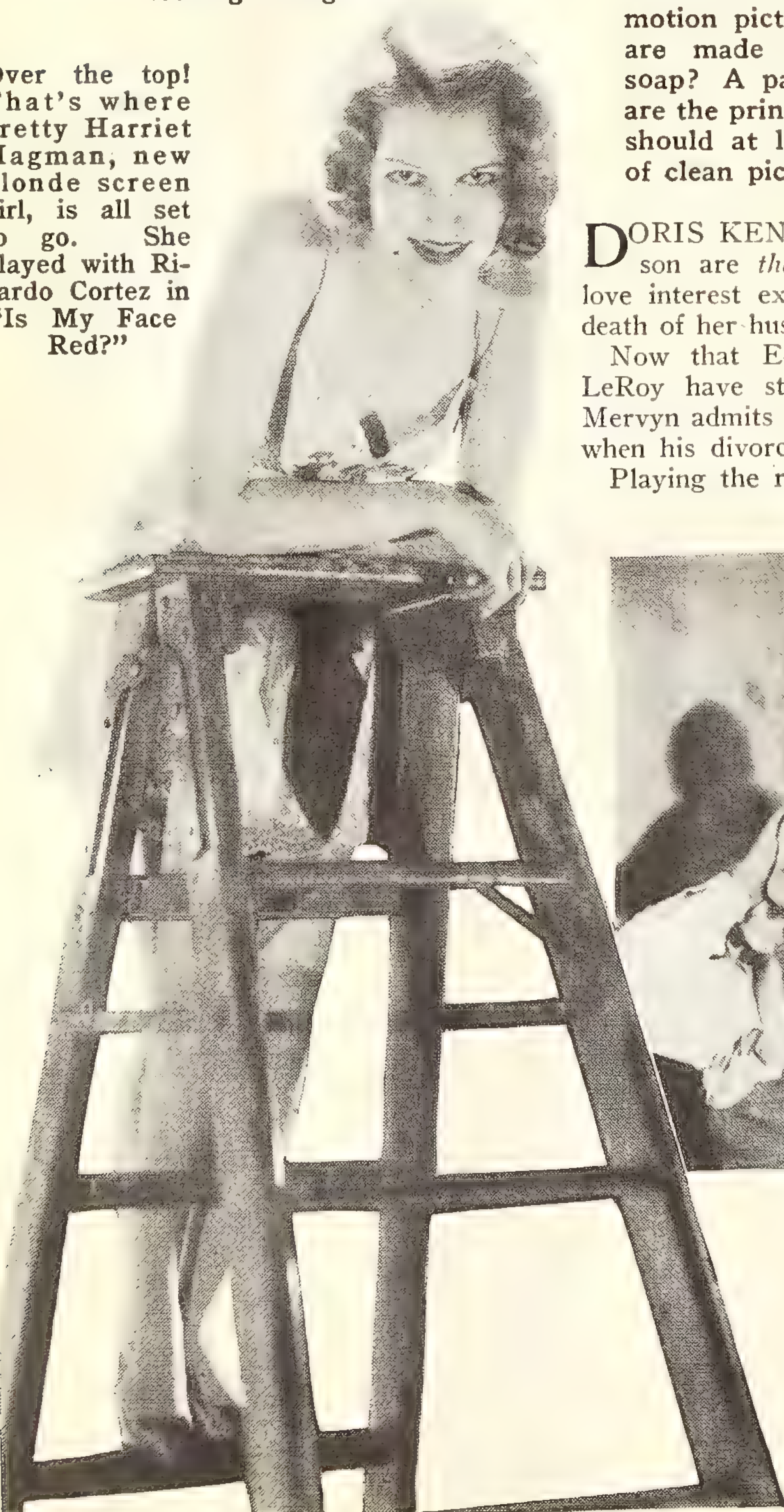
"Million Dollar Legs." That's the name of the Olympic Games comedy in which Susan Fleming will be featured with Jack Oakie. What do you think of her qualifications?



Acme

SCREENLAND suggested that Hollywood send for Elizabeth Allan, charming English actress—and that's what Hollywood did. But Elizabeth has other plans; she married W. J. O'Bryen, her good-looking manager.

Over the top! That's where pretty Harriet Hagman, new blonde screen girl, is all set to go. She played with Ricardo Cortez in "Is My Face Red?"



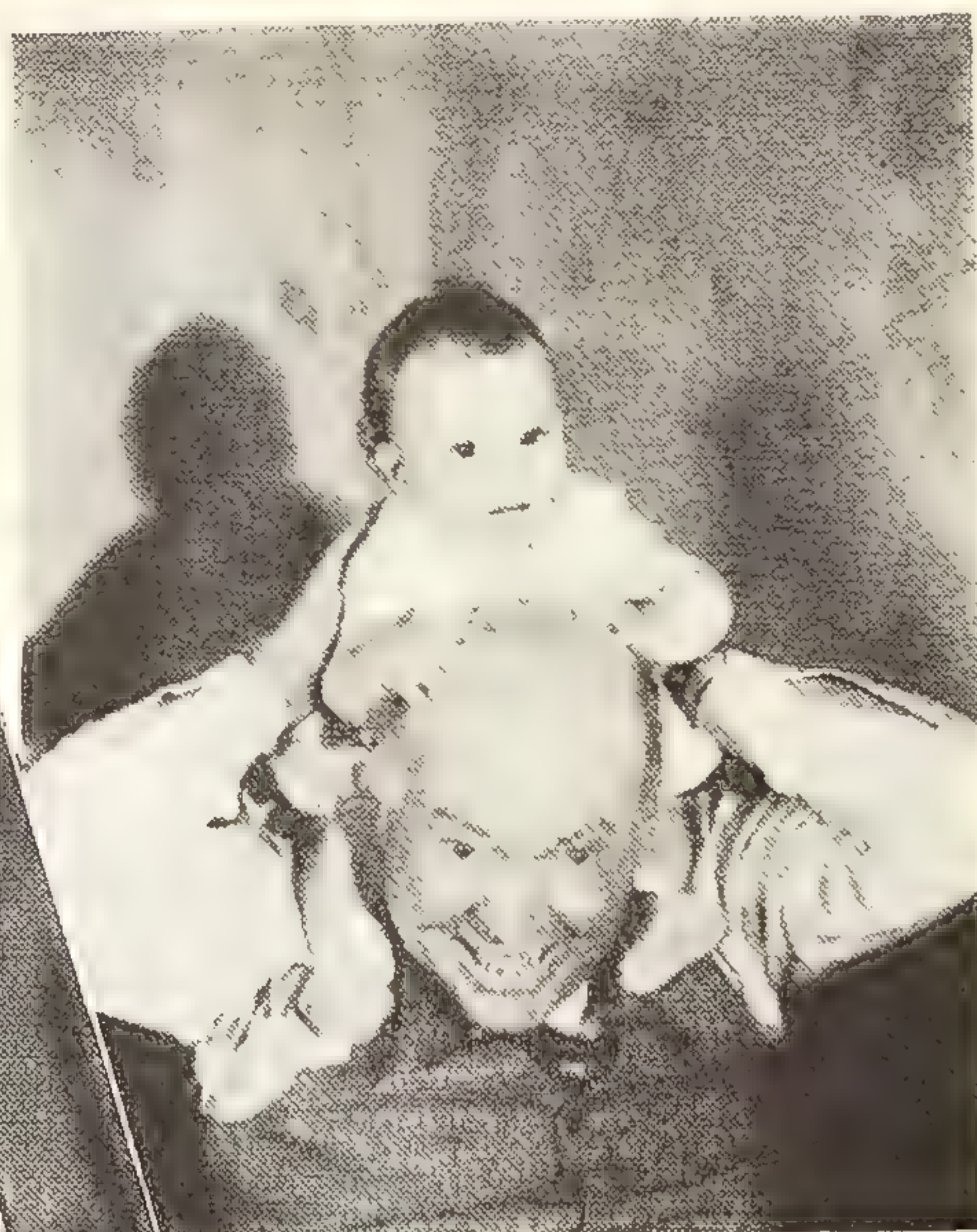
printed words: *Cadiz, birthplace of Clark Gable.*

DO YOU know that the so-called wax discs on which motion picture sound is recorded are made of ordinary laundry soap? A paraffine and soap base are the principal ingredients. This should at least assure the world of clean pictures.

DORIS KENYON and Onslow Stevenson are *that way*. This is the first love interest exhibited by Doris since the death of her husband, Milton Sills.

Now that Edna Murphy and Mervyn LeRoy have started divorce proceedings, Mervyn admits he will wed Ginger Rogers when his divorce becomes final.

Playing the romantic leads in Universal



Up in the air. Guy Kibbee, genial character actor, takes his youngster for a ride. Hope the little Kibbee doesn't slip off, with only that smooth surface to hold on to!

After the ball! Diane Sinclair (right) takes the pill away from Virginia Bruce in a field hockey flurry. That Olympic rage again!

serials inspired the young hearts of Lucile Brown and James Flavin, who announced their engagement.

JOAN CRAWFORD and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gave rumors of their separation a rude jolt upon the occasion of their third anniversary. Joan was on "Rain" location on an island off the coast of Southern California, and Doug, Jr. insisted that his studio grant him a personal holiday in order that he might airplane to the island and spend the day with his wife.

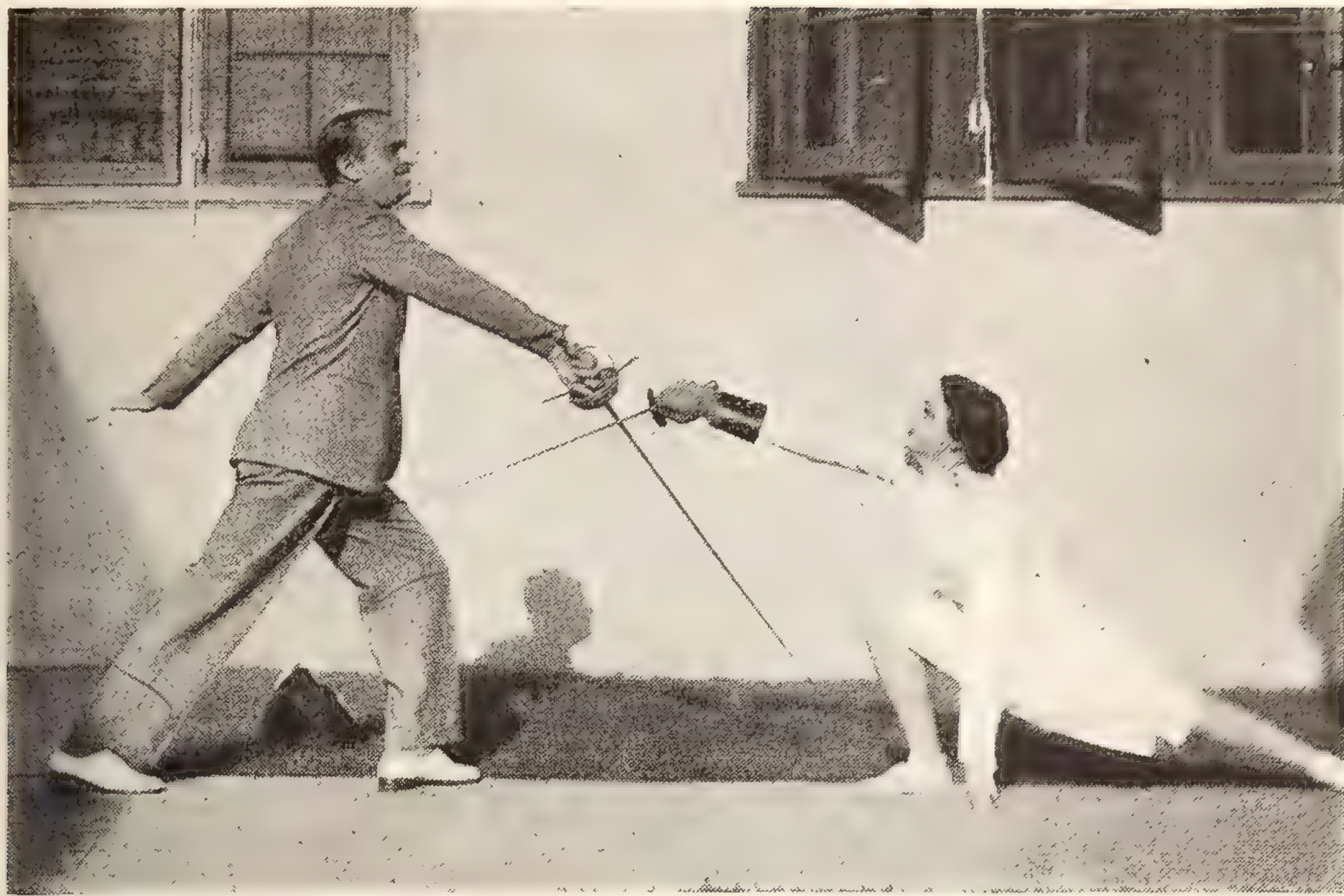
Doug, Jr. presented Joan with a diamond necklace featuring a pear-shaped pendant, an emerald and moonstone bracelet, a stunning handbag and an assortment of smaller gifts. Joan gave him a platinum watch-and-cigarette lighter, a gold identification wristlet and several less costly presents.

THE final note in pessimism is William Haines' declaration that "in 1935, people will be looking back on the 1932 boom times."

INSTEAD of following the examples of scores of stars who moved to the beach for the summer, Dolores del Rio moved the beach to her Brentwood Heights home. Truckloads of sand were hauled to her estate, until now she has a private beach more than one hundred feet long and seventy feet wide, completely surrounding her swimming pool. Umbrellas, chairs, robes, a volley ball court, ping pong table and other seaside equipment has been installed.

ARLINE JUDGE enjoyed a five-dollar joke at the expense of her husband, director Wesley Ruggles. Wes constantly teased Arline at openings because curious fans would say, "There go Wesley Ruggles, the director, and his wife."

So at a recent opening, Arline employed a young man to stand near the ropes, and when she and



Foiled! Joyce Coad, youngest entrant in the International Women's Foil Championships, fences with that veteran swordsman, Doug Fairbanks.

Wesley passed, this fellow said, very loudly, "There goes Arline Judge. Who's the guy with her?"

IN HOLLYWOOD they are called "dressing room sleepers." They are the stars who have Malibu homes for the summer, but who have fitted their dressing rooms with beds, so that when they work late at the studio, they sleep there. Since most dressing rooms have showers, heat and all the comforts of home, there is little inconvenience attached to the practice. Gary Cooper, Jean Harlow, Bette Davis and Wynne Gibson are among the "dressing room sleepers."

DIPLOMACY is a plentiful talent about the studios. Although Gary Cooper named his chimpanzee "Tallulah," the press department insists that the name is "Toluca." Oh, well, they *sound* alike.

THOSE cut-out puzzles that you played a few years ago (perhaps you called them jig-saw puzzles) are popular in Hollywood. The stars are putting together puzzles that range from small, simple affairs, to large pictures cut into thousands of pieces.

Constance Bennett gave the first picture-puzzle party, at which thirty-odd guests were present. Instead of bridge, there were tables on which were piled the pieces of puzzles. Prizes were given the players who completed their puzzles first, and a booby prize went to the last table to finish.

Joan Crawford, Ruth Chatterton, Neil Hamilton, Norma Shearer, Joan Bennett and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are a few of the stars who are jig-saw puzzle faddists. Proving that it is not entirely a game of the stars, Louis B. Mayer, Irving Thalberg and Samuel Goldwyn are addicts to the craze.

JIMMY DURANTE says the reason more foreign stars don't say "Ay tank ay go home" is that many of them "don't tank."



Betty Furness, blue-eyed, blonde and sixteen, signs on the dotted line for an RKO contract. She's a discovery of Hal Phylfe, the camera artist.

THE first eight-cylinder Ford to arrive in Hollywood was a gift to Will Rogers from Henry and Edsel Ford.

EVEN the higher officials of the Paramount studio were prohibited from going on the sets where Marlene Dietrich was filming "Blonde Venus."

The reason was that Marlene, in this new picture, returns to undraped poses such as brought her to fame in "Blue Angel."

RITA LaRoy, playing a disguised Garbo in "Hollywood Speaks," imitates the Swedish star's dress, mannerisms and speech. One night she said to the director, "Ay tank ay go home." He thought she was joking and answered, "Okay." When the time came for Rita's scenes, she had gone home!

AN ARTIST painted Clark Gable's picture and attempted to sell it to the star. When Clark showed disinterest, the artist took his masterpiece home and enlarged



Shri Meher Baba, Indian religious mystic who has enjoyed a seven years' silence, meets Tallulah Bankhead. Is Tallulah making him talk?



Does pretty little Arline Judge deserve her fast-mounting screen success? Judge for yourself!

the ears to a ridiculous size. He then disposed of the portrait to Lew Cody.

APIECE of press agent copy from Paramount: "Narcolepsy, a queer disease reputed to cause a feeling of drowsiness after kissing one of the opposite sex, was today branded as a figment of the imagination by Hollywood motion picture stars.

"Inquiries made at the Paramount studios reveals that if an ailment such as narcolepsy existed, Hollywood stars would suffer from a perpetual epidemic of sleeping sickness."

WELL?

WILLIAM POWELL and Carole Lombard placed their house in the hands of a real estate agent with orders to rent it. The wide awake agent went right out and signed tenants to a lease, but neglected to inform the Powells of his action.

The day before the new tenants planned to move in, Bill and Carole were serenely unconscious of the fact. They learned the awful truth eighteen hours before the new people's lease began, and they had to move their belongings between dinner one night and breakfast next morning.

LAST month Rochelle Hudson graduated with high honors from the world's smallest high school; she was its only pupil. The school held class at the RKO studio, where Rochelle has been a star pupil for two years. At her graduation, Miss Hudson received a diploma that is recognized by all state colleges and educational institutions.

ELY CULBERTSON has been contracted to star in a series of educational bridge pictures . . . Immediately following his next picture, Richard Dix



How do you like Anita Page's Pandora evening bag? There's room for powder and powder puff, mad money, and a hankie. The bag is covered with Irish lace, and shows a slender gold chain.

will leave Hollywood on a belated honeymoon trip to Europe . . . Boris Karloff's publicity agent calls that Southwestern state *Karloff-ornia* . . . Ricardo Cortez is said to be nursing a broken heart following the recent marriage of Glen Helen Winnett, Los Angeles society girl with whom Rick was seen constantly for many months . . . More than eighty applications for rôles in RKO's chain gang picture were accompanied by prison records . . . Clara Bow and Rex Bell vehemently deny rumors of a marital rift . . . Clark Gable was ordered

to give up polo after his second accident on the field . . . That romance between Mae Clark and Henry Freulich is icy.

JACK OAKIE says times are so hard his studio is planning to advertise Marlene Dietrich's million dollar legs as half million dollar legs.

IT IS reported that Charlie Chaplin has two million dollars on deposit in a drawing account at a Hollywood bank, but he has not written a check in more than two years.

Of course, Chaplin, if he really has that amount in the drawing account, may have an arrangement whereby he receives interest. If not, he has lost more than \$140,000, which two million dollars would earn in a savings account in two years.

JOAN BLONDELL threatened to quit motion pictures if George Barnes, the cameraman to whom she is engaged, was not assigned to photograph "Central Park."

The point of her demand was simply that the picture is being filmed in New York, and Joan and George plan to be married in New York's *Little Church Around the Corner* some time in August.

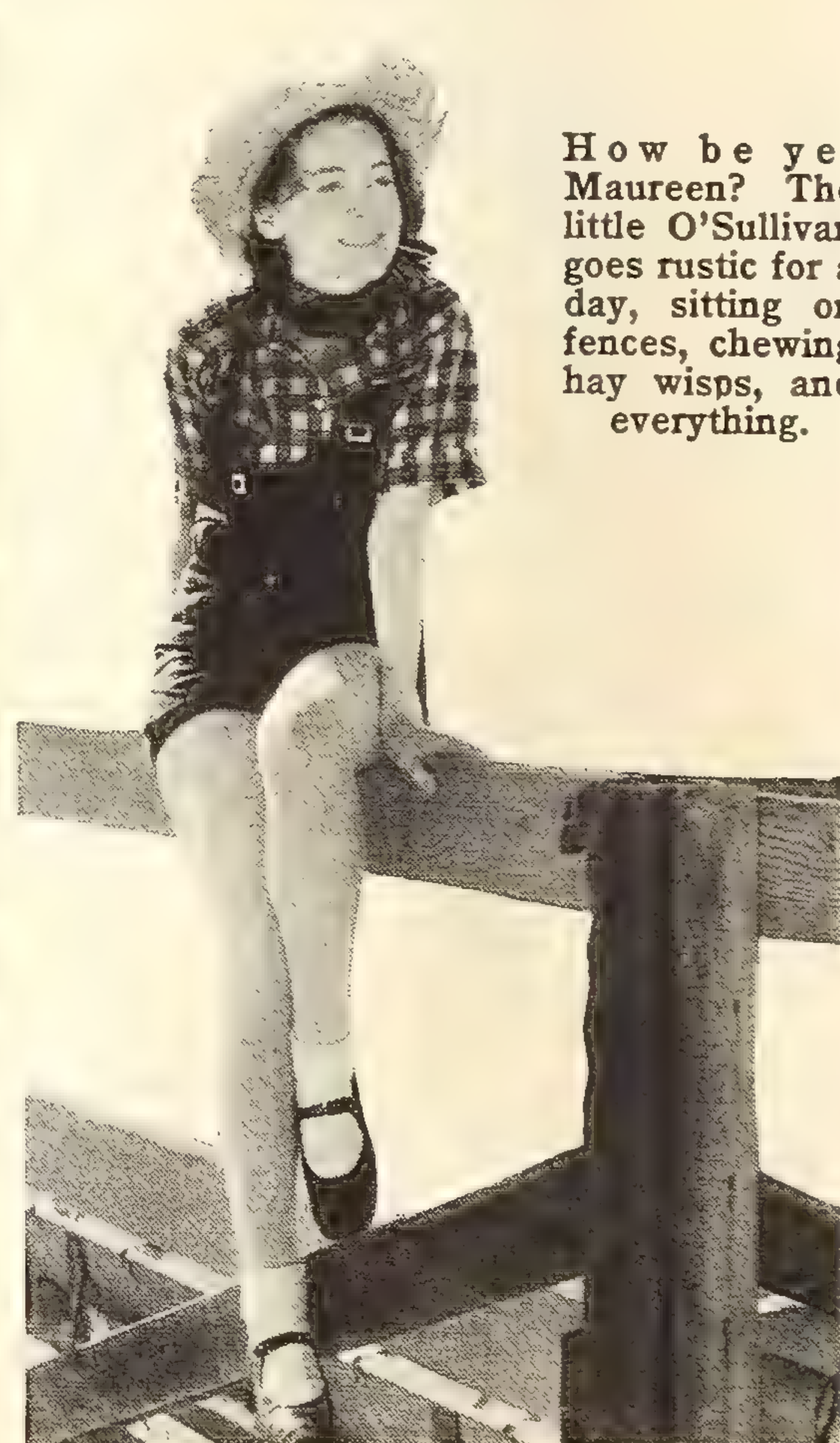
JACK DEMPSEY and Ted Hayes were near fisticuffs over Lina Basquette, when Teddy took her to a Hollywood party and Jack escorted her home.

Hayes vowed it was a spite move on Dempsey's part, because they parted enemies years ago. On the contrary, Dempsey and Lina admit a fondness for each other that may end at the altar.

ROSCOE ATES doesn't stutter, actually; it is all a pose for stage and screen. But when he stood in line to shake the hand of President Hoover recently, he



Here's one of those heavy picture pow-wows, otherwise known as a story conference! Director Wesley Ruggles is telling the cast of "Roar of the Dragon" what will be expected of them when the cameras begin to grind. Find Richard Dix, Gwili Andre, Arline Judge, Zasu Pitts—and who else?



How be ye, Maureen? The little O'Sullivan goes rustic for a day, sitting on fences, chewing hay wisps, and everything.

thought he would "put on his act." When Roscoe's turn came, he thrust out his hand and began "Goo-goo-good mmmm-mmmm . . ."

The act wasn't so successful, for before Ates could finish his greeting and get his laugh, he was pushed along and other men were grasping Mr. Hoover's hand.

JACKIE COOPER'S personal appearance tour netted him many new honors. Among other things, he became an honorary member of the New York Police Department, an honorary first class boy scout in the same city, an honorary member of the Chicago Fire Department, and an idol of the children at a Chicago Orphanage, where he made a personal appearance.

ANN DVORAK is dissatisfied with her Warner Brothers contract. She was first under contract to Howard Hughes, but that eccentric young millionaire sold her to Warners. After several "hit" films, Ann felt entitled to an increase in salary.

Someone asked her if she was superstitious, and she replied: "Well, I know it is bad luck to walk under a ladder, because I did and next day the studio took up my option."

But we are advising Ann, right now, not to "do a Cagney."

MINNA GOMBELL and David Blankenhorn, who was Irene Rich's husband, are expected to announce their engagement soon . . . That Dorothy Burgess-Clarence Brown engagement is now past history . . . Howard Hughes has given a diamond sparkler to Marian Lansing, Eastern society girl . . . On physician's orders, Lila Lee takes a rest between pictures to prevent a recurrence of her recent long illness . . . John Gilbert and Will Rogers have rival cacti beds beside their studio bungalows . . . Elissa Landi's husband, John Lawrence, is leaving his law



Mary Carlisle showing the latest gadget to prevent shiny noses. It's a sports "pancake" compact. You can get them in all colors, and to match your sports costume.

practice in England to visit his wife at her new sixty thousand dollar Hollywood estate . . . When Claudia Morgan and her husband are divorced, there will likely be wedding bells for Claudia and Charles Butterworth . . . Douglas Churchill, wit and scenarist, describes Hollywood "the psychopathic hospital for art" . . . Estelle Taylor refused to pose as auctioneer at the sale of her household "for sentimental reasons."

DO YOU remember Robert Warwick? If you do, you are at the age where

you're forgetting to put the correct number of candles on your birthday cake, for Warwick was a matinee idol nearly a score of years ago. Bob makes his first screen appearance in many years in "Without Shame," in which he plays Helen Twelve-trees' father.

BOTH Ricardo Cortez and Irene Dunne were stricken to bed with severe sunburns when the beach season opened.

Fortunately for their peace of mind, they were told by a skin specialist that sunburn, if not too severe, is healthy, for the reason that it does away with dead skin.

BY THE queerest of coincidences, on the day that Verree Teasdale, M-G-M's new star, simulated suicide for a scene in "Skyscraper Souls" by jumping from a window supposedly high above the street, an old family friend actually ended his life in Chicago by leaping from an upper floor of a towering office building.

NEXT thing we know, Jack Oakie will be a prize fighter. Jack is leaving Hollywood soon on a theatre appearance tour. His act will be a four-round boxing exhibition.

When the idea was first conceived, it was planned that Oakie should box home town boys in cities where he will appear. Somebody decided that it would be something awful if one of the home-towners should lay Jack on the canvas, so it was finally deemed wiser to employ a permanent sparring partner. If there's any punching to be done, Oakie will do it.

MORE smiles from Cupid: Gilda Gray trembles (ecstasy, not her dance) when Harry Hervey visits.
(Continued on page 95)



Clark Gable, who loves horses and plays a snappy game of polo, was forbidden by Metro to indulge in the risky sport. Is Clark about to sneak in a chukker?



A lunch time siesta for the "Love Me Tonight" cast and director. That's Maurice Chevalier lying on his back with a derby over his eyes—what, no straw hat? Director Rouben Mamoulian (with glasses) and Jeanette MacDonald seem amused.

Johnny Swims into Fame

Continued from page 63

Johnny, wishing he hadn't come.

"Can't you do what you're told? Get out and rest. Then swim a hundred yards."

While Johnny rested, he called himself hard names; then, somewhat calmer, sized up the situation. "Go slow," he told himself, and by sheer force of will subdued the turmoil in his blood.

"Go slow, go slow, go slow," he kept it up like a refrain as he dropped into the water and forged surely and steadily ahead. And having made his goal without any difficulty this time, he was rewarded by a curt: "O.K. Now have your fun and come down again tomorrow. And keep out of my sight till then."

Thus Johnny entered into training and paradise. He had to forget everything he knew.

"Hey, stop that!" Bachrach would yell at him. "What d'you think this is—a contest for crabs?"

At first Johnny thought it was silly, and though he would laboriously back and pull, back and pull, wiggling his feet according to Bachrach's instructions, he was silently thanking his stars that none of the gang was around to see him making a jackass of himself. But he soon got over that.

When he wasn't swimming himself, he was sitting pop-eyed at the water's edge, watching the champions of the day—Norman Ross, Harry Hebner, James Handy—doing their stuff.

"And I figured," said Johnny, "that if he was good enough to be the papa of all those champs, he was good enough to go ahead making a jackass out of me!"

Then came the day when Bachrach said to him: "Do what I tell you and I'll make a champ out of you."

After that Johnny knew no law but Bachrach. His life revolved around the pool. Everything else was a shadow. He begrudged time out for school, for food, for sleep. If Bachrach said "O.K.," Johnny trembled. If he said, "You're not so hot," the world turned black. Bachrach's instructions were his sacred tablets. He would repeat them, run to the back and write them down, study them, brood over them. Just as formerly he had watched and imitated and tried to outswim the fellows in Lake Michigan, so now he watched and imitated the champions in the pool.

Tommy Tucker sang for his supper. Johnny Weissmuller swam for his lunch. "Beat your record and I'll buy your lunch," Bachrach would tell him. If he swam a hundred yards in 55 seconds one day, he'd have to do better the next or pay his own check. He didn't pay it often. The record at that time was 54 seconds. Johnny made it, then bettered it.

Bachrach would try to rattle him. "You'll never make your lunch today," he'd jeer. "You're going to get hooked this time!" Then he'd round up a willing audience and tell them to go the limit, so that Johnny would be swimming not only against time but against an uproarious gallery, hooting, making bets, yelling insults, working to get his goat. Sometimes they succeeded, more often not, until finally Bachrach was convinced that, razzed or not, Johnny could make the pace.

"Hello, mom," he'd say when he got in

at night. "Bachrach likes me. I had fun today."

"That's good," his mother would answer. "Feel all right? Hungry?"

One day Bachrach presented him with a silk swimming suit for winning a hundred-yard sprint. "Hm," said Johnny to himself, "must be serious, or he wouldn't be handing out silk swimming suits."

He was soon to find out just how serious it was. While Johnny had been acquiring technique, lowering the record time of 54 seconds for a hundred yards to 52, Bachrach had been keeping him under cover. Now he was ready to spring him on the National Championship Meet in Duluth.

And spring him he did with spectacular effect. Johnny, entered for the fifty- and hundred-yard dashes, arrived in Duluth a stranger, a green kid to whom no one but his coach paid the slightest attention. He left, winner of both events, breaker of the hundred-yard record, holder of the National Championship title, possessor of the National medal, the news sensation of sports pages all over the country.

"Say it ain't true!" wailed the Honolulu papers in dismay. "We don't believe it. No one could have beaten Duke Kahana-moku. They must have used rubber watches."

"O.K., kid," Bachrach told him. "That's fine." And Johnny was content.

Only in the Weissmuller home was there a notable absence of enthusiasm. Pop Weissmuller's attitude might have been summed up in the words: "So what?"

"He saw my name in the papers," Johnny explained, "but he didn't know what it was all about. Pop figured if you did something good, you got paid for it. I wasn't making any money, so it couldn't be anything, and the papers must be crazy."

Nevertheless, he went on winning races and breaking records. The 1924 Olympics were in the offing and he meant to get to them.

"I swam my fool head off," he said. "I knew that every extra practice gives you an extra pull. In case the other guy has an extra spurt up his sleeve, you have it too. I used to break the Olympic record every day in practice. If you do it every day, you're bound to win. It gets mechanical. Some swimmers don't know what pace to set. They get in good shape, but they don't get the pace. That's the important thing."

"My folks wanted me to go to college, but I couldn't see it. Schooling meant nothing to me," said Johnny with engaging frankness. "I was going to swim. I was going to the Olympic games and win the championship of the world. I had it in the bag. All I had to do was go over and take it." He frowned at the memory of how unreasonable people had been. "Having the record and all, any guy would have done it. Been a boob not to. And I could have talked Pop over all right—Pop was O.K.—if it wasn't for a bunch of uncles and cousins butting in and putting ideas in his head."

It was Bill Bachrach who finally put the uncles and cousins to rout. He went to see Mr. Weissmuller. He didn't spout to him about the glory of athletics nor his duty as a citizen to let his son swim for his country. They were two solid business-men who understood each other. He explained exactly what Johnny's standing in the world of sports was and just how the prestige of an Olympic championship might help him in later life. Mr. Weissmuller capitulated.



Guy Kibbee and his attractive young wife moved out of doors for tea during a recent hot spell in Hollywood.

"All right, if you say so, Mr. Bachrach," he conceded at last. "I just don't want this swimming business to make a bum out of my boy."

"I promise you it won't," said Bachrach.

"And that," grinned Johnny, "fixed everything up. I went with the team to Paris and trained there for six weeks. Then came the day of the races. I wasn't worried about the swimming end. I knew I could do it. Lord, I'd been doing it every day for months. But you might get a cramp. You might get a mouthful of water. You might get caught in the ropes. You might get a stomach-ache. Those are the things you worry about—you can't beat a man when you have a cramp in your stomach."

He was entered for the 100-meter and the quarter-mile races and he was also on a relay team. As he stood waiting for the gun to pop for his first event, he thought his knees would cave in under him. Then came the shot, and the second he struck the water, his nervousness vanished as by magic. Now he was safe—calm, strong, and sure of himself in his natural element. He set his pace and watched the field, and there was never a moment when he had any doubt of the outcome. He won his race, and he won it hands down, and he broke the Olympic record.

That was Johnny's big moment—the climax of his life, the crown of the athlete's career. Standing in the center of the pool, the water dripping over him and all his "insides shaking," he watched the American flag being run up for first place. And as the band broke into the strains of the *Star-Spangled Banner* and everyone stood at attention, Johnny, his heart bursting with pride and happiness, saluted the flag which he had sent to the top.

He sent the American flag up twice that day and helped to send it up a third time. He broke two records and received the official title of world's champion. Duke got second, and Honolulu pulled no cracks this time about rubber watches.

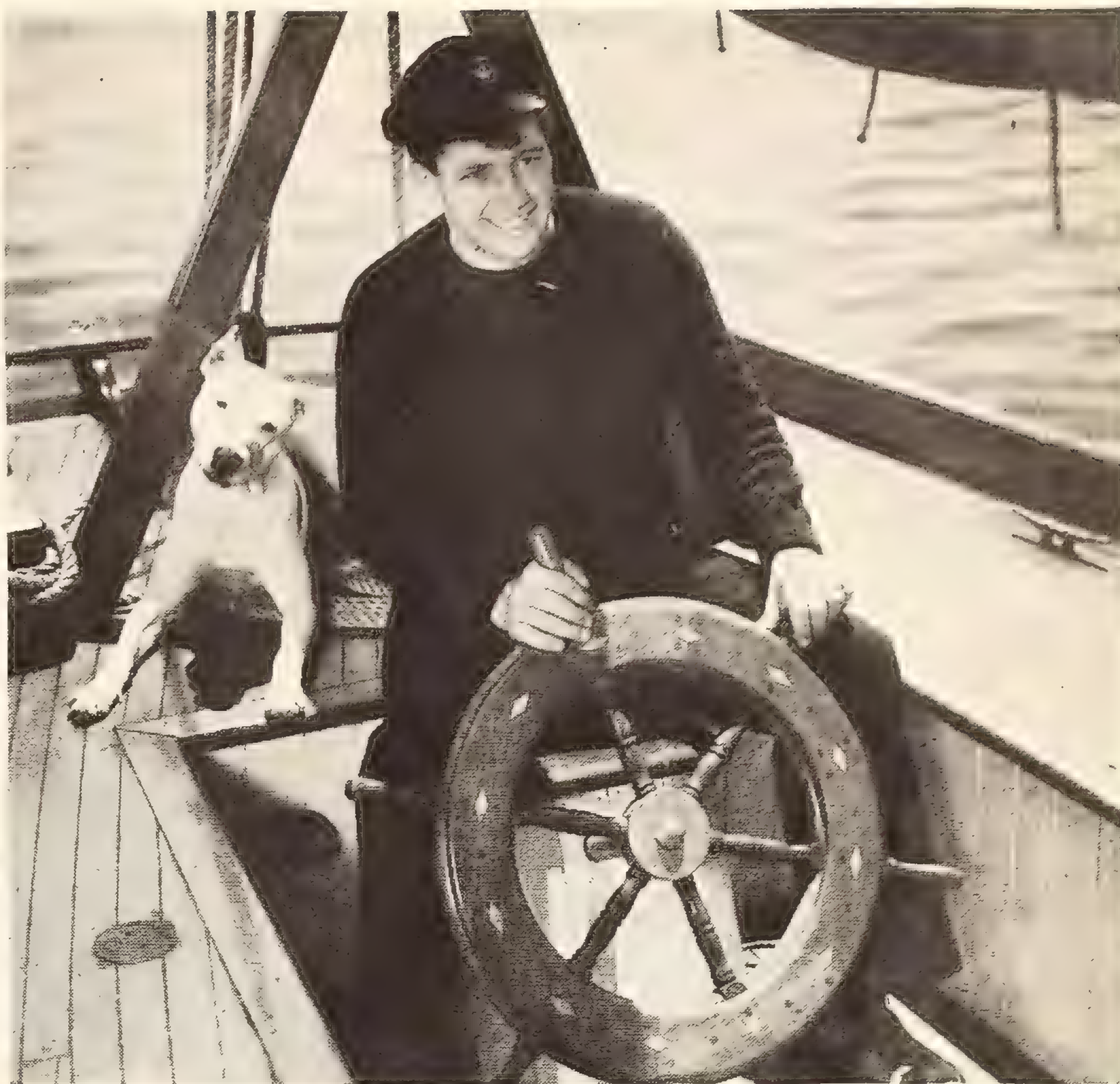
He had done what he had come over to do. He could go back home without feeling apologetic.

Back in America, he kept right on swimming. He entered two championship races every year, one indoor and one outdoor. He was unconquerable. He accumulated records and medals. His family—to the last uncle and cousin—went around bragging about him. His mother decided that she'd better go down and watch this prodigy of hers perform, since others seemed willing to pay good money for the privilege. So well did she enjoy the performance that she watched him thereafter as often as possible and he, big kid that he was, would run to her seat to kiss her before each event.

So it went on for four glorious years. Life was one high holiday and Johnny appreciated the fact. "I think I'm the luckiest fellow in the world," he told his mother. He piled triumph on triumph and when he swam in the Olympic games at Amsterdam in 1928, he proved once more a fact which needed no proving—that never had the world known such a swimmer as Johnny Weissmuller.

At home again after the 1928 meet, Bill Bachrach sent for him. "I guess you know what I'm going to tell you, kid," he said. "You're through. You've got enough glory out of swimming. Now get to work. Glory's O.K. but there's no percentage in it. Besides," he added, trying to look severe, "remember what I promised your father."

Johnny had seen it coming, and Bachrach's word was law to him now as it had always been. Whatever pangs he may have felt he kept to himself. He got a job as contact man for B.V.D., helping them first to design a swimming suit, then act-



Rollo, Andy Devine's little terrier, is a gift from an admiring fan. Andy is the lad who provided the laughs for you in "The Man From Yesterday." Rollo thinks Andy's a good comedian, too.

ing as a sort of entering wedge to open doors through which the salesmen might slip in after him.

He was opening doors in Los Angeles a couple of years later, and putting in his spare time at the Hollywood Athletic Club pool. As he was punching the bag one day in the big gym adjoining the pool, the wrestling instructor sauntered over and eyed him thoughtfully.

"Say, Johnny," he suggested after a while, "why don't you go over to Metro and try out for 'Tarzan'? Everybody's doing it. They might do worse than take you."

"Fine!" said Johnny. "I always had an idea I'd like to go into the movies. Who do I see?"

The other considered. "Tell you what I'll do. I'll get Cyril Hume, the adaptor, over here and see what he thinks."

Cy Hume looked Johnny over and thought he was "swell." Then tests were made—of Johnny running barefoot, of Johnny jumping off trees, of Johnny vaulting over logs. They took his word for it that he could swim! The tests were run off before the executives and Van Dyke, the director, and they agreed with Hume that Johnny was swell. Contracts were signed and the picture started.

"I was glad, but I wouldn't let myself get excited over it," said Johnny. "I didn't know if I could do it or not. I just wanted a chance to make that one picture and see what happened. Either I'd be good, or terrible. If I was good, O.K. If not, I could always go back to B.V.D. They were willing to let me try. They were fine about it."

"It wasn't hard to do the picture. All that running and jumping business was right in my backyard—and when it came to the love stuff, all I had to do was follow the director. 'Look into her eyes,'

he'd say, and I'd look. Or, 'Smile,' he'd say, or 'Give her a poke,' and I'd do it, and the cameras'd grind. It was a cinch—I expect the next to be harder.

"Yes, they all seemed pleased with the results. There was only one person who wasn't—and that was my mother. She saw the picture and almost passed out. I called her on long distance and she started to cry on the 'phone—thought her darling boy was going to be killed by lions!

"I don't know where I'll land, but I'm not worrying about that now. I'm having fun. I always got the breaks. I always did the things I liked to do." His face turned grave. "I think I'm one of the luckiest guys in the world." And Johnny knocked wood.

Many of us do the same thing—apologetically, with a smile of tolerance for our own superstitions. Johnny performs the rite with a childlike earnestness which is most appealing. He has the simplicity and honesty of his simple, self-respecting ancestry. He's without a trace of pose or pretentiousness. He knows he's the best swimmer in the world—take it or leave it. He has ample reason to know it—26 national records, 7 world's records, which remain unbroken. He doesn't know whether he's an actor or not. Nobody does. In "Tarzan" he simply did what he was told, and it was easy. Because "Tarzan" was a howling success doesn't mean to Johnny that's he's a great actor. Whether he himself is going to be a howling success still remains on the knees of the gods. He can only hope so. He can only thank his lucky stars that so far he's had the breaks. He can only knock wood in an effort to keep them.

Go to it, Johnny! We know just how you feel. And what's more, the thousands of fans you've made through a single picture are knocking wood for you too!

Why Joan Crawford "Gets" You

Continued from page 19

ridiculous in the twinkling of an eye. Imagine her, or this type of little girl, today or yesteryear all decked out for Sunday School in ribbons, lace and pretty shoes, all harmonious and colorful. Imagine such a little girl seeing some boys picking harvest apples high in a gnarled old tree. How quickly would the rebellious tomboy spirit indicated by the strong jaw be evoked—then a climb in the tree, a spill, and many a tear and scratch and a disheveled little tomboy going home. Is she sorry? No, she is hopping mad!

In a grown woman such a strong jaw beneath so short and curling an upper lip denotes another startling contradiction. A love of the great outdoors, sports and games on land and water, but a hatred for rules and regulations. Swimming, boating, hiking, riding and all such free sports would delight such natures most. Golf or tennis could start out blithely, but the minute over-solicitous friends begin to improve her stance, suggest which club, do it according to rules, regulations, etc., then you would hear some frank, free criticism and outspoken rebellion against too much insistence on form, technique or regulations. Such natures do not care a hoot for formality, but love color, dash, freedom.

In a world full of people with inhibitions, fears, complexes, there are millions who are subconscious rebels and dream of breaking all the rules, but they have been so tamed by circumstances that they seldom act the rebel much as they would love to.

As the face speaks a universal language, they recognize in Joan Crawford some of the impassioned love of freedom, liberty, expression that led another Joan, the Maid of Orleans, Joan of Arc, to don men's clothing and lead the armies of France to victory.

Repressed people are and always have been thrilled by a beautiful rebel. So that helps to stir interest in her. Don't think that Joan Crawford rushes around Hollywood drawing attention to herself by her wild acts of expression. No, she is the little tomboy girl we spoke of—but she has grown up, and the long road up to stardom has not been a bed of thornless roses. She has been misunderstood, misquoted enough to learn through sheer will, to be sure she is among friends before she releases her tomboy nature. I am told that at parties about Hollywood she often acts more like an obscure little actress than the real shining star she is. She is still a humble struggler at heart.

Being an extremist, she is either the life of the party among those with whom she can be herself, or at more formal parties she simply has nothing to say and says it very quietly. Yes, this is another contradiction; she might be likened to a racing car that has no low gear so must be towed around the cities, but on the track it wins out.

When success comes to most people they lose their sense of proportion, but when they carry in their own personality such a multiplicity of warring characteristics as Joan Crawford, they simply can't take themselves too seriously.

The soul that looks out from those somewhat feline eyes has seen a lot of life and knows that one has to develop the mind and heart, but one needs a career and home and family too.

The career came first, then the happy home, perhaps. When and if the family arrives it will be a starry-eyed little boy very hard to suppress. What, fortune tell-



Marion Davies effects a striking contrast with this blue fox fur worn over her white crêpe evening ensemble. The fur encircles the arm-holes of the jacket, with the heads of the skins joining at the back.

ing? No, just a perfectly good common-sense guess with the help of Mendel's law of heredity. Besides, we mentioned Joan Crawford's strong sense of imitation and there are many blessed events impending from Malibu Beach to Hollywood. Joan might be impelled to motherhood through imitation—it's being done!

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., with his sharp features, straight brows, frequent look of boyish, wistful seriousness, is a wonderful mate for our Joan, for they have many things in common, but their main mental and physical characteristics are directly opposite. His eyes are deep-set and under long level brows. His chin, while finely modeled, is not so prominent. It is a most unusual match and has to withstand an environment that tries most matches to the point of spontaneous combustion.

Fortunately, the honors are so even we need fear no strain as in the case of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister. With comparative peace and the nature to achieve, Joan Crawford will go as far as Garbo into the hearts of fans of the moving picture world, for the outstanding traits of her character—that something she has to give—is as elemental as strength and beauty, and they are the real fundamentals of all the arts.

These are not the ravings of a Crawford fan—far from it, for those large eyes used to seem too big for the soul that looked out of them; but how that soul has thrived on experiences, a chance to do and dare!

Those are not Bovine eyes. How well

I remember seeing a director and cameraman work for hours with an Indian type of girl with dark bovine eyes. At last the camera man, a fiery temperamental Italian, yelled at the poor girl struggling to emote real tears—"Who tella you you can act, you cow-eyed beauty? Somebody gotta take you and broke your heart, and then you can act!" Then the poor girl really cried enough to fill the scene.

Joan Crawford was first a good imitator, but she had heartaches and heart-breaks, and so could act long ago without such tactics. But the thing that comes across to you and "gets" you in her acting is the little rebel in her nature that will not be suppressed, and that is best expressed in the type of part that she made big in "Grand Hôtel."

Now as *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain," playing the part of an outcast at war with all society, she should come into her own. It should be her masterpiece. Not that she is limited to such parts, because so dual a nature can play a great variety of parts convincingly.

Could the divine Garbo fear anyone usurping her throne while she vacations in Sweden, I am sure Joan Crawford would be that one. Not that she looks like Garbo or acts like Garbo. No, the reason that Joan Crawford makes you feel the play is real is because, like Garbo, she knows herself, is herself—and so makes you feel that through full free expression you, too, can succeed in making your dreams come true.

He Was a Kid Himself!

Continued from page 31

it. That's fine. Jack is a square-shooter, honest and loyal, and if he can hold down the head man's job, it speaks well for his possibilities of becoming a real man when he grows up.

"I have always appealed to Jack's sense of honor and fair play, when we don't seem to be getting anywhere. Once when I had been held up on location, facing the loss of another day and a few thousand dollars in expense, I put it up to Jack. He and the rest of the kids were getting restless and I couldn't get certain difficult scenes because of inattention. I appealed to Jackie's sense of loyalty to the company and to me. I told him that if he would round up the other kids and get down to serious work, it would save my job. And I promised him a dollar!"

What in the world could a mere dollar mean to a youngster like Jackie Cooper who makes more money in one year than the President's salary? I voiced my skepticism to the director.

Taurog laughed. "Why, man," he said, "a dollar in the pocket means more to Jackie Cooper or any other kid than the vague thousands he hears he has in the bank. He understands a dollar. That will buy a lot of ice cream and candy, you know. Or, maybe a football or baseball.

"To get back to the location incident," continued the director, "Jack rounded up the rest of the kids, including a score of Mexicans we were using for atmosphere, and we finished our final day's work in record time. They paid strict attention and did everything right because Jack had put them on the spot, just as I put him on the spot."

Here's the pay-off. When Taurog returned to the studio he didn't have the opportunity to give Jack the dollar. Next day when Taurog was sitting at an open office window conferring with Louis Lighton, the supervisor, they noticed the little man walking nonchalantly back and forth in front of the window. He was whistling and kicking his feet, boy-like. He was obviously trying not to be embarrassed, but he kept on strolling back and forth, whistling. Taurog let him go for a while. Finally, he had an assistant ask Jackie if he was looking for someone, or wanted something. Jackie hemmed and hawed and twisted. "Well," he finally said, "Mr. Taurog promised me a dollar if I got all the kids to work hard and finish those scenes, but if there's going to be a misunderstanding about it, it's okay with me. I don't mind losing that dime I had to give the kids. I'm working for the company."

Of course, Jackie got the dollar. But, as Taurog put it, a grown-up would be highly commended for the same attitude. "He sure earned that dollar," confided the director. "Rounding up all those other kids was a tougher job than those Borax wagon drivers used to have rounding up the twenty mules."

Next in our confab came little Robert Coogan. Will he repeat the success of his "big brother" Jack?

"Bobbie is just a child now," said Taurog. "He's an affectionate little boy who must be handled solely by kindness. He isn't old enough to reason out problems, so I had to find out how to occasionally overcome the inattentiveness of the child. Bobbie acts only for the praise of his pals, the stage-hands.—If I can't get Bobbie to play a scene right, I simply get one of the stage-hands to tell him that he's not so hot. Or, if worst comes to worst, I'll fire

his best pal, the prop man. Kids do not like to be fooled. They resent it. So to make the threat good, I actually fire the prop man, send him home, and the next day I let Bobbie persuade me to hire his pal back again. Is he a good boy then!"

The more I talked to this director the more I came to realize why he made "Skippy" and "Sooky" and "Huckleberry Finn" and other real kid pictures.

Jackie Searl came under our observation next. Here is the kid "villain," the youngster who is always running to tell "ma" or "pa" on the other kids. Why, I've heard folks coming out of theaters talking indignantly about that bratty kid.

"Jackie Searl is one of the nicest little boys imaginable," the director assured me. "And what an actor. He's as high-strung as a race horse, and as sensitive as a great artist. He can't stand criticism, but neither can he stand the idea of others being made goats for his mistakes. So, when I bawl the other kids in a scene out for his mistake, he snaps out of it right away. He's a sweet little fellow."

Jackie Coogan, Mitzi Green and Junior Durkin are much more grown up, of course, but Taurog thinks they're grand little troupers. All three are exceptionally conscientious in their work and can sometimes shame the grown-ups by being perfect "studies" in their lines. Some parents might readily take a few lessons from the infinite patience this director takes in handling his little charges. Picture what exhaustive consideration and genuine love of youngsters is necessary to achieve such results as were evidenced in "Skippy," "Sooky," and Taurog's other kid pictures.

Win their confidence, discipline by kindness, and appeal to their sense of fair play, and you will get obedience and loyalty in return. Those are a few of Taurog's rules we might all give heed to.

"I never show favoritism in handling Jackie Cooper, Bobbie Coogan, or Jackie Searl," he says. "Although Jackie Cooper is my nephew, he has to toe the mark with me to get an even break. If I buy a baseball, or a toy auto, or an ice-cream cone for one, the other two get the same. Thus, their jealousy is never aroused. And one must never hurt their feelings by a mature

indifference to their kid problems. I try to listen attentively and help them work things out.

"To break a promise to a youngster is not only cruel, but a fatal error. They never forget nor forgive deception of this sort."

Picture theater-goers who wonder how the directors get such remarkable results from the screen children will be interested in this enlightenment. The youngsters are never over-worked. Every attention is paid to their health. Taurog frequently calls a recess hour during the working day when he sees his charges getting tired. After the relaxation of play they are back at it fresher than ever before.

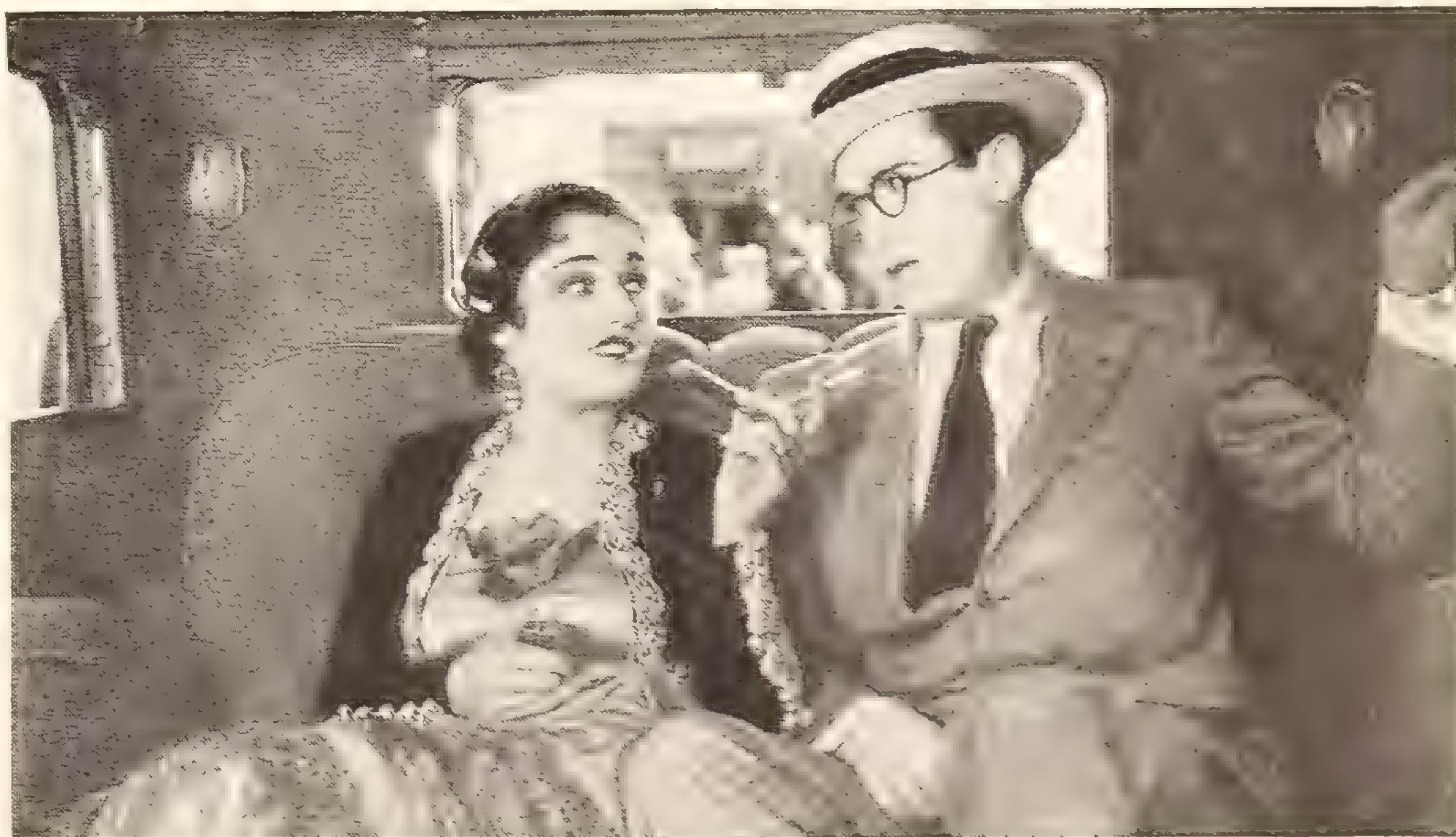
Nor are results ever obtained by tricking or frightening the children. Taurog is contemptuous of such practices, which, it must be confessed, were used by some heedless picture-makers in the old silent days. Until wiser heads prevailed a few promising child careers were utterly ruined because the youngsters came to shy at a camera as a dog at a gun that had frightened it. To-day, picture producers and directors must be commended for their painstaking care and treatment of the kid actors. They get better care and attention than do most kids at home.

Incidentally, the successful parents of these successful children are not the pestiferous kind that once infested Hollywood. They have common-sense. Mrs. Cooper, the Coogans, the Searls and others must be complimented for the conduct of their children.

Although Norman Taurog refuses to be caught in a cycle of kid pictures, because he happened to win the Motion Picture Academy Award for "Skippy," he has a soft spot in his heart for the kids who rode along to fame with him. He would like to direct Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" and Tarkington's "Seventeen" some time in the future.

Driving home the other evening from the studio I saw Norman Taurog playing baseball in a vacant lot in Beverly Hills with Jackie Cooper and some of Jackie's small pals.

I'll bet when Norman was a kid he was *Skippy*, too!



Movie crazy! That old funnybone tickler, Harold Lloyd, goes nuttier than ever in his new picture, which bears that name, and Constance Cummings helps along the general foolery.

Confessions of Hollywood's Gayest Divorcée

Continued from page 25

fourteen she went to a convent. Lessons were dragons. Smart as a whip, she hated the dull, obvious routines. When she signed a picture contract, a private tutor was engaged to substitute for the average person's high school training. That suited her lots better because the tutor emphasized those things pertaining to acting.

Many a girl's life has been blighted by a foolish marriage. Elope in haste and repent at leisure—that's been Loretta's luck. She flew out of the state with Grant Withers and stuck to her choice for a year.

Did disillusionment ruin her disposition?

Not a speck! After the first ecstasies wore off, she realized mother *had* known best. That she had leaped into something which wasn't what she'd been led to expect. That, in other words, she'd scored a sad, sad error.

"I'm an ornery soul who can't be told," Loretta explains. "Marriage taught me what I couldn't have learned by mere advice. Although mine was a mistake, I'm not sorry I was wrong. I'd do the same thing again!"

"Living—if you're a normal, healthy person—is fun. It should be. Now don't get me wrong. I'm not advocating a follow-every-impulse campaign. I'm simply saying that, personally, I'm so inquisitive and stubborn that I have to burn my fingers to believe there is a fire.

"Of course, I was unhappy when I found that my marriage was failing. I'd had dreams about the perfect man. Well—" with a shrug—"naturally I was upset for awhile.

"I have always tried to control my external reactions, however. Just once I lost my temper. That was on the set several years ago. Afterwards I was so ashamed of being such a fool that I've never publicly given way to my feelings since.

"The modern girl who earns her own living has no right to indulge herself by broadcasting her unhappiness. Men don't go around crying over spilled milk. Women who deserve respect as business equals of men are not those who demand alimony or

lament loudly. Today working women know that they must pay for everything they get.

"Don't be a whiner if you want to interest men. I am firmly convinced that above everything else men look for the qualities of a good sport in the girl they choose as a sweetheart. Feminine frills are important to a girl, true. But no man really wants a woman who isn't 'regular.'"

Divorce, to many a tragedy, has been beneficial to Loretta.

"Even an unsatisfactory experience is worth-while to me," she says. "My ideas of men were silly, immature. I had to learn about them somehow, and I'm not able to weep over my break-up with Grant. Sob sisters' stuff to the contrary!"

"The one thing Hollywood cannot understand is that I'm in no rush to get married again." (Nope, Loretta, not when we see you falling in love again—and again!)

"I've just moved into a lovely new home in Beverly. Mother, Polly Ann, Sally—my sisters—and I have one round of good times. It's just like it was before I married Grant. The house is full of young people and everyone's merry. Only—I'm acquiring a new sense of values!"

"It's shocking, yet true, that I don't have as many dates as I did when I was thirteen!" (Only because you're getting aged and particular, Loretta!)

"Then I thought I was a social flop if I wasn't invited to a dance every Friday and Saturday night. Until I was jolted by my marriage experience, I wouldn't pay any attention to a man who wasn't handsome and who wasn't an excellent dancer. Those two things were my main requirements.

"I had to love and learn. Now I'm still attracted by a good-looking man. But I've found that a dashing line, a startling physique, and a handsome face aren't half so important as the really fundamental qualities.

"Surface glitter no longer fools me. I like men with ambition, with business ability—who have done praiseworthy work and who are aiming still higher. Who talk well because they have something to talk about. Who read widely and understandingly.

"I used to accept dates just to be going out. Well, I've been —! And I've seen what a waste of time some company is! Now I won't go out unless I especially enjoy the person who asks me."

Do divorcees really have to put men in their place oftener than unmarried girls? Are they expected to be faster than the *un-exed*?

"Yes," claims Loretta. "Men are sure that we want love. They assume that we are miserable, are eating our hearts out because we no longer have husbands. Bunk! They are much more apt to presume with a divorcee for this reason. But—believe you me, the modern lady can 'tank I go home' and frequently does!"

The constant procession of engagement rumors which flurry around her do not bother her. They are often so far-fetched as to be absolutely ridiculous. The reports that she and Grant are to re-marry are un-authentic. He has been in vaudeville and living in the East. Loretta never hears from him. When they parted it was forever.

"Most of my so-called engagements are like the Ricardo Cortez one," she declares. "I went to a movie one evening with him—the only time I was ever out with him



Introducing Lyle Talbot, who in turn is doing his best to introduce some new masculine appeal to the screen. His first appearance was in "Love is a Racket."



"Tiny" Jones, little English "bit" player, is David Manners' favorite extra.

alone. We met at various parties once in awhile. We'd played together in a picture and naturally had become friends. What a spicy yarn that was for the columnists! More inside dope that was news to me!"

Take all life offers you. Convert the mistakes into helpful hints for behavior when a similar situation arises again. This is Loretta's philosophy. She was born with the yen for exploring, investigating on her own. Always she's wanted to be an individual who could look in any mirror and say proudly: "You're a success. You are independent. You stand on your own feet!"

No wonder she loves the movies. They don't bring her heartbreaks. She wouldn't consider any other kind of work for a minute. Acting is her notion of joyous self-expression. The studio offers that fantastic, surprising, ever-new cycle of happenings that she adores. She never plans definitely. When under long-term contract one can't.

Paris is as much a dream city to her as it is to most people. She's never even had time to go to New York! Periodically, she hopes to get away to thrill over the sights of the Great White Way. Invariably the casting office concludes she's to do a new picture.

When she was four she did her first acting, in a Fannie Ward picture. After convent hours she studied classical dancing and so impressed her youthful idol, Mae Murray, that Mae tried to adopt her.

Loretta's mother was left a widow with a son and three daughters to bring up, Loretta being the youngest. The luxurious colonial home which the star of the family has built for them all is a far cry from the boarding house which Loretta knew as a child. It is a wish-come-true for the devoted mother who took in boarders and worked ceaselessly for her little brood.

Portrait of a Director

Continued from page 62

except when he was mooning over the piano or his cello or a book of romantic legends.

It was when he was eight that he decided to become an actor. He got the songs being sung by Berlin comedians of the day and, with the aid of his sister who taught him words which he could not yet read, learned an imposing repertoire by heart, picking out the accompanying tunes on piano or cello. Throughout public school, his mind continued to focus on the footlights. He was only slightly daunted when, having been graduated too young to go to college, he was put to work in his father's clothing store for the interval.

An unaccomplished clerk, he scrambled through the dull days as best he could and, at night, attended a school of the drama. Finally feeling sufficiently sure of himself, he wilfully abandoned the clothing business for which he was optimistically intended by his family, and apprenticed himself to Victor Arnold, at that time one of Berlin's most famous comedians. Arnold, recognizing the wealth of gayety and sharp facility waiting to flower, took the lively young novice to Max Reinhardt who was then, as now, number one among European impresarios of the stage.

Under Reinhardt, Lubitsch became a popular featured comedian. Became, also, a brilliant scholar of stagecraft, production, and all the elements of theater technique which Reinhardt's players were required to study and understand. In 1913, he was offered and accepted his first movie job. In his first two pictures, he was established as a cinematic comedian par excellence—but after his second picture he became a problem for producers who could unearth no further material to fit his peculiar brand of comedy. Undismayed, young Lubitsch wrote a story of his own, took it to a producer and announced he would be happy to direct it himself. The producer snapped his fingers and gambled.



An advance fall fashion note for evening! Bette Davis shows a demure little evening wrap of pale pink brocaded silk shot with gold threads and quilted.

The gamble brought blue skies to his studio with the success of a long series of two-reel comedies—written, directed, and acted by Lubitsch.

Those were the days when a director had no corps of assistants or cutters or supervisors. He designed his own sets, told the cameraman how to light his scenes, cut his own film. And, in Lubitsch's case, wrote his own story. His days were a delirium of chaos and continual emergencies. Gradually, out of their confusions, he evolved a crude, experimental form as he became increasingly familiar with the mechanics of his new medium. Impatient of the narrow horizons which at that time fenced the motion picture, he was constantly ferreting out new technical possibilities.

His series of two-reelers, with Lubitsch as writer-director-star, became so popular that he was promoted to features. His facility continued to develop and eventually he was asked to do a drama. At this, he balked. A champion of the importance of comedy, of its high status in the field of intelligent craftsmanship, he harbored a profound contempt for the third-rate dramas then being employed by the movies. He refused to abandon comedy until he was offered "Carmen," with Pola Negri, the sound dramatic ingredients of which story tempted him to make his first experiment in drama. His success with this picture, released in America as "Gypsy Blood," encouraged him to continue on to "Madame DuBarry," with Negri and Emil Jannings, which America saw as "Passion."

Now internationally known—and definitely committed to directing rather than acting—he directed Germany's greatest stars until that inevitable hand reached across the Atlantic and snatched him to Hollywood. Brought over by Mary Pickford to do her "Rosita," he thereafter went to Warner Brothers, and thence to Paramount where, ever since, he has been an integral part of the Paramount scene.

Although for the most part identified with comedy, he is almost equally at ease in such vital dramas as "The Patriot" or "The Man I Killed," the latter released inexplicably as "Broken Lullaby." One says "almost equally at ease" because there is a general reluctance to relinquish him to drama even for one picture. That gay, stiletto-pointed "Lubitsch touch" is impossible of approximation by the most sanguine imitators and is in insistent demand by the wistful risibilities of more than one nation. The particular method he created with "The Love Parade," first musical movie to show purely cinematic form, became crystallized in the superb "Monte Carlo." And ever since, out of all Hollywood, only Lubitsch has been able consistently to evolve a blithe, sophisticated nonsense that is uniquely the talking screen's.

It is studio legend that the happy actor is the Lubitsch actor. First making sure he knows his players thoroughly, their capacities and temperaments, Lubitsch himself demonstrates to them exactly what to do—but always in their own individual way. He demands no histrionic miracles and never attempts to force a player into an interpretation of which he is congenitally incapable. He will shoot one scene eighteen or twenty times until he gets exactly the nuance he wants, but since it is a nuance which the player knows he can produce eventually, there is a minimum of nervous tension.

He writes a good portion of every script himself. He cuts every inch of his own film and supervises the scoring. It is es-



Ruth Chatterton surveys her new bangs. She wears this white taffeta evening frock in her new picture, "Children of Pleasure."

pecially in the cutting that he devises the musical form which he considers so necessary to a smooth-flowing picture. He is subject, on the set, to infrequent furies which rocket and subside quickly, leaving his paradoxically satanic and cherubic face smiling as widely as before. Between scenes, he usually sits at the little piano which is always placed in some corner of the stage and plays—Mozart or Gershwin, as the fancy moves him—with a touch and skill belying his lack of training. During a scene, if he is not ambling about behind the cameras, he is crouched beneath them, watching the action with demoniac intensity and unconsciously acting out every inflection and gesture and expression.

His stocky body is hard as nails from daily work-outs with a trainer and from habitual riding and swimming. He appears incapable of sitting upright in a chair—after five minutes or so of conversation inevitably sliding around till his legs hang over the arm, with innumerable conversational excitements which catapult him to his feet to pace the floor as he talks.

He has a profound relish for good food, fine liquors, lovely women, good music—a profound dislike for the vulgar, phoney, cheap or stupid. He is the little god of Hollywood's German colony—no unfortunate compatriot has ever left his presence without a substantial check and a pat on the shoulder that has no slightest hint of condescension in it. At intervals he is reported engaged to Ona Munson. He loves gayety, humor, and is depressed by those parties dependent on excess cocktails for their fun. He is restless but not neurotic, excitable but not hysterical, mercurial, but not moody. He is impatient of the shackles placed on movies, of the assumption that the public is mentally adolescent, but voices few of the complaints common to most of his contemporaries. This because he has, probably more than any other director, magnificent fun making movies!

Just a Great Actor

Continued from page 33

danced across his face. "Of course I don't remember much about the next few years.

"But according to my parents—and they should know—I travelled from small town to small town, playing with a few other theatrical children whose parents also were members of the troupe, but mostly watching my mother and father rehearse their lines—and watching, too, all their performances."

It was when he was eleven that Paul made his first record. One night his parents' company found itself minus a man to play an aged, character rôle. Casting about for someone, anyone, who might serve for the occasion, Paul was conscripted.

Of course, many actors have made their débuts when even younger than that—but in juvenile rôles. That was the first—and only—time on record that anyone eleven years old has made his initial stage entrance in the rôle of a decrepit gentleman of eighty!

Once he had tasted the thrill of appearing before the footlights, Paul's fate was sealed. From that time on, he had no thought other than the stage.

He became a regular member of the company and continued touring the "tank towns" with his parents. Always in character parts.

"I wasn't the romantic type," he explains. "Even as a young man of nineteen or twenty, I never played heroes. I had started out in character rôles—I had learned all sorts of makeup—so I was always cast in older parts."

In 1913 his father died and Muni and his mother "carried on" alone. They remained in various obscure stock companies for several years; then came to New York and joined the Yiddish Art Theatre.

That was a group of players operated on a co-operative basis, somewhat like the haughty Theatre Guild. Their headquarters were in Greenwich Village and working with them was an education in itself.

It was while he was working there that he met Bella Finkel, the lady who is now his wife. She, too, is an actress, but makes rather infrequent appearances on the stage today. She is satisfied merely to be Mrs. Paul Muni.

"How did you happen to meet your wife, Mr. Muni?" I inquired, ever on the alert to hear about romance.

"Why, she was cast in a play opposite me," he replied after a moment's thought.

"And was it a case of love at first sight?"

Mr. Muni looked slightly outraged at what I am sure he considered my rank impertinence. Even so, he answered my question with true courtesy.

"No, I don't think you could call it that. In fact I don't think there is such a thing as love at first sight.

"We may be attracted to someone as soon as we see them. Later, if the attraction has lasted and deepened into a very real affection, we are wont to say that it was 'love at first sight.'

"While in reality, it was something that changed and grew and developed into love. There are many phases of love, you know. That is why, if love is real, it will last. It will survive the changes of both the individuals and the relationship. And why, if it is not real, it will die.



Good news for lovers of screen pulchritude! Rochelle Hudson, pretty ingenue of the RKO Studios, has a new contract. You'll see her next with Richard Dix in "Liberty Road."

"For as the individual changes, love must change, too. It must grow as the character grows. It must keep pace with the relationship between the two persons as that develops, too.

"I was attracted to my wife the moment I saw her, yes. But the love that I have for her now is a thousand times deeper, more profound, than the momentary attraction I knew then."

And Paul Muni says he is not romantic!

Nevertheless and despite his present-day seriousness and calm thoughtfulness about love, it was only six weeks after the day they met that he and Mrs. Muni were married.

In retrospect, he is philosophical about that, too.

"We married when we did because all things were propitious. Several times in the past I had been attracted to girls. I had even thought—fleetingly—of marriage as a rather to be desired state. But something had always intervened.

"Either I had to go on the road with a new show, or I didn't have enough money at the time, or the girl I liked would go away.

"When I met Bella, I was just starting on a summer vacation. I had a couple of months off, I had some money saved from the past season of work, I wanted to get married—and I was in love.

"It was love, you know, because it has lasted for eleven years!"

After his marriage, Muni continued his work with the Yiddish Art Theatre, later leaving them and going into various stock companies on the road. Finally, he secured an engagement in Boston, the best break he had received to date.

It was while he was appearing there that

he attracted the attention of Sam Harris, one of Broadway's best-known producers, who happened to be in town and witnessed one of his performances. That gentleman immediately offered Muni a contract and the chance to play the lead in "We Americans" on Broadway the following season.

The rest is theatrical history.

Muni was a sensation in that play, repeating the next year with a hit-performance in "Four Walls."

Winfield Sheehan, who was then vice-president of Fox Film Corporation, saw him in that play and induced him to sign a contract with Fox. The fact that he made his screen début at such a time, when sound was in its initial stages of development, is one of the few regrets of Muni's life.

"My first picture, 'The Valiant,' was far from satisfactory. However, I consoled myself with the thought that its shortcomings were due largely to the fact that I was not familiar with camera technique.

"But my next film, 'Seven Faces,' was even worse. I found that a beautiful little story had been sacrificed to the fine art of ballyhoo. Because I knew how to make up, the entire film was based around that fact—the fact that I was to look like seven different persons. Which was a fine angle for advertising and publicity purposes.

"To me, make-up is important only insofar as it can aid in the delineation of a character. To boast about the fact that one knows how to assume different make-ups is to desecrate the art of acting.

"Acting must come from within. When I am planning to portray a character, the first thing I do is to try to understand the thoughts and feelings of that character. The actions will then take care of themselves.

(Continued on page 89)

TEENS - TWENTIES - THIRTIES - FORTIES

*Which star is nearest
your age?*

"I'm 18"

VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN



"I'm 20"

JEAN HARLOW

"I'm 27"

DOROTHY MACKAILL



"I'm 38"

ETHEL CLAYTON

"Beauty is
not a matter
of Birthdays"

*Screen Stars declare—and
these pictures prove it*

Which one of these lovely favorites is near your age? Do you, too, know that beauty is not at all a matter of birthdays? "We *must* keep youthful charm right through the years," the stage and screen stars say—"in spite of birthdays!"

Looking at these recent photographs you want to know their secret! "To keep youthful charm you must guard complexion beauty very carefully," they declare. "Youthful skin is absolutely necessary."

How do these stars stay so ravishingly young looking? How do they guard complexion beauty? "We use Lux Toilet Soap," they say. "Regular care with this nice white soap does wonders for the skin!"

9 out of 10 screen stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 guard their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap. It is the official soap for dressing rooms in *all* the great film studios.

Why don't you try this gentle, fragrant white soap—start using it today!

"I'm 34"

BEVERLY BAYNE



"I'm 40"

IRENE RICH



LUX Toilet Soap

The Real-Life Story of George Brent

Continued from page 27

took great quantities of the dried peat to last through even the mild Irish winters. Bare-footed, bare-headed and stripped to the waist, the boy cut, spread, "rickled" the strange fuel until it was dry and ready to haul by donkey cart to the walled enclosure that circled the house and stables. There it was piled in a great stack, as big as a house—enough to last a full year.

Potato-digging and burying was another task which occupied young George. Once the tubers were out of the fields a long shallow trench was dug and filled with the bulky crop. Strips of sod, four inches thick, were spread over this mound of potatoes to protect them from the frost and one of the boy's daily duties was uncovering a temporary supply of potatoes for the family's use. The sprouting remains of the crop were uncovered in the spring, cut into seedlings, and planted by hand.

A second family tragedy interrupted this simple Irish country life and started Brent on the high road to adventure which he has followed ever since. His mother died. That was in 1915. England was at war. Ireland was filled with unrest and internal troubles. It was decided to send George and his older sister to America to live with

an aunt in New York. They sailed from Liverpool on the *S.S. Philadelphia*, on the day that two other steamers were torpedoed off the English coast.

It is curious to note that though Brent returned to Ireland later, he never went back to the scenes of his early boyhood. Left an orphan at eleven, George Brent said his final farewells then to the peat bogs and potato fields, the quiet pools of the Shannon where the fish were, and to the thick-walled house which had defied so many imaginary Englishmen.

The *Philadelphia* had a stormy, dangerous passage. There was rough weather and high seas and there was the constant fear of submarine attack in certain zones. Brent remembers the trip chiefly for the fact that one night he was not allowed to undress and that very night an electrically lighted sign, reading "American Line," was hung over the sides of the speeding vessel.

In New York young Brent was put into school and made to stay there. At fourteen he was five feet, ten inches tall, and was frequently mistaken for twenty. He attended the Dwight Preparatory School and the High School of Commerce and later the Rand School. Basketball became his

favorite sport. One day he was carried from the floor unconscious after a particularly spectacular clash. The doctors said it was concussion of the brain and decided to operate. They removed the mastoid bone to relieve the pressure and after several days of uncertainty, announced that the boy would live.

Brent came out of his long convalescence as strong as ever and two inches taller. The following June he left New York with another boy, on foot and with fifty cents in his pocket. They tramped through New York state and into Connecticut where Brent found work in a lumber camp, passing logs on the line to the saw mill. It was heavy work for a boy just past fourteen but no one knew he was that young and no one could have guessed it from his fine physique. He was paid five dollars a day.

The following summer he found work at fifty cents an hour helping to wreck Camp Upton, where thousands of American troops had been quartered the year before. The third summer, when Brent was sixteen, he worked on a fruit farm in upper New York. It was a farm owned by Italians and the experience is memorable to Brent for two reasons. He earned enough money to pay his way back to Ireland and he learned to like spaghetti!

Meanwhile the boy's New York schooling had taken some unusual turns. He joined the Pearson Club where Frank Harris was lecturing on any and all subjects, so long as they were radical, and young Brent absorbed these doctrines like a sponge. An Irish grandfather had prepared the soil for the seeds of radicalism which Harris planted.

At the same time a young Irish priest, fired with enthusiasm for prospective Irish freedom, became Brent's closest friend. So when the priest sailed on the *Carmania* for England, late in 1920, George Brent sailed too, his passage paid with the money he had earned picking and packing apples the summer before.

Arriving in London, Brent went to live with a cousin, whose father, a brother of John Brent, had been a major in the British army, serving in India. The priest went on to Ireland where he accepted an offer to teach in the National University at Dublin and from there he bombarded Brent with letters urging the youth to come to Dublin for school and political purposes.

After four months in London Brent went to Dublin and entered the university there. A few months later the same priest, who was to figure spectacularly for a time in Brent's life, took the boy to the Abbey Theatre and introduced him to those responsible for that unique experiment in Irish drama.

Brent became interested. He occasionally played a part, a small part, and they became less and less important as Brent became apparently less dependable. Often he was missing from performances entirely and though these absences were never commented on, it was obvious he could not be trusted with an important rôle.

As a matter of fact his fellow-players knew well enough why Brent was absent on these occasions. The same young priest who had persuaded Brent to come to Ireland and who had introduced him to the Abbey Theatre management and had so given him his first smell of grease paint, had introduced the eighteen-year-old boy to Michael Collins, revolutionary leader, and Brent had undertaken one of the most dangerous occupations in the world, that of dispatch carrier between Collins and De



No, it's not one of those freak midsummer snowfalls. This is the set for "Airmail," with property snow strewn all around. John Ford is directing pretty Gloria Stuart, who plays in the picture with Pat O'Brien.

Valera, famous leaders of the fighting Irish.

It was a reckless, fascinating life. Ireland was enjoying a vindictive civil war. England was pouring troops into the troubled country, trying, vainly, to bring a semblance of peace to the bloody island. Those Britishers which the boy Brent had ambushed so often in play from behind the thick walls of his birthplace, were now marching through Dublin. Brent wasn't ambushing them, but he was doing his share to make their stay both dangerous and useless.

Even today the actor is wary of telling too much of those experiences. The average life of a dispatch carrier at the time was six weeks. The pay was good and risks were great. When asked where and when and what messages he carried Brent's face becomes a steely mask.

"I'll never tell you," he says flatly. "Perhaps I don't even remember. Naturally I carried dispatches without always knowing their contents."

For reasons entirely aside from his dispatch carrying Brent was dismissed from the university. A free-for-all fist fight in which a faculty member and his own good friend, the young priest, received a couple of black eyes, was the immediate cause of the termination of Brent's collegiate career.

He stayed on in Dublin, however, spending all the time he could at the Abbey Theatre, absorbing the atmosphere there and gradually becoming absorbed by it. He still carried dispatches from Dublin to Belfast and sometimes to Glasgow, but each succeeding trip became more dangerous and led more certainly to his ultimate undoing at the hands of the British.

Then, on August 22, 1922, Michael Collins was ambushed and killed. The eighteen-year-old dispatch carrier knew that the time had come when he must move and move quickly if he wanted to save his liberty and perhaps his life. It had been great fun while it lasted, but neither an English court-martial nor an Irish jail appealed to him. He fled to Belfast and then to Glasgow with the English intelligence service close on his heels.

For a time he hid in Glasgow. A too-curious landlady aroused his fears again and he left his quarters in the middle of the night and made for England, hoping to confound his pursuers by entering their home territory. At Land's End he found a tramp freighter ready to sail for Montreal and he hired a leaky motor boat to take him out to it. There was a breath-taking moment when he leaped from the motor boat to the rope ladder hanging over the freighter's side and another when he faced the captain after he had climbed aboard.

But the captain proved to be an acquaintance and a sympathetic fellow with a liking for any Irishman in distress, so Brent found himself on the way to America a second time.

He was broke and faced with the necessity of earning a living. As the pokey old freighter plowed westward Brent tried to map out his own future. He could, with the help of relatives, find work of one kind or another, he was sure. He might go into a bank, or study law, or try newspaper work as his older sister was already doing.

But none of these things really appealed to him. The smell of grease paint was in his nostrils, the memories of happy days and nights in the Abbey Theatre were already crowding out the more thrilling recollections of his experiences as a dispatch carrier.

When he landed in Montreal his mind was made up. He took the first train for New York. He knew what he wanted.

George Brent had decided to become an actor. Next month, read of his experiences on stage and screen.



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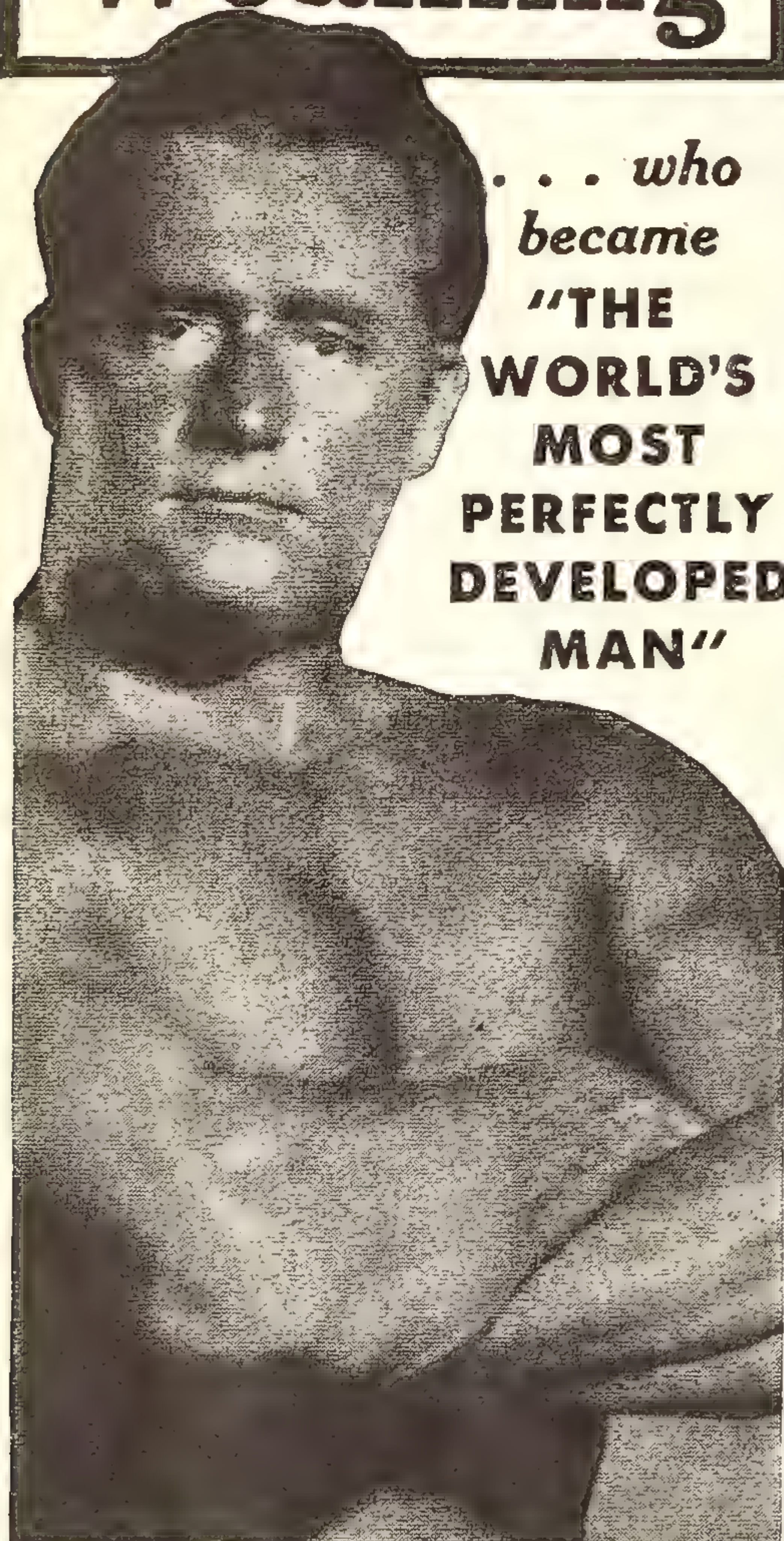
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The Story of "Igloo"

Continued from page 29

aggravations was that the whales and walrus and seals seemed to have an uncanny instinct for keeping out of sight all the week and showing up in gorgeous photographic array on the Sabbath. But that missionary absolutely forbade the natives to work on Sunday. He made them all go to church, and us, too—hinted that would be an inevitable lack of co-operation if we failed. We went."

Finding a beauteous arctic maiden to play opposite Chee-ak was another confounding experience. It seems that femininity in Eskimo-land is not Garboesque!

"They look at you with absolutely expressionless faces," says Ewing. "How we worked on them, just to get the glimmer of an intelligent smile. It was Chee-ak's charms which finally won one girl into a near-smile. So I changed the story to give her things to look wooden about. I was always changing the story!"

"There were those awful blizzards! Three times we built an igloo village out of ice blocks, and three times it was swept away by a snow blizzard. I got sort of dogged about it after a while, even if I was burning up with the 'flu, with my temperature around 105."

One day the whales elected to run on a week-day. Such a chance dare not be missed, so he sallied forth with Chee-ak and some other Eskimo and got some gorgeous sequences—but came back twenty pounds lighter.

There was a terrible day on which the ice began to melt ahead of the scheduled season. Would the igloo ice-village melt and be demolished for the fourth time? And some of those crashing, breaking, astounding ice scenes must be secured.

"I was getting on a bit better with the natives by then," relates Ewing Scott. "I think they had begun to understand me, to half-wav sense what I wanted, even to like

me a little. So enough of them went out with me with the sleighs—and we secured those precious sequences."

You bet they did! When you see "Igloo," you will get some vague idea of what Scott was up against: great mountains of ice tossing angrily in the ocean, moving relentlessly, melting ominously—and at times sending them all into the bitterly cold water, with the temperature 40° below zero.

At Scott's darkest, bitterest moment, the mail came in—and it was to make Ewing, who had borne so much with grim, dogged perseverance, nearly break down and weep, so great was his reaction. For good old dad, back in Los Angeles, had slapped a mortgage on the old home and sent him some more money. Ewing's emotions were almost more than he could endure, and he dropped to his knees in an agony of thanksgiving, such as God's good man could never have engendered.

"So I was able to get an old captain with an unprofitable boat and set forth in search of walrus and bears. He charged us \$300, gave us good food, warm beds, comfort, for the first time in seven months!"

When Scott finally sailed for home and Hollywood, having endured all things, it was in an ecstasy of triumph.

Er, well, yes! But Hollywood was coy and reluctant. After all he had suffered and survived, no one seemed interested in "Igloo." Marketing it seemed even more agonizing than making it. But Edward Small believed in it, financed the promotion, and finally Carl Laemmle came, saw—and bought. It is a Universal picture now.

And Uncle Carl was later to hear the critics go into rhapsodies over it at previews, to know that young Ewing Scott had now taken his place with Murnau, Schoedsack, and Cooper, as the maker of amazing pictures in remote places.

He-Men without Women

Continued from page 23

they sailed back to Ensenada to pick up Larry, who flew from Hollywood. Arriving first, Doug and Bob arranged with the mayor and chief of police to give their mutual pal a thrill, too.

Being British-bred, Larry still talks with a strong English accent, which his two friends love to kid. When he arrived at the airport, he was met by the police, arrested and thrown into jail. For being an Englishman! Poor Larry was terribly distraught. After allowing him an opportunity to argue with the impassive Mexicans who "no speak English," they gallantly rushed to his "rescue!"

With the third "Mad Romanoff" aboard, they directed the *Seaward* north to Santa Barbara, where they went in for aquaplaning in a big way. Incidentally, they took some pretty spills! Sailing around the far side of Catalina Island, they were hit by a gale that swept huge waves over the whole yacht and sent water pouring through the portholes.

"At 3 a. m. we were awakened by the strangest crash," Doug remembers. "We tore up on deck, wild-eyed. Two hundred yards ahead a myriad of lights shone. In a minute they all went out and it was pitch black all around us. We were startled out of our wits. It couldn't be land and if it had been a boat the lights would have

stayed on.

"What do you suppose it was? A battleship holding secret practice! We'd cruised right into the midst of things.

"Off Avalon we tried deep-sea diving, and boy, that was a novelty! If you've never worn one of those fancy helmets and gone down forty feet below the surface of the water, you have a real adventure coming your way. We wore only our trunks and when Bob was down there all by himself and saw a shark swimming fifteen feet away, he rather wished he'd worn the whole outfit."

Bob has one of those small movie cameras and took a lot of amusing pictures with which to entertain the three wives these evenings. Doug took the snapshots you see accompanying this article, and they prove that as a photographer—he's a swell hero!

Already Bob, Doug, and Larry are talking of a similar cruise for next summer. Bob is all for trying Alaskan waters, and from the enthusiastic way "The Three Mad Romanoffs" recount this vacation jaunt I wouldn't be at all surprised if they started for the North Pole in 1933! All they lacked this time was a stowaway, and—er, if they don't see me first I may be able to tell you how a screen hero acts when face to face with a polar bear!

Just a Great Actor

Continued from page 84

"Therefore, make-up has nothing to do with the inner workings of a character. It helps the public to visualize the character—that is all. To the actor, it is nothing to influence him one way or the other."

Mr. Muni feels that this tendency to capitalize any fact or angle that lends itself to publicity, is one of the great failings of the motion picture industry.

"Instead of concentrating on good stories with *real* actors to portray them, companies produce haphazard, inferior pictures to try to save money. Then, realizing that they have on their hands a probable 'flop,' they expend huge sums on exploitation and advertising to try to lure the public.

"The same money would be better—and more profitably spent on improving the product itself. Then, the public would not have to be urged to see it!"

After what was to him a disastrous motion picture advent, Muni returned to the New York stage, winning new laurels for himself in "The One Man." It was soon after that play closed that he received the offer to make "Scarface."

Howard Hawks, who had been signed by Howard Hughes to direct the picture, was casting about for a leading man. Suddenly he remembered Paul Muni, whom he had known while both of them were working on the Fox lot.

When he talked to Muni over long-distance telephone from Hollywood, that gentleman was entirely uninterested in Hawks' proposition. The best that Hawks could get from him was a promise.

Thought, and a lengthy discussion with his wife, caused Muni to agree to take a test for "Scarface."

Immediately he viewed the test on the West Coast, Hawks called Muni again and asked him to take a second test. This annoyed Muni, who didn't want the rôle especially, anyway. His answer was to step into his car and drive away alone.

When he returned, after several days' tour through upper New York state and Connecticut, he found that his wife had completed all the arrangements for his second test. As a result of which, he was soon aboard a train speeding west!

"Scarface" more than lived up to expectations. However, before it was nationally released, Muni had returned to Broadway and was appearing in "Counsellor-at-Law," the Elmer Rice play which was one of the hits of the 1931-32 season.

Then, "Scarface" swept the country—and Muni found himself in demand.

Virtually every company in Hollywood offered him a contract, but Muni was loath to leave the stage again. Finally, though, Warner Brothers offered him a part which really interested him, the lead in "I Am a Fugitive," the Georgia chain-gang story.

"My wife and I decided that I might as well make other pictures, as long as I can do the sort of parts in which I believe.

"For that is the important thing to me. Not fame—not popularity—not money. Of course, I like to make money—everyone does. But whether I make lots of money or little, I can always get along and live.

"If I can afford the things I desire, that will be fine. But if I can't, I won't be unhappy over it.

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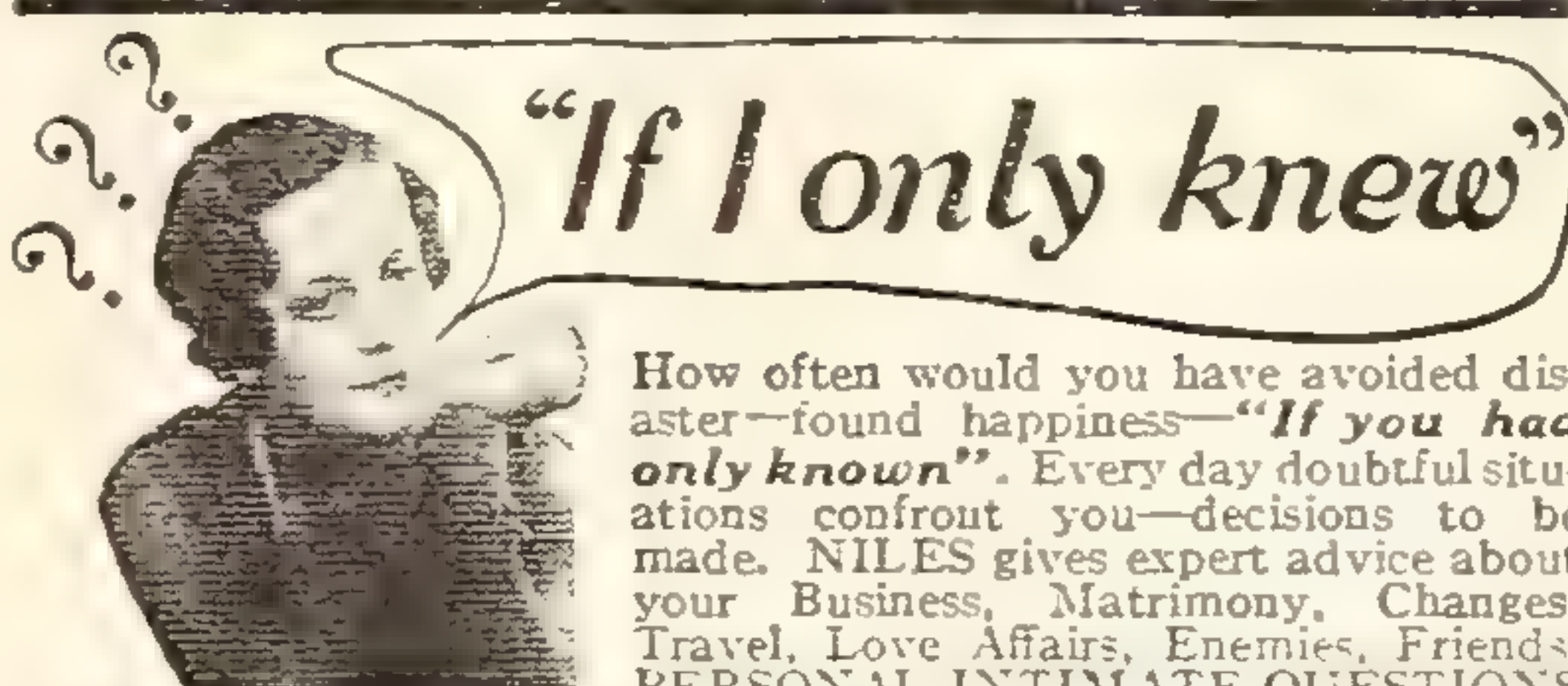
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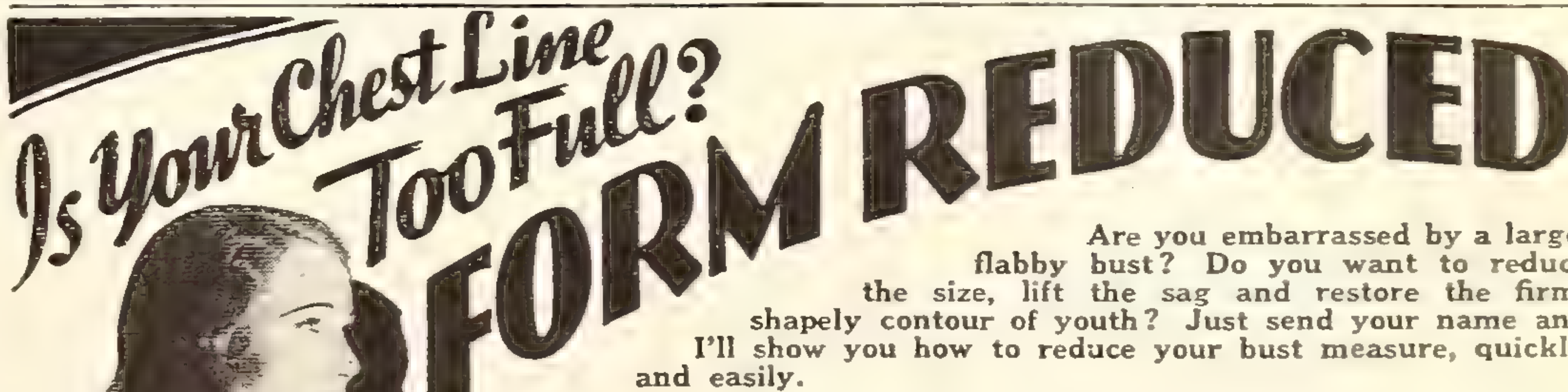
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Hollywood Goes Olympic

Continued from page 17

points of similarity! Winners of yore were formed into triumphal processions, wreaths of sacred laurel placed upon their brows and palm branches in their hands. The winners in our events are more often to be found in a procession bound for the nearest studio where a movie contract is placed in their hands. Special openings were made in the city's walls for those Greek heroes. We present them with the keys to the city in much the same spirit of devotion.

Sculptors made statues of them, they were dined and wined and orators lauded their victories. We make stills of ours, they are dined, near-beered, and spoken to by long-winded eulogists (commonly called after-dinner speakers). Greek heroes, ever after, were exempt from taxation. Ours just begin paying special assessments.

They became and remained national idols, and when we scan the records of the movie stars who have arrived via the athletic route, we cannot deny that such a comparison holds true.

Hollywood counts among its "Olympians" Johnny Weissmuller, who holds every world's swimming record from the fifty yard dash to the one-half mile. He has won thirty-nine national championships and has broken seventy-five world speed records. He was the American hero of the 1924-1928 Olympics and is the possessor of fifty medals. He is now, as we intimated before, sweeping the country in "Tarzan."

Then there is big Jim Thorpe, every boy's ideal of what a hero should be. He is rated as the greatest all-around football player the world has ever known. He represented the United States in the Olympic games at Stockholm in 1912 and gave the finest demonstration of athletic prowess that has ever been witnessed in the history of the games. He won the pentathlon and 8412 points out of a possible 10,000 in the decathlon. Later, due to a technicality, he was deprived of his Olympic standing, but his glory will never dim. Jim makes his screen debut, for Universal, in "Battling with Buffalo Bill." He has also taken an important part in "Hold 'Em Jail," an RKO production.

Charlie Paddock, veteran runner in four Olympics, will live forever in the hearts of all sports-minded Americans. Kids and their Dads fairly eat up the shorts he makes as part of Christy Walsh's All-American sports series. Paddock makes these pictures for the good of the Olympics and the youth of America. He will not sacrifice his amateur standing by accepting compensation. So here's to Charlie. Long may he sprint!

Paul Lukas competed in the Olympics at Stockholm in 1912 as a wrestler. Representing Hungary, of course. Paul does not use the technique of a caveman when he is making love but such an athletic record leads us to believe that we don't really know our Paul.

Tom Tyler, Universal's choice for the ideal Buffalo Bill, covered himself with glory as a weight lifter in recent Olympics. Besides, he is a marvelous horseman.

Harvey Perry, light-weight fighting champion of the world, captured diving honors at the Amsterdam Olympics. Warners consider him an asset, not only as a trainer but as an actor. He trained James Cagney for "Winner Take All" and then played opposite in fighting scenes.

Then how about Jean Hersholt? Can you picture him as Denmark's champion bicycle rider? He won that title at the age of twenty. Today, he is head of the

Danish Olympic Games commission, appointed by the King of Denmark.

Weldon Heyburn took part in the Olympic preliminaries in 1920, but was incapacitated by a broken ankle which he was unfortunate enough to acquire in the last stages of the tryouts. Fox recognized his ability in other lines, however, and consoled him with a contract.

Besides possessing Olympic heroes, Hollywood abounds with champions in almost every field of sports. Russ Saunders, All-American football star from the University of Southern California, is now a director at Warners. Johnny Mack Brown is another All-American football player whose record is known to followers of the acting art as well. Irene Dunne has the coveted certificate to prove that she is one of those rare individuals skillful enough with golf clubs to make a hole in one. George O'Brien has an athletic record few can equal. As a boxer he won the light heavy-weight championship of the Pacific fleet. He's a sure winner at handball, a crack marksman, expert swimmer, and can ride plain or fancy. He also offers stiff competition in roping.

Joel McCrea received intercollegiate honors as a discuss thrower. He also has medals to show for his shot putting and javelin throwing. And he was captain of his football team in college.

Kay Francis isn't at all ashamed of having broken the record for the one-hundred-yard dash when she was but fifteen. She ran it in twelve seconds, which still remains a record for anyone of that age.

Of course Babe Ruth, Bobby Jones and Bill Tilden have told the public a lot that it wanted to know about baseball, golf and tennis by means of features and shorts. And the four horsemen of Notre Dame, Elmer Layden, Jim Crowley, Don Miller and Harry Stuhldreher, were prevailed upon by Universal to give us all a football treat in "The Spirit of Notre Dame."

No one needs be told of the golfing ability of Douglas Fairbanks but we wonder if his public realizes how good he had to be to qualify in the British Amateur golf tournament. That was quite some achievement as you must realize if you know your British golfers. As a rule Doug does not go in for competitive sports.

Regis Toomey was a sprinter on the University of Pittsburgh team; as a collegiate 880 runner he competed in the National A. A. U. meet at Pasadena in 1920.

Wallace Beery has the only transport pilot's license in the film colony and Ben Lyon and Clarence Brown the only army licenses.

Tom Mix, of course, got his start through his prowess as an athlete. He began by joining the Miller Brothers 101 Ranch where he won the title of champion cowboy at the Frontier day's celebration at Cheyenne, Wyoming, and followed that by winning the national steer-throwing championship. After that he was made.

Ken Maynard has a dozen silver buckles and medals won for trick riding and roping when he was a circus headliner. He once held the world championship for trick riding, awarded during the Chicago fair.

Tom Brown was given an engraved watch for saving a woman from drowning at Peekskill, New York, when he was nine years old. He is now a senior member of the Red Cross Life Saving Service, after passing severe tests in 1930.

And climaxing them all, Will Rogers—polo player of international repute, rope-thrower, and gum-chewer!

Keeping Handsome in Hollywood

Continued from page 53

pot at the bottom of the coil and the hair grows through that. People say their hair comes out by the root—but it doesn't. That little, almost imperceptible ball at the bottom of a hair is not the root. It is the accumulated elimination. Now, when the follicles clog up the scalp cannot function normally and, as a result, the nerves atrophy. My job is to get the follicles open and stimulate those nerves.

"To do that, we use a mixture composed largely of nerve stimulants (any doctor can recommend them) and scalp purgatives. This is rubbed on the scalp and we put you under a powerful lamp with healing and curative properties.

"The object of baking you under a light," Helen went on, "is that heat has a tendency to expand the follicles. It makes your scalp relax and start throwing off the impurities. These stimulants and purgatives we have rubbed in, penetrate and get to work on the nerves and minute blood vessels which nourish the aureolar tissues. When you lie there quietly you're relaxed—the same as when you sleep.

"If you have to give yourself these treatments and no light is available, hot towels wrapped around the head will answer, provided they are kept up long enough. They're not quite as good as the lights because when the latter are used, the air can get to the scalp at the same time.

"After your scalp is sufficiently relaxed and stimulated, we remove as much of the old eliminations and impurities of the scalp as possible. That is the most beneficial part of the treatment."

You'd think so if you could listen to some of these strong he-men of the screen yowling for mercy. Helen removes the eliminations with short, quick strokes of a comb. The combs she uses look like any others but when you feel them you know they've been specially sharpened for use as instruments of torture.

I took Richard Cromwell up there once. Helen started scraping, a beatific smile on her face. Dick started squirming. A startled sound like a bleat escaped him. It was followed shortly by a low moan. Helen scraped on. A succession of staccato yelps rent the air. "If you'll let me go," Dick begged, "I'll promise to come

in every day for a month." A truce was called.

Nor is Dick the only one who finds it tough going at the start. I've heard Regis Toomey, Joel McCrea, Donald Dillaway, John Darrow, Reginald Denny and even the silent Gary Cooper and the sophisticated Ivan Lebedeff scream for mercy like babes with pins sticking them in the wrong places.

Once Helen was scraping Gavin Gordon while I baked in a nearby chair. Gavin addressed me: "Will you come over for dinner on—" Helen dug a little deeper and the date Gavin set was lost in a scream even a hungry writer couldn't interpret.

The torture over, the hair is washed: first with a soap comprised largely of the same stimulants of which the magoo is made (although any strong soap will do). That's rinsed out and two washings with a pure castile follow and then the last—a soap whose chief ingredients are sedatives.

The hair is dried and one of the assistants gets a whack at it with another comb. Some of the girls employ a motion similar to Helen's and others have their own ideas of how a head should be treated. Regardless of who works on you, when one of those girls scrapes, she scrapes. About the time you're ready to pass out and are afraid you won't, they quit.

A tonic is rubbed into the scalp that brings you bolt upright in your chair. It feels exactly like a strong astringent on a freshly shaved face. When the stinging subsides, a comb and brush are thrust into your hand and you totter weakly to a glass in an effort to pull yourself together.

But the treatment gets results. A photograph of Johnny Hines hangs on a wall, autographed "To Helen Clark—She makes hair where the sun shone."

Reginald Denny, May McAvoy, Louise Dresser, Emma Dunn, Joel McCrea, Purnell Pratt and numerous others have given her photographs bearing testimonials.

Frank Albertson generally comes in with his wife and mother and they make up a quiet little party in one corner.

On one occasion I took Billy Bakewell and Russell Gleason up there. For once Billy's puns were stilled. A few nights later he called me up in the wee sma' hours. "Dick," he demanded in a worried voice, "are you sure that place was all right? I've just got in and I notice a lot of funny looking little white things in my hair."

You see, that magoo on your head under a strong light starts the scalp eliminating and throwing off the accumulations of who knows how many years. The scalp starts peeling, which is exactly what it should do. But Billy is always worrying.

Cy Bartlett (Alice White's big moment) and the Marquis de la Falaise (Constance Bennett's) frequently change ideas while baking.

El Brendel is apt to drop in for a treatment and forget his Swedish accent.

Eddie Cantor, Joe E. Brown and Donald Dillaway can be heard several times a week up there, demanding of each other, "Have you heard the one about—?" and Walter Byron has become so relaxed he forgets—sometimes—to worry over whether he was or wasn't engaged to Dorothy Mackaill before she married Neil Miller.

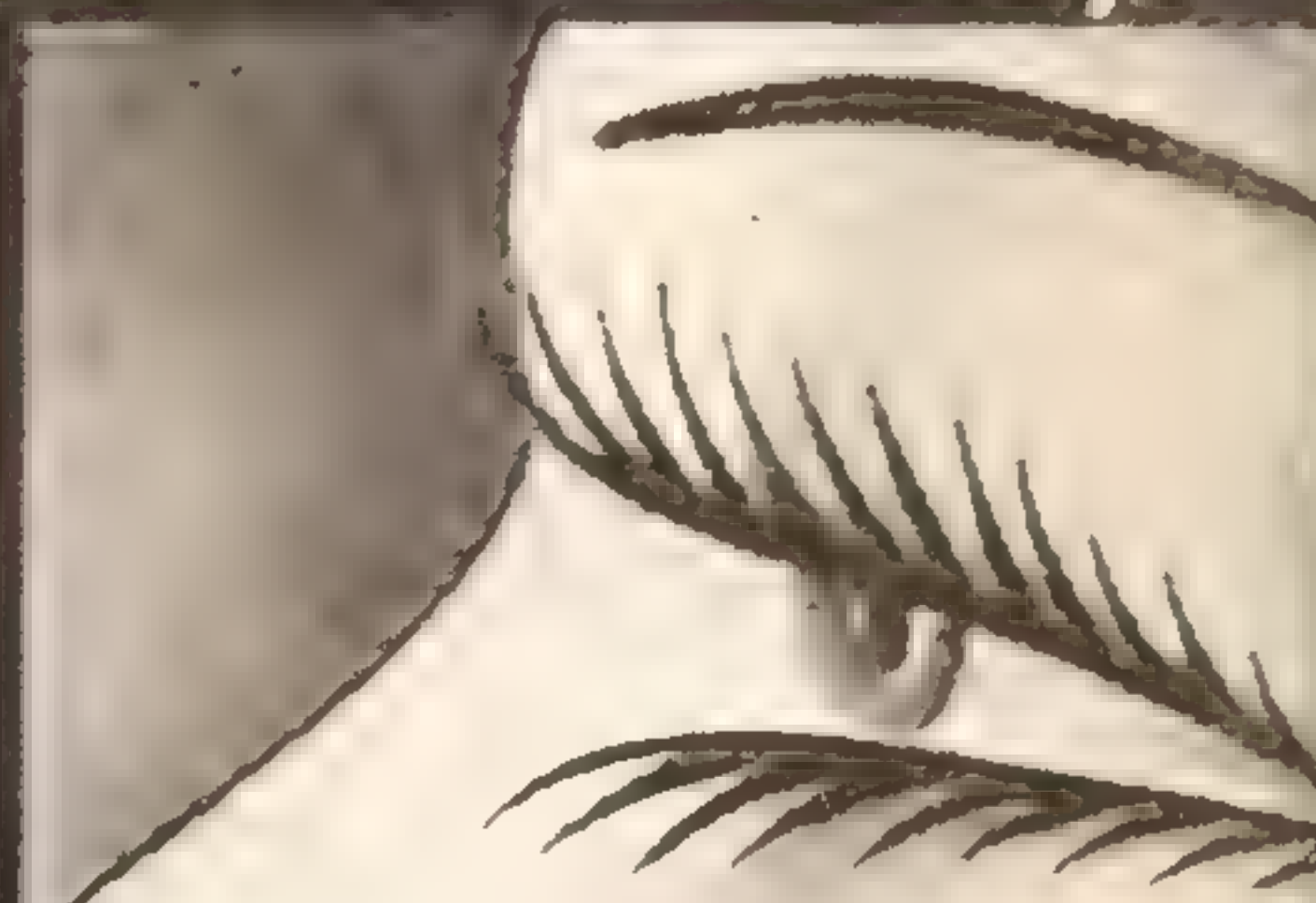
The rank of importance of her customers means little to Helen. She has a reputation to live up to: "She makes hair where the sun shone," and, apparently, as long as she does, her clients don't hold the manner in which she does it against her!



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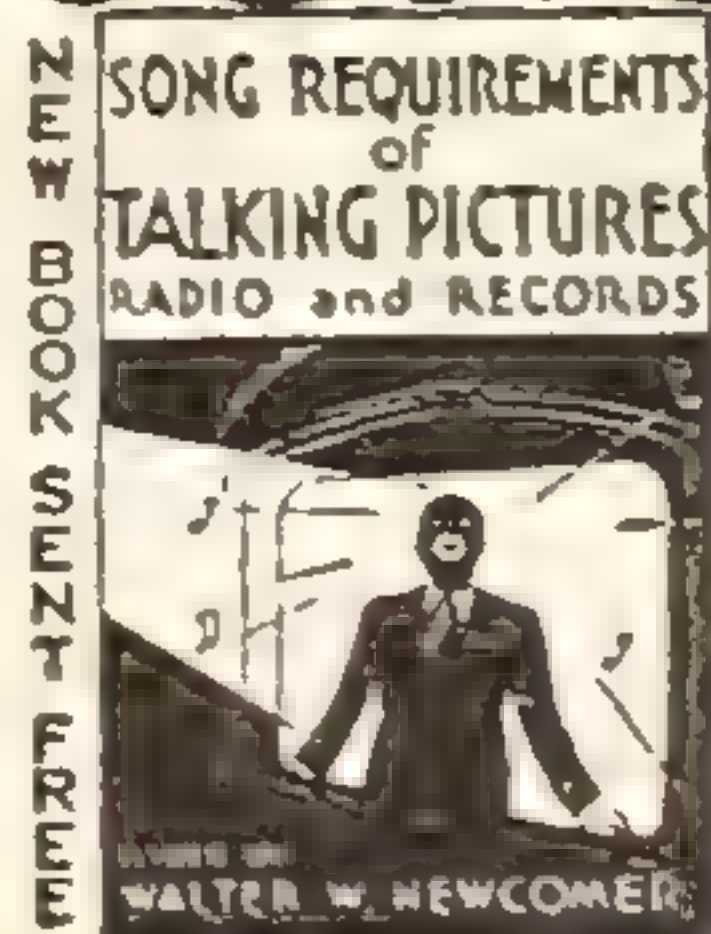
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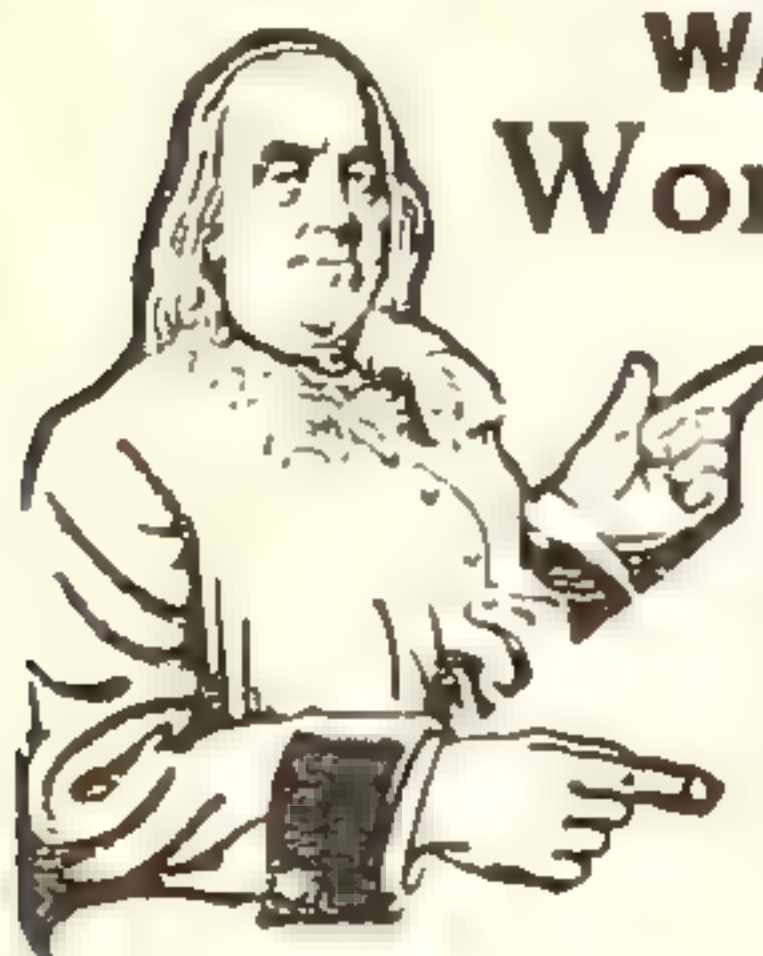
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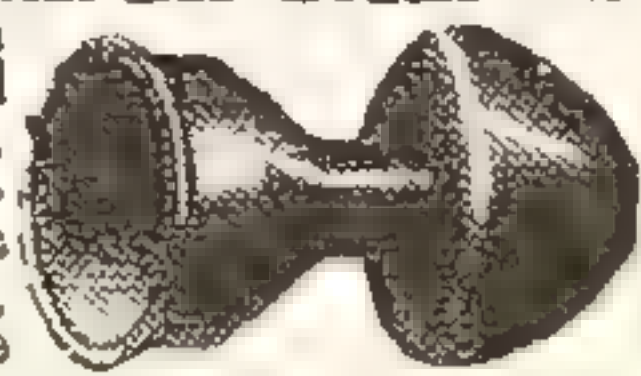
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Jean Gets Married

Continued from page 51

she told me. "We first met when I visited the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios for a part in a picture Mr. Bern was supervising. He stared at me, but he didn't give me the part, because he said I was not suited to it.

"The next evening, he telephoned me. He secured my number from Leatrice Joy, a mutual friend. He was most gentlemanly, and when he asked my mother if she would grant her permission for him to take me out, I adored him.



Two-fisted Tracy! Spencer's powerful jaw and hard-boiled manner make him a contender for honors as the films' toughest hombre.

"We have been warm friends ever since. For three years we have attended premières and social affairs together. We never spoke of love. We were simply satisfied, each with the other. I know now that I was in love with him all the time. And because our marriage is the culmination of three years of friendship and respect and companionship, I know that I will be in love with him always.

"It took a red-head to capture Mr. Bern," Jean went on, laughingly. "When I changed to a red-head for a few weeks, he asked me to marry him. Perhaps there is a moral there for blondes!"

Jean will continue with her career. In time, she says, there will be babies, for she wants them; but not yet. Not until she has plenty of leisure time to devote to them. Her career will go ahead uninterrupted; in fact, Jean is more likely to remain on the screen now than she was a few months ago, when she left Hollywood to make her personal appearance tour. She took no one into her confidence then, but she admits now that when she left Hollywood, she had no intention of returning. She was disappointed in her work, she was unhappy because of her contract with Howard Hughes, she was tired of small parts. But as she smashed theater record after theater record on her tour, she took a new interest in her career, with the result that she was happy to return to Hollywood for "Red-Headed Woman."

A few words about the man Miss Harlow will marry will be of interest to Jean's devoted fans. Paul Bern is an executive with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and that he is a capable man is testified by "Letty Lynton," "Strange Interlude," and other pictures that were produced under his guiding hand.

Bern is older than Jean—he is 42—but he is youthful in mental outlook. He is one of the most popular men in Hollywood, kind, tolerant and understanding, and has devoted much of his life to the troubles of others.

He is one of eighteen children, and was born in Wandsbeck, Germany. He came to America at the age of nine. Poor, unable to speak English, and awed by the strange customs of this country, Bern endured great hardships in his toilsome struggle to success. He is swarthy of skin, and his eyes are brown and soft. He is a striking opposite in coloring to the very blonde Miss Harlow.

When I left Jean's house, I paused for a moment on the veranda gazed down a very long, very steep flight of steps that led to the street below, where my car was parked. Jean looked at those steps also, then turned her eyes toward me and smiled.

"Another reason I'm happy to be married," she confided, "is that Paul and I will move into a new home. I'm tired of climbing those damned stairs."

Now turn to the rotogravure pictures in this issue of the Berns' new home.

The Blonde Venus

Continued from page 59

good-looking and very friendly housekeeper."

"What are you getting at?" Ned flared. "Haven't you better let Helen have the boy, old man? Judging from what I know, the law would hardly uphold you as a fit guardian for him—and think of the awful publicity for a rising young scientist if the case should happen to come into the courts."

Ned blustered awhile—then gave in. Without a goodbye either to Helen or to Johnny, he stalked out of the theatre.

Nick returned to Helen and told her of

her husband's sudden change of mind. "Thank you, Nick, thank you," was all she could say, tears dimming the lustre of her eyes.

"And by the way, you're going to marry me, you know," he replied.

"Oh, then you've changed your ideas?"

"No—but you're not in love with two men now!"

"Not now—but possibly—some time—"

Nick was holding her close once more.

"I'll take a chance!"

An Old English Custom

Continued from page 8

salt and pepper. Spread between very thin slices of buttered bread.

The best tea, according to Lilian, is had when the tea pot is scalded first, and then leaving the tea in the pot, one teaspoon for each cup and a spoonful for the pot, not more than three minutes.

Marmalade is always on the English tea table, to be spread on thin slices of toast or biscuits. And watercress in little dishes serves to garnish sandwiches, for those who wish.

Miss Bond likes tomatoes for tea, lunch, or breakfast. For tea she often takes medium or small-sized tomatoes, cuts them in quarters and serves a section or two on each plate, with bread and butter sandwiches. Is it any wonder English girls have gorgeous complexions?

Even on camping and fishing trips, Lilian Bond insists on observing the tea hour, a ceremony which is, in this instance, reduced to the utmost simplicity. The tea making is intrusted to one person, while the balance of the menu calls for individual consideration—bread, butter, and sandwich fillings being placed on the camping table, with each person "concocting" according to his preference.

Although Lilian has neither the time nor the inclination for a great deal of experimental work involving stove and cook book, she has learned from her mother,

who is an excellent cook, two recipes for muffins, of which English people are so fond.

ENGLISH MUFFINS

1 quart flour
½ teaspoon sugar
2 teaspoons baking powder
1¼ pints milk.

Sift together flour, sugar, salt, and baking powder. Add milk, mixing into a smooth batter. Have griddle heated evenly, grease it and lay on muffin rings. Half fill them and when risen well up to top of rings turn over carefully with cake turner. They should not be too brown, just buff color. When cooked, pull each open in half, toast delicately, butter well and serve on folded napkin.

BLUEBERRY MUFFINS

1 pint flour
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons melted butter
¼ cup sugar
2 small teaspoons baking powder
1 egg
1 cup milk
1 cup berries.

Mix as for plain muffins. Add berries last, dusting them with a little flour. Bake in muffin pans in hot oven.

Hot Off the Ether

Continued from page 65

Crosby usually wears his hat while broadcasting—except when women are present. He also closes his eyes, and keeps one hand in his pocket.

That Rudy Vallee always holds his saxophone and Buddy Rogers always clasps a trumpet—when broadcasting.

* * *

Inside Sound Stuff:

Recently when you listened to Columbia's "Crime Club" presentation, one of the "scenes" was laid in a prison court-yard, and all through the performance the shuffling of prisoners' feet across the court could be heard. Want to know how the sound effects were produced? This new

device was constructed by the "Crime Club's" sound effects experts. Forty or fifty wooden pegs were suspended from a wooden frame by loosely arranged wires. These pegs, of different lengths, when raised and lowered at regular intervals on a sand box, produced the sound of marching feet.

Columbia also introduced a lapel microphone—it's no larger than a twenty-five cent piece. Ted Husing was the first to try it out. You'll probably see it used in a movie one of these days by an embattled hero broadcasting an alarm on the sly.

Another new invention is a voice beautifier. Now you, and you, and Leo the Lion, will be able to talk with a broad A!

Can you answer these Beauty Questions?

Continued from page 67

sideration. Don't be deceived by seeing your favorite star at the beach with a thick make-up on. Realize that she is wearing the overload for protection from the sun. If you should see this same person in town the make-up would be much less obvious.

5. Do you "paw" your face?

Is the beauty of your countenance screened by your hands? I hope you are not one of those persons who tug at their chins, continually prop up their heads on their hands, pull their noses! No nice hand is lovelier to watch than the glow and play of thought on a human face. Keep your hands off yours!

6. Are your pores fine and healthy?

"The skin you love to touch" always has fine pores. A healthy pore

is able to expand and contract, thus giving the skin a firmness and elasticity that makes for that desirable silky texture. Thorough cleansing, cold water, ice and patting keep the pores exercised and healthy.

7. Does your hair arrangement flatter the shape of your face?

It should. Let the width at the temples show regardless of anything else. Study your face and try to imagine how a sculpture would arrange your hair to bring about harmony of line and a clear countenance.

8. Is your chin lifted courageously?

I hope so! It keeps your throat-line young. And when your head is up you actually have more courage. It looks "thoroughbred" and this is the look the new mode strives for.

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HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR OWN PERSONALITY?

William E. Benton, SCREENLAND'S
faceology expert, can help you to read
your own character and discover your
possibilities. Read his brilliant analysis
of Joan Crawford on Page 18 of this issue
—then consult the Personality Chart on
Page 13. You will find it instructive as
well as entertaining.

Roses & Razzes

Continued from page 6

IN SHORT, HE LIKES HER!

(Fourth Prize Letter)

To me, Elissa Landi is the quintessence of all loveliness. She has the charm of Garbo, the tragic yet tender melancholy of Dietrich, the passion of Swanson, the divine figure of Joan Crawford, and the sweetness of Janet Gaynor. She is more than an actress. She is, first of all, a woman who thinks and breathes and loves, not as a stage-struck clothes mannikin, but as a woman whose soul is in her work. Then why, oh why, must producers remain blind to her charms? Give her a rôle—a great rôle in an epoch-making picture! Imagine her in a story of Elizabethan days—say as the tragic, lovable, erring Mary Queen of Scots!

James R. Aylward,
203 So. Glenwood Ave.,
Springfield, Ill.

WE'VE FOOLED YOU!

I have resisted the temptation until now to write to you. This letter concerns the critics that review the pictures.

Why is it that they always compare a picture of an actor to something he has done before? Gaynor's pictures are always compared to "Seventh Heaven," and Chevalier's are measured by "The Love Parade." Now that there are a number of old, worn-out machine guns from abandoned gangster pictures, I think it would be a good idea to line up the critics and mow them down so we wouldn't have this constant harping on the past.

If you print this letter, which I'm sure you won't because you've critics on your own staff, just sign it, "A Square Deal."

"A Square Deal,"
521 Second St.,
Cresson, Pa.

HUZZAS FOR "TARZAN"

One of the most sought-after things in this world is variety—something different—something new. All laurels to Director Van Dyke and especially to Johnny Weissmuller, both of whom have achieved this aim in "Tarzan" by combining genuine athletic skill and exceptional acting with an excellent production.

The usual sport novelties presented at playhouses generally become tiresome and lose their interest as they are unreel, but when combined with some entertaining and absorbing story they do not fail to impress young and old alike.

Since most films strive both to entertain and instruct, Mr. Weissmuller is a valuable addition to the movie world. Not only for acting ability, but also for his excellent and enviable physique, which must convince people of the physical benefit to be derived from out-door activities far more than any health poster could possibly do.

John A. Vaughan,
176 Washington Ave.,
Belleville, N. J.

IT MAKES HIM WANT TO FIGHT

In the July issue of SCREENLAND I saw something which made me wonder as to the intelligence of its creator, besides arousing my long dormant fighting instinct. It was in the Roses and Razzes Department, and it read: "Gable in the rôle Valentino portrayed in 'The Four Horsemen.'" In spite of yourselves, you will have to admit that Valentino was in a class by himself. Ah, one point in my favor! His features were strong and clean cut, and they denoted good breeding besides personality. He had a magnetic "something" about him that was irresistible. There was a hint of the ethereal in his make-up. He had a beautiful body, wore unusual clothes exceptionally well, and could dance like nobody's business.

My imagination is not expansive enough to visualize Gable in any of Valentino's rôles—and as for the tango—well, that's another point for me!

Dutill Tupper,
40 Henderson Road,
Normandy, Mo.



It's Ken Maynard, pards! He does some fancy riding and shooting and some plain he-man loving in "Hell-Fire Austin." The girl is Ivy Merton, and her Uncle Joe is Lafe McKee.

Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 77

Randolph Scott and Martha Sleeper are seen together too often for it to be mere friendship.

Anita Page and Dr. Cyril Wright are romancing. She met him when her mother was in a hospital last year.

Another hospital romance is that of Evalyn Knapp and Donald Cook. When she was ill, he visited her; when he had an accident and was in the hospital, she visited him. From this exchange of visits sprang love.

STILL speaking of hospitals, Dorothy Sebastian was laid up following a minor operation, but that didn't keep her from celebrating husband Bill Boyd's birthday. She invited Bill and his friends to the hospital.

MAY ROBSON celebrated her fiftieth anniversary as an actress in July . . . Colleen Moore's contract stipulates two six-weeks vacations annually, which she will spend with husband Albert Scott, New York broker . . . Dorothy Jordan admits her much publicized romance with Don Dillaway was a typographical error . . . Untrue rumors of trouble between Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli started when he was seen alone at a hot springs resort . . . Both Joseph Dowling and Tyrone Power, original title rôleists of the two productions of "The Miracle Man," are dead . . . Estelle Taylor, idle since her neck was broken in an automobile accident, has been

given medical permission to return to work . . . Hardie Albright, by official agreement among Hollywood's young men, brews the best beer in town . . . Jean Harlow made the first payment on a new fifty thousand dollar home . . . Dickie Moore almost went on strike because he had to spend a full day having his ears washed for scenes in "Blonde Venus" . . . Garbo, reports state, is of such nervous temperament that perspiration can be wrung from her clothes at the finish of a dramatic scene . . .

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN went through the production of "Tarzan" without a murmur, acting beside lions, elephants, tigers and apes. But when a tiny spider dropped on her shoulder in the studio, she promptly screamed and fainted!

GEORGE M. COHAN (pronounce his surname with two syllables, please) is in Hollywood for "The Phantom President." Cohan is the foremost exponent of musical comedy on the American stage.

This is his first visit to California since he appeared on the Los Angeles stage when he was a boy. His amazement at the city's growth, and his wonder at the beauty of the studios, were surpassed only by his regret that the hotel in which he had made his home many years ago has been razed.

Cohan likes to walk, and he found the California weather ideal for a four mile journey to and from his hotel and Paramount studio almost daily.



Sari Maritza has caught the Hollywood pajama fever, although the little English girl is a comparative newcomer in the screen colony.

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CRAWFORD**

ANOTHER Hollywood visitor is Ethel Barrymore, who is more familiar with the film city. Miss Barrymore is the stage opposite of Cohan—she is the principal exponent of footlight drama.

The occasion of her trip to the West is that picture, "Rasputin," in which she will co-star with her better-known-to-movie-fans brothers, Lionel and John (or should it be John and Lionel?)

Studio officials have sought for years to coerce Miss Barrymore into talking pictures, but until the very wise Louis B. Mayer suggested to her that he would make a brilliant picture with the three Barrymores, she refused to listen to screen offers. There is a possibility that the second generation of the family—Ethel Barrymore Colt, John Drew Colt and Samuel Colt—may also appear in the picture. That would make six of them, and perhaps, to fall upon a wicked pun, you could not bear more Barrymores.

A FEW weeks ago a newspaper photograph of Baby Peggy Montgomery, now grown to young womanhood, was followed by nearly two thousand letters from fans who wanted to know why she did not return to the screen.

Those two thousand writers, and probably many more thousand picture-goers, will be delighted to learn that Peggy returns to the screen in a series of newspaper two-reelers, "Jerry of the Journal."

THE reason Kay Francis was a day late leaving for her vacation was that she refused to depart without a permanent wave, and she allows only one operator to attend her hair. It happens that this particular girl was away on a one-day vacation, so Kay postponed her departure twenty-four hours.

SEVENTEEN years ago, "Tiny" Sanford swung open the then new gates of Universal Studios. Among the sight-seers who paid a quarter to enter was Ralph Bellamy. Recently they met again at the same studio, Bellamy as an actor in "Airmail," and Sanford as a ditto in "The Finishing Touch."

CAN you guess why Karen Morley suddenly switched to low-heeled shoes? You can't, so here is the secret: Karen was wooed by a tall aviator, but her interests abruptly switched to a young business man, not so tall. In fact, when Karen wore her high-heeled shoes, she could peek right over her smaller escort's head without much effort. He didn't like that, so Karen stocked her wardrobe with a quantity of low-heeled shoes!

ONE of Jean Harlow's hobbies, now that she is wealthy, is evening gowns, and thereby hangs a story. Not long ago, after Jean had been disinherited by her wealthy grandfather, and before she skyrocketed into important money as an actress, she owned but one evening gown, and everywhere that Jean went, that gown was sure to go. That she was painfully conscious of her limited wardrobe was indicated by the fact that she often joked about it, although it was not difficult to understand that her jokes had a *Pagliacci* tone.

You should see her wardrobe now! The platinum-red head is making up for lost time with a vengeance.

BOBBY ARNST, who is Mrs. Johnny Weismuller, made theater appearances in the West while he was public appearing in the East.

While Hollywood discusses the rumors that they may separate, it is almost pathetic to witness the adoration Bobby has for her strapping big husband. She says that if his sudden movie success affects his head, he will get over it. Meanwhile, she will stand by and wait for him, and she knows he will come back to her.

In New York, Johnny revealed that he and his wife had agreed they would go out with other people. The experiment has been attempted before, never very successfully.

WINNIE LIGHTNER, the oh-so-slapstick comedienne, may not be that funny to her husband, George Holtrey. Winnie filed suit for divorce.

KENNETH McKENNA, before he left for a vacation, started a rabbit farm; that is, he purchased two rabbits, and expects to have a rabbit farm by the time he returns!

IF CHARLIE CHAPLIN persists in making a comedy only once every two years or so, his former wife, Lita Grey Chaplin, will see to it that the family name is properly preserved.

Mrs. Chaplin has signed a contract by which she and her two sons, Charles Spencer Chaplin, Jr., age seven, and Sidney Earl Chaplin, six, will appear in a group of pictures. And what will Charles Sr. do about it?

JACK DEMPSEY and Lina Basquette are appearing in an act touring a Western circuit of theaters . . . Richard Barthelmess has departed for a vacation in Scandinavian countries . . . Constance Bennett and Marquis de la Falaise (in Hollywood they're Connie and the Marq) will go to Europe next fall . . . the Spencer Tracys are expecting a stork visit in August . . . Clara Kimball Young was severely injured in an automobile accident but is recovering . . . Joan Bennett and Elissa Landi had adjoining hospital rooms for several days, Joan with throat and Elissa with eye troubles . . . Charles Buddy Rogers spent two days in Hollywood on personal business, then returned to New York . . . Maurice Chevalier is vacationing in France.

THINGS that don't sound right: George M. Cohan, who writes all that swellelegant music, cannot play a piano.

Dick Arlen, who starred in several Westerns, had to be tied on the horse for his first picture of that type.

FOLKS who expected Robert Young to nurse a broken heart over Virginia Bruce's engagement are disappointed; Bob's gone Gertrude Michael crazy . . . Joan Crawford was ordered by her physician to



Jill Esmond, of the charming British voice, will next be seen in "Thirteen Women." Miss Esmond is married to that fascinating Englishman, Laurence Olivier.

strike mustard and condiments from her diet, lest she ruin the lining of her stomach . . . Lola Lane was rushed to the hospital for a sudden appendix removal . . . If you wondered about Charles Ray, he is making a stage tour in "House Beautiful" . . . Owen Moore and Katherine Perry have been having domestic trouble, but at this writing all is smooth . . . Mae Clarke, after the long illness, will be able to resume work about September first . . . Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. has a collection of turtles and snakes in specially built quarters at his home . . . Clark Gable purchased a house in Beverly Hills . . . Roscoe Arbuckle will star in a two-reel comedy for Warner Brothers in an attempted come-back . . . Dorothy Lee is personal appearing with Tom Waring . . . Thieves took two wire-haired terriers, valued at \$450, from Helen Twelveteens' Hollywood kennels . . . Ann Harding, vacationing in Northern California, was dealt out two speed tickets by as many motorcops in as many days . . . John Gilbert suffers from spasmodic appendicitis attacks and may have it taken out.

NEW England Sylvia Sidney and Southern Miriam Hopkins lunched together and enjoyed the same food. But when they ordered, Sylvia said, "To-mah-to salad and pump-kin pie," while Miriam asked for "To-m-a-to salad and pun'kin pie."

SOME pictures to anticipate, and why: "The Big Broadcast," because it will feature, in addition to Bing Crosby, the following important radio stars: Kate Smith, the Boswell Sisters, Donald Novis, Burns and Allen, the Mills Brothers, Cab Calloway's orchestra and Arthur Tracey. "Rasputin," because it will bring together for the first time in motion picture history Broadway's historical Royal Family, the three Barrymores, Ethel, John and Lionel—count 'em, three.

"All-American," because the cast will include a score of famous football stars, among them Frank Carideo, "Moon" Mullins, and J. J. O'Brien of Notre Dame; Ernie Pinckert of Southern California; "Red" Cagle of West Point; Ernie Nevers of Stanford; Lee Hanley of Northwestern; Fred Sington of Alabama; and F. Lenihan of Yale.

"Smilin' Through," because the charming Norma Shearer will be wooed by three—count 'em—leading men, in the persons of Leslie Howard, Fredric March and Ralph Forbes.

NOT to be overlooked among new Hollywood arrivals is Mae West, most famous for her "Diamond Lil" on the New York stage. If you are curious to see Mae, whose plays "about life" have caused New York police considerable worry, you will see her soon in a picture titled "Night After Night," with George Raft.



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HORNE toad races, with each entrant sponsored by a movie notable, is the current craze at Malibu Beach. The opening derby of the season was won by *Script*, owned by Betty Williams, a scenario writer. John Boles' entry, *Desert Song*, ran second, and *Hold It*, owned by Richard Wallace, director, took third place.

NOW Lilyan Tashman has re-decorated the interior of her Beverly Hills home, and the color scheme is pink and white. One can't help chuckling to think of Edmund "What Price Glory" Lowe peeking from beneath pink sheets and muttering, "Sez You!"

INCIDENTALLY, you fans who enjoyed seeing La Tashman on the stage, when she made her recent personal appearance tour, can consider yourself fortunate you saw her the first time, for she has vowed she'll make no more tours, because the one just finished almost brought about a nervous breakdown.

PERHAPS you read about Marie Dressler's hurry and bustle about moving into her new home. As a matter of honest fact, Marie went to Santa Barbara, and the moving was attended to by her faithful negro couple, Mayme and Jerry Cox.

Mayme and Jerry have been with Miss



Joan as the cutie of the kerosene-lamp days. How do you like this modest muslin gown?



Good nightie! This is how the modern girl looks in her 1932 night dress.

Dressler for nineteen years, and Marie wouldn't exchange them for all the servants in the world. Nineteen years ago, when she discovered them broke and jobless, she gave them temporary positions. They were so grateful and capable that Miss Dressler kept them, and now she is helpless without their aid.

AT LAST you may know why Lew Ayres and Lola Lane do not have a baby. Lola wants one, but Lew is unwilling. He says she is too young, and he also thinks they should wait until they have been married a few years. When they have weathered the first few and difficult years and their marriage appears to be a lasting success, they will consider babies, Lew declares.

WHEN Barbara Bebe Daniels (Ben's and Bebe's) posed for her first publicity pictures, which comprised a photograph of Barbara Bebe and a young lion cub drinking milk from bottles, a delay was experienced because the lion refused to drink the milk until it was properly heated. What's that about temperament?

JOAN BLONDELL—purpley locks. She dyed her hair blonde several months ago, and recently decided to let it return to its natural shade of brown. Something

went wrong and Joan emerged with purple hair. Miss Blondell had to have all her hair cut off, and her recent pictures were done with wigs.

THINGS that may never happen:

That John Gilbert-Virginia Bruce wedding.

That Lilyan Tashman-Edmund Lowe divorce.

That Garbo retirement.

Popularity for Janet Gaynor as a sophisticate.

MOVIE stars come from here and there. And the studios have been looking "here" for it—that is, seeking home talent.

RKO staged a studio beauty contest. Lucy Hopkins, a secretary in the sound department, won the contest and an acting contract.

Dorothy Wilson, a stenographer in the script department of the same studio, messengered a script to a director, who recognized her screen possibilities and gave her an acting job.

Sandy Roth, an assistant director, was given an acting job in "Liberty Road."

But on the contrary, RKO reached across the continent to Miss Bennett's School for Girls, at Millbrook, New York, to sign to a contract Miss Betty Furness, graduate of the '32 class.



The nightie of yesterday. Joan shows how a young girl looked in her accordion-pleated gown and boudoir cap.

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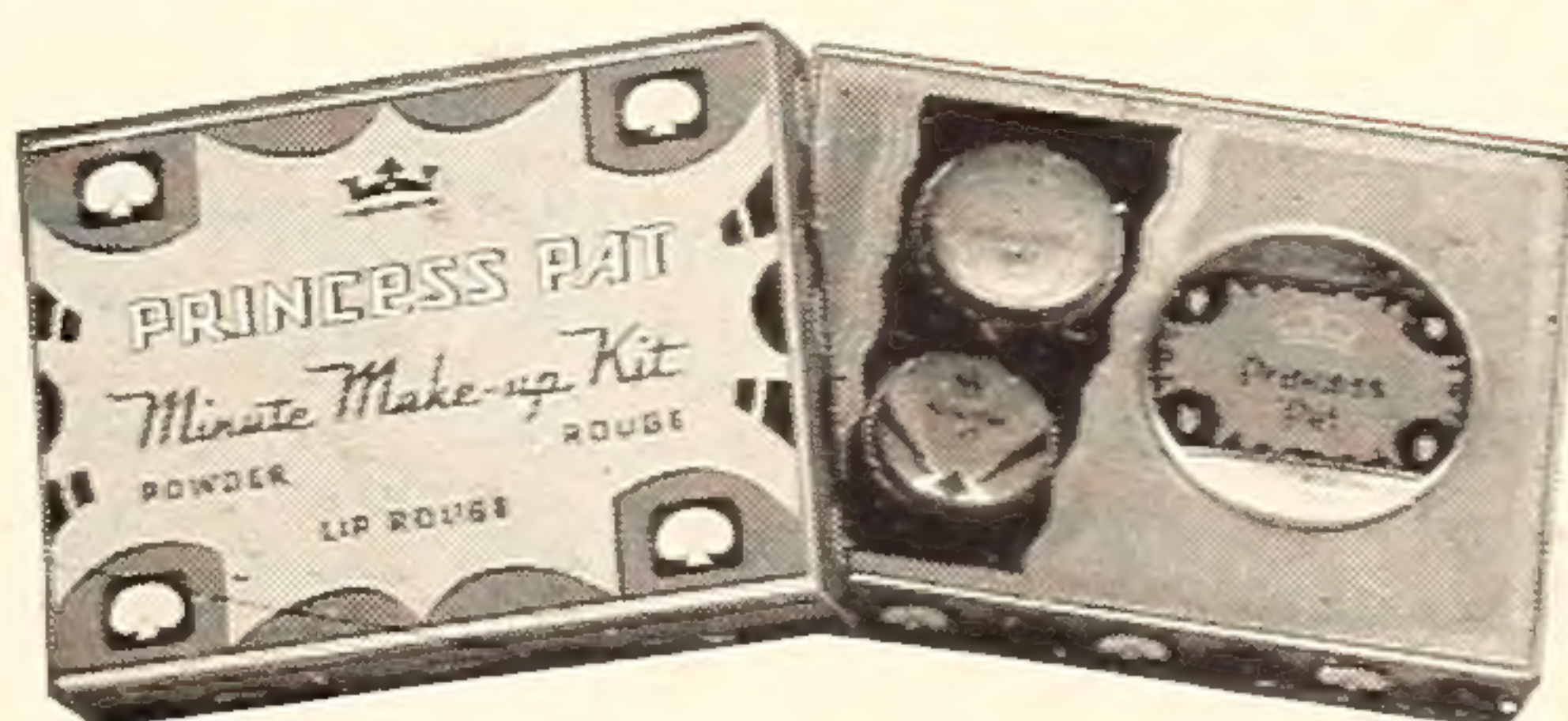
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